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HISTORY

OF

FRIEDRICH THE SECOND,

CALLED

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE.

66580

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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BOOK VI.

DOUBLE MARRIAGE PROJECT AND CROWN-PRINCE GOING ADRIFT UNDER THE STORM-WINDS.

1727–1730.

CHAPTER I.

FIFTH CRISIS IN THE KAISER'S SPECTRE HUNT.

THE Crown-Prince's young Life being, by perverse chance, involved, and, as it were, absorbed in that foolish question of his English Marriage, we have nothing for it but to continue our sad function, and go on painfully fishing out and reducing to an authentic form what traces of him there are from that disastrous beggarly element till once he got free of it, either dead or alive. The *winds* (partly by Art-Magic) rise to the hurricane pitch upon this Marriage Project and him; and as for the *sea*, or general tide of European Politics—But let the reader look with his own eyes.

In the spring of 1727, War, as anticipated, breaks out; Spaniards actually begin battering at Gibraltar; Kaiser's Embassador at London is angrily ordered to be gone. Causes of war were many: 1°. Duke de Ripperda—tumbled out now, that illustrious diplomatic bull-dog, at Madrid—sought asylum in the English Embassador's house; and no respect was had to such asylum: that is one cause. 2°. Then, you English, what is the meaning of these war-fleets in the West Indies; in the Mediterranean, on the very coast of Spain? We demand that you at once take them home again—which can not be complied with. 3°. But, above all things, we demand Gibraltar of you—which can still less be complied with. Termagant Elizabeth has set her heart on Gibraltar: that, in such opportunity as this unexpected condition of the Balances now gives her, is the real cause of the War.

Cession of Gibraltar: there had been vague promises, years ago, on the Kaiser's part; nay, George himself, raw to England at that date, is said to have thought the thing might perhaps be done. "Do it at once, then!" said the Termagant Queen, and repeated, with ever more emphasis; and there being not the least compliance, she has opened parallels before the place, and begun war and ardent firing there,[1] preceded by protocols, debates in Parliament, and the usual phenomena. It is the Fifth grand Crisis in the Kaiser's spectre-huntings; fifth change in color of the world-lobster getting boiled in that singular manner; Second Sputter of actual War.

Which proved futile altogether, and amounts now, in the human memory, to flat zero, unless the following infinitesimal small fraction be countable again:

"Sputtering of War—that is to say, Siege of Gibraltar. A siege utterly unmemorable, and without the least interest for existing mankind, with their ungrateful humor, if it be not, once more, that the Father of *Tristram Shandy* was in it: still a Lieutenant of foot, poor fellow; brisk, small, hot-tempered, loving, 'liable to be cheated ten times a day if nine will not suffice you.' He was in this Siege; shipped to the Rock to make stand there; and would have done so with the boldest, only he got into duel (hot-tempered, though of lamb-like innocence), and was run through the body; not entirely killed, but within a hairsbreadth of it, and unable for service while this sputtering went on. Little Lorry is still living; gone to school in Yorkshire, after pranks enough and misventures, half drowning 'in the mill-race at Annamoe in Ireland' for one.[2] The poor Lieutenant Father died soldiering in the West Indies soon after this, and we shall not mention him again. But History ought to remember that he is 'Uncle Toby,' this poor Lieutenant, and take her measures! The Siege of Gibraltar, we still see with our eyes, was in itself Nothing."

Truly it might well enough have grown to universal flame of War. But this always needs two parties, and pacific George would not be second party in it. George, guided by pacific Walpole, backed by pacific Fleury, answers the ardent firing by

[1] 22d Feb., 1727 (Schöll, ii., 212). Salmon, *Chronological Historian* (London, 1747; a very incorrect dark book, useful only in defect of better), ii., 173. Coxe, *Memoirs of Walpole*, i., 260, 261; ii., 498–515.

[2] Laurence Sterne's *Autobiography* (cited above).

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phlegmatic patience and protocoling; not by counterfiring, except quite at his convenience, from privateers, from war-ships here and there, and in sulky defense from Gibraltar itself. Probably the Termagant, with all the fire she has, will not do much damage upon Gibraltar? Such was George's hope. Whereby the flame of war, ardent only in certain Spanish batteries upon the point of San Roque, does not spread hitherto, though all mortals, and Friedrich Wilhelm as much as any, can see the imminent likelihood there is. In such circumstances, what a stroke of policy to have disjoined Friedrich Wilhelm from the Hanover Alliance, and brought him over to our own! Is not Grumkow worth his pension? "Grumkow serves honorably." Let the invaluable Seckendorf persevere.

Crown-Prince seen in Dryasdust's glass darkly.

To know the special figure of the Crown-Prince's way of life in those years, who his friends, companions were, what his pursuits and experiences, would be agreeable to us, but beyond the outline already given there is little definite on record. He now resides habitually at Potsdam, be the Court there or not, attending strictly to his military duties in the Giant Regiment; it is only on occasion, chiefly perhaps in "Carnival time," that he gets to Berlin to partake in the gayeties of society. Who his associates there or at Potsdam were? Suhm, the Saxon Resident, a cultivated man of literary turn, famed as his friend in time coming, is already at his diplomatic post in Berlin—post of difficulty just now; but I know not whether they have yet any intimacy.[3] This we do know, the Crown-Prince begins to be noted for his sprightly sense, his love of literature, his ingenuous ways; in the court or other circles, whatsoever has intelligence attracts him and is attracted by him. The Roucoulles Soirees—gone all to dim buckram for us, though once so lively in their high periwigs and speculations—fall on Wednesday. When the Finckenstein or the others fall, no doubt his Royal Highness knows it. In the *Tabaks Collegium*, there also, driven by duty, he sometimes appears; but, like Seckendorf and some others, he only affects to smoke, and his pipe is mere white clay. Nor is

[3] Preuss: *Friedrich mit seinen Verwandten und Freunden*, p. 24.

the social element, any more than the narcotic vapor which prevails there, attractive to the young Prince, though he had better hide his feelings on the subject.

Out at Potsdam, again, life goes very heavy; the winged Psyche much imprisoned in that pipe-clay element, a prey to vacancy and many tediums and longings. Daily return the giant drill duties, and daily, to the uttermost of rigorous perfection, they must be done: "This, then, is the sum of one's existence, this?" Patience, young "man of genius," as the Newspapers would now call you; it is indispensably beneficial, nevertheless! To swallow one's disgusts, and do faithfully the ugly commanded work, taking no counsel with flesh and blood—know that "genius," every where in Nature, means this first of all; that without this it means nothing, generally even less; and be thankful for your Potsdam grenadiers and their pipe-clay!

Happily, he has his Books about him—his flute; Duhan, too, is here, still more or less didactic in some branches, always instructive and companionable to him. The Crown-Prince reads a great deal; very many French Books, new and old, he reads; among the new, we need not doubt, the *Henriade* of M. Arouet Junior (who now calls himself *Voltaire*), which has arisen like a star of the first magnitude in these years.[4] An incomparable piece, patronized by Royalty in England; the delight of all kindred Courts. The light, dancing march of this new "Epic," and the brisk clash of cymbal music audible in it, had, as we find afterward, greatly captivated the young man. All is not pipe-clay, then, and torpid formalism; aloft from the murk of commonplace rise glancings of a starry splendor, betokening—O how much!

Out of Books, rumors, and experiences, young imagination is forming to itself some Picture of the World as it is—as it has been. The curtains of this strange life-theatre are mounting, mounting, wondrously as in the case of all young souls, but with what specialties, moods, or phenomena of light and shadow to this young soul is not in any point recorded for us. The "early

[4] London, 1723; by subscription (King, Prince, and Princess of Wales at the top of it), which yielded £8000: see Voltaire, *Œuvres Complètes*, xiii., 408.

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Letters to Wilhelmina, which exist in great numbers," from these we had hoped elucidation; but these the learned Editor has "wholly withheld as useless" for the present. Let them be carefully preserved, on the chance of somebody's arising to whom they may have uses!

The worst feature of these years is Friedrich Wilhelm's discontent with them. A Crown-Prince sadly out of favor with Papa. This has long been on the growing hand; and these Double Marriage troubles, not to mention again the newfangled French tendencies (*Blitz Franzosen!*), much aggravate the matter, and accelerate its rate of growth. Already the paternal countenance does not shine upon him; flames often, and thunders, to a shocking degree; and worse days are coming.

CHAPTER II.

DEATH OF GEORGE I.

GIBRALTAR still keeps sputtering; ardent, ineffectual bombardment from the one side, sulky, heavy blast of response now and then from the other; but the fire does not spread; nor will, we may hope. It is true, Sweden and Denmark have joined the Treaty of Hanover this spring, and have troops on foot, and money paid them; but George is pacific, Gibraltar is impregnable: let the Spaniards spend their powder there.

As for the Kaiser, he is dreadfully poor; inapt for battle himself. And in the end of this same May, 1727, we hear, his principal ally, Czarina Catharine, has died: poor brown little woman, Lithuanian housemaid, Russian Autocrat, it is now all one; dead she, and can do nothing. Probably the Kaiser will sit still? The Kaiser sits still, with eyes bent on Gibraltar, or rolling in grand Imperial inquiry and anxiety round the world; war outlooks much dimmed for him since the end of May.

Alas! in the end of June, what far other Job's post is this that reaches Berlin and Queen Sophie? That George I., her royal Father, has suddenly sunk dead! With the Solstice, or summer Pause of the Sun, 21st or 22d of June, almost uncertain

which, the Majesty of George I. did likewise pause—in his carriage, on the road to Osnabrück—never to move more, whereupon among the simple arose rumors of omens, preternaturalisms for and against: How his desperate Megæra of a Wife, in the act of dying, had summoned him (as was presumable) to appear along with her at the Great Judgment Bar within year and day, and how he has here done it. On the other hand, some would have it noted how "the nightingales in Herrnhausen Gardens had all ceased singing for the year that night he died," out of loyalty on the part of these little birds, it seemed presumable.[1]

What we know is, he was journeying toward Hanover again, hopeful of a little hunting at the Göhrde, and intended seeing Osnabrück and his Brother the Bishop there as he passed. That day, 21st of June, 1727, from some feelings of his own, he was in great haste for Osnabrück, hurrying along by extra post, without real cause save hurry of mind. He had left his poor old Maypole of a Mistress on the Dutch Frontier that morning, to follow at more leisure. He was struck by apoplexy on the road —arm fallen powerless early in the day, head dim and heavy; obviously an alarming case. But he refused to stop any where; refused any surgery but such as could be done at once. "Osnabrück! Osnabrück!" he reiterated, growing visibly worse. Two subaltern Hanover Officials, "Privy-Councilor von Hardenberg, *Kammerherr* (Chamberlein) von Fabrice, were in the carriage with him;"[2] King chiefly dozing, and at last, supported in the arms of Fabrice, was heard murmuring, "*C'est fait de moi* ('Tis all over with me)!" And "Osnabrück! Osnabrück!" slumberously reiterated he: to Osnabrück, where my poor old Brother, Bishop as they call him, once a little Boy that trotted at my knee with blithe face, will have some human pity on me! So they rushed along all day, as at the gallop, his few attendants and he; and when the shades of night fell, and speech had now left the poor man, he still passionately gasped some gurgle of a sound like "Osnabrück," hanging on the arms of Fabrice, and now evidently in the article of death. What a gallop, sweep-

[1] See Köhler: *Münzbelustigungen*, x., 88.

[2] Gottfried: *Historische Chronik* (Frankfurt, 1739), iii., 872. Boyer: *The Political State of Great Britain*, vol. xxxiii., p. 545, 546.

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ing through the slumber of the world: To Osnabrück! Osnabrück!

In the hollow of the night (some say one in the morning) they reach Osnabrück; and the poor old brother—Ernst August, once youngest of six brothers, of seven children, now the one survivor, has human pity in the heart of him full surely. But George is dead; careless of it now.[3] After sixty-seven years of it, he has flung his big burdens—English crowns, Hanoverian crownlets, sulkinesses, indignations, lean women and fat, and earthly contradictions and confusions—fairly off him, and lies there.

The man had his big burdens, big honors so called, absurd enough some of them, in this world, but he bore them with a certain gravity and discretion: a man of more probity, insight, and general human faculty than he now gets credit for. His word was sacred to him. He had the courage of a Welf, or Lion-Man; quietly royal in that respect, at least. His sense of equity, of what was true and honorable in men and things, remained uneffaced to a respectable degree; and surely it had resisted much. Wilder puddle of muddy infatuations from without and from within, if we consider it well—of irreconcilable incoherences, bottomless universal hypocrisies, solecisms bred with him and imposed on him, few Sons of Adam had hitherto lived in.

He was, in one word, the First of our Hanover Series of English Kings, that hitherto unique sort, who are really strange to look at in the History of the World; of whom, in the English annals, there is hitherto no Picture to be had; nothing but an empty blur of discordant nonsenses, and idle, generally angry flourishings of the pen, by way of Picture. The English Nation, having flung its old Puritan, Sword and Bible Faith into the cesspool—or, rather, having set its old Bible Faith, *minus* any Sword, well up in the organ-loft, with plenty of revenue, there to preach and organ at discretion, on condition always of

[3] Coxe (i., 266) is "indebted to his friend Nathaniel Wraxhall" for these details—the since famous Sir Nathaniel, in whose *Memoirs* (vague, but *not* mendacious, not unintelligent) they are now published more at large. See his *Memoirs of the Courts of Berlin, Dresden*, &c. (London, 1799), i., 35–40; also *Historical Memoirs* (London, 1836), iv., 516–518.

meddling with nobody's practice farther—thought the same (such their mistake) a mighty pretty arrangement, but found it hitch before long. They had to throw out their beautiful Nell Gwyn Defenders of the Faith—fling them also into the cesspool, and were rather at a loss what next to do. "Where is our real King, then? Who *is* to lead us Heavenward, then; to rally the noble of us to him, in some small measure, and save the rest and their affairs from running Devilward?" The English Nation being in some difficulty as to Kings, the English Nation clutched up the readiest that came to hand: "Here is our King!" said they; again under mistake—still under their old mistake. And, what was singular, they then avenged themselves by mocking, calumniating, by angrily speaking, writing, and laughing at the poor mistaken King so clutched! It is high time the English were candidly asking themselves, with very great seriousness indeed, *What* it was they had done, in the sight of God and man, on that and the prior occasion? And, above all, What it is they will now propose to do in the sequel of it? Dig gold nuggets, and rally the *ig*noble of us?

George's poor lean Mistress, coming on at the usual rate of the road, was met, next morning, by the sad tidings. She sprang from her carriage into the dusty highway; tore her hair (or head-dress), half frantic; declared herself a ruined woman, and drove direct to Berlin, there to compose her old mind. She was not ill seen at Court there; had her connections in the world. Field-marshal Schulenburg, who once had the honor of fighting (not to his advantage) with Charles XII., and had since grown famous by his Anti-Turk performances in the Venetian service, is a Brother of this poor Maypole's; and there is a Nephew of hers, one of Friedrich Wilhelm's Field-Officers here, whom we shall meet by-and-by. She has been obliging to Queen Sophie on occasions; they can, and do, now weep heartily together. I believe she returned to England, being Duchess of Kendal, with heavy pensions there, and "assiduously attended divine ordinances, according to the German Protestant form, ever afterward." Poor foolish old soul, what is this world, with all its dukeries!"

The other or fat Mistress, "Cataract of fluid Tallow," Count-

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ess of Darlington, whom I take to have been a Half-Sister rather, sat sorrowful at Isleworth, and kept for many years a Black Raven, which had come flying in upon her, which she somehow understood to be the soul, or connected with the soul of his Majesty of happy memory.[4] Good heavens! what fat, fluid-tallowy stupor and entirely sordid darkness dwells among mankind, and occasionally finds itself lifted to the very top, by way of sample!

Friedrich Wilhelm wept tenderly to Brigadier Dubourgay, the British Minister at Berlin (an old military gentleman, of diplomatic merit, who spells rather ill), when they spoke of this sad matter. My poor old Uncle; he was so good to me in boyhood, in those old days when I blooded Cousin George's nose! Not unkind, ah! only proud and sad, and was called sulky, being of few words and heavy-laden. Ah me, your Excellenz; if the little nightingales have all fallen silent, what may not I, his Son and Nephew do? And the rugged Majesty blubbered with great tenderness,[5] having fountains of tears withal hidden in the rocky heart of him, not suspected by every one.

I add only that the Fabrice, who had poor George in his arms that night, is a man worth mentioning. The same Fabrice (Fabricius, or perhaps *Goldschmidt* in Germany) who went as Envoy from the Holstein-Gottorp people to Charles XII. in his Turkish time, and staid with his Turkish Majesty there for a year or two—indeed, till the catastrophe came. His Official *Letters* from that scene are in print this long while, though considerably forgotten;[6] a little Volume, worth many big ones that have been published on that subject. The same Fabrice, following Hanover afterward, came across to London in due course, and there he did another memorable thing—made acquaintance with the Monsieur Arouet, then a young French Exile there, Arouet Junior ("*le Jeune* or *l. j.*"), who, by an ingenious anagram, contrived in his indignation at such banishment, writes himself

[4] Horace Walpole, *Reminiscences.*

[5] Dubourgay's Dispatches, in the State Paper Office.

[6] *Anecdotes du Séjour du Roi de Suède à Bender, ou Lettres de M. le Baron de Fabrice pour servir d'éclaircissement à l'Histoire de Charles XII.* (Hamburg, 1760, 8vo).

Voltaire ever since; who has been publishing a *Henriade*, and doing other things. Now it was by questioning this Fabrice, and industriously picking the memory of him clean, that M. de Voltaire wrote another Book, much more of an "Epic" than Henri IV.—a *History*, namely, *of Charles XII.*,[7] which seems to me the best written of all his Books, and wants nothing but *truth* (indeed, a dreadful want) to make it a possession forever. *Voltaire*, if you want fine writing; *Adlerfeld* and *Fabrice*, if you would see the features of the Fact: these three are still the Books upon Charles XII.

His Prussian Majesty falls into one of his Hypochondriacal Fits.

Before this event his Majesty was in gloomy humor, and special vexations had superadded themselves. Early in the spring, a difficult huff of quarrel, the consummation of a good many grudges long subsisting, had fallen out with his neighbor of Saxony, the Majesty of Poland, August, whom we have formerly heard of: a conspicuous Majesty in those days, called even "August the Great" by some persons in his own time, but now chiefly remembered by his splendor of upholstery, his enormous expenditure in drinking and otherwise, also by his Three Hundred and Fifty-four Bastards (probably the maximum of any King's performance in that line), and called August *der Starke*, "August the Physically Strong." This exemplary Sovereign could not well be a man according to Friedrich Wilhelm's heart; accordingly, they had their huffs and little collisions now and then, that of the Protestant Directorate and Heidelberg Protestants, for instance; indeed, it was generally about Protestantism; and more lately there had been high words and correspondings about the "Protestants of Thorn" (a bad tragedy, of Jesuit intrusion and Polish ferocity, enacted there in 1724),[8] in which sad business Friedrich Wilhelm loyally interfered, though Britannic George of blessed memory, and others, were but lukewarm, and nothing could be done in it—nothing except angry corre-

[7] See Voltaire, *Œuvres Complètes*, ii., 149; xxx., 7, 127. Came out in 1731 (ib., xxx., Avant-Propos, p. ii.).

[8] Account of it in Buchholz, i., 98–102.

spondence with King August; very provoking to the poor soul, who had no hand but a nominal one in the Thorn catastrophe, being driven into it by his unruly Diet alone.

In fact, August, with his glittering eyes and excellent physical constitution, was a very good-humored fellow; supremely pleasant in society, and by no means wishful to cheat you or do you a mischief in business, unless his necessities compelled him, which often were great. But Friedrich Wilhelm always kept a good eye on such points, and had himself suffered nothing from the gay eupeptic Son of Belial either in their old Stralsund copartnery or otherwise; so that, except for these Protestant affairs—and, alas! one other little cause—Friedrich Wilhelm had contentedly left the Physically Strong to his own course, doing the civilities of the road to him when they met, and nothing ill had fallen out between them. This other little cause—alas! it is the old story of recruiting, one's poor Hobby again giving offense. Special recruiting brabbles there had been; severe laws passed in Saxony about these kidnapping operations; and always in the Diets, when question rose of this matter, August had been particularly loud in his denouncings, which was unkind, though not unexpected. But now, in the Spring of 1727, here has a worse case than any arisen.

Captain Natzmer, of I know not what Prussian Regiment, "Sachsen-Weimar Cuirassiers"[9] or another, had dropped over into Saxony, to see what could be done in picking up a tall man or two. Tall men, one or two, Captain Natzmer did pick up, nay, a tall deserter or two (Saxon soldier inveigled to desert); but, finding his operations get air, he hastily withdrew into Brandenburg territory again. Saxon Officials followed him into Brandenburg territory; snapped him back into Saxon; tried him by Saxon law there; Saxon law, express in such case, condemns him to be hanged, and that is his doom accordingly.

"Captain Natzmer to swing on the gallows? Taken on Brandenburg territory, too, and not the least notice given me?" Friedrich Wilhelm blazes into flaming whirlwind; sends an Official Gentleman, one Katsch, to his Excellenz Baron von Suhm (the Crown-Prince's cultivated friend) with this appalling mes-

[9] *Militair Lexikon*, iii., 104.

sage: "If Natzmer be hanged, for certain I will use reprisals; you yourself shall swing!" Whereupon Suhm, in panic, fled over the marches to his Master, who bullied him for his pusillanimous terrors, and applied to Friedrich Wilhelm, in fine phrensy of indignant astonishment, "What, in Heaven's name, such meditated outrage on the law of nations, and flat insult to the Majesty of Kings, can have meant?" Friedrich Wilhelm, the first fury being spent, sees that he is quite out of square; disavows the reprisals upon Suhm. "Message misdelivered by my Official Gentleman, that stupid Katsch; never did intend to hang Suhm; oh no!" with much other correspondence;[10] and is very angry at himself, and at the Natzmer affair, which has brought him into this bad pass—into open impropriety—into danger of an utter rupture, had King August been of quarrelsome turn; but King August was not quarrelsome; and then Seckendorf and the Tobacco Parliament—on the Kaiser's score, who wants Pragmatic Sanction and much else out of these two Kings, and can at no rate have them quarrel in the present juncture—were eager to quench the fire. King August let Natzmer go, Suhm returned to his post,[11] and things hustled themselves into some uneasy posture of silence again—uneasy to the sensitive fancy of Friedrich Wilhelm above all. This is his worst collision with his Neighbor of Saxony, and springing from one's Hobby again!

These sorrows, the death of George I., with anxieties as to George II. and the course he might take—all this, it was thought, preyed upon his Majesty's spirits. Wilhelmina says it was "the frequent carousals with Seckendorf," and an affair chiefly of the royal digestive apparatus. Like enough; or both might combine. It is certain his Majesty fell into one of his hypochondrias at this time; talked of "abdicating" and other gloomy things, and was very black indeed, so that Seckendorf and Grumkow began to be alarmed. It is several months ago he had Franke, the Halle Methodist, giving ghostly counsel; his Majesty ceased to have the Newspapers read at dinner, and listened to lugubrious Franke's exhortations instead. Did English readers ever hear

[10] In Mauvillon (iii., 189–195) more of it than any one will read.
[11] Pöllnitz, ii., 254.

1727.

of Franke? Let them make a momentary acquaintance with this famous German Saint. August Hermann Franke, a Lübeck man, born 1663; Professor of Theology, of Hebrew, Lecturer on the Bible; a wandering, persecuted, pious man; founder of the "Pietists," a kind of German Methodists, who are still a famed Sect in that country; and of the *Waisenhaus* at Halle, grand Orphan-house, built by charitable beggings of Franke, which also still subsists: a reverend gentleman, very mournful of visage, now sixty-four, and for the present at Berlin, discoursing of things eternal in what Wilhelmina thinks a very lugubrious manner. Well; but surely in a very serious manner! The shadows of Death were already round this poor Franke, and in a few weeks more he had himself departed.[12] But hear Wilhelmina, what account she gives of her own and the young Grenadier Major's behavior on these mournful occasions. Seckendorf's dinners she considers to be the cause, all spiritual sorrows only an adjunct not worth mentioning. It is certain enough,

"His Majesty began to become valetudinary, and the hypochondria which tormented him rendered his humor very melancholy. Monsieur Franke, the famous Pietist, founder of the Orphan-house at Halle University, contributed not a little to exaggerate that latter evil. This reverend gentleman entertained the King by raising scruples of conscience about the most innocent matters. He condemned all pleasures; damnable all of them, he said, even hunting and music. You were to speak of nothing but the Word of God only; all other conversation was forbidden. It was always he that carried on the improving talk at table, where he did the office of reader, as if it had been a refectory of monks. The King treated us to a sermon every afternoon; his valet-de-chambre gave out a psalm, which we all sang. You had to listen to this sermon with as much devout attention as if it had been an apostle's. My Brother and I had all the mind in the world to laugh; we tried hard to keep from laughing, but often we burst out. Thereupon reprimand, with all the anathemas of the Church hurled out on us, which we had to take with a contrite, penitent air, a thing not easy to bring your face to at the moment. In a word, this dog of a Franke" (he died within few months, poor soul, *ce chien de Franke*) "led us the life of a set of Monks of La Trappe.

"Such excess of bigotry awakened still more Gothic thoughts in the

[12] Died 8th June, 1727.

King. He resolved to abdicate the crown in favor of my Brother. He used to talk, He would reserve for himself 10,000 crowns a year, and retire with the Queen and his Daughters to Wusterhausen. There, added he, I will pray to God, and manage the farming economy, while my wife and girls take care of the household matters. You are clever, he said to me; I will give you the inspection of the linen, which you shall mend and keep in order, taking good charge of laundry matters. Frederica" (now thirteen, married to *Anspach* two years hence), "who is miserly, shall have charge of all the stores of the house. Charlotte" (now eleven, Duchess of *Brunswick* by-and-by) "shall go to market and buy our provisions; and my Wife shall take charge of the little children," says Friedrich Wilhelm, "and of the kitchen."[13]

Poor Friedrich Wilhelm, what an innocent *Idyllium*, which can not be executed by a King! "He had even begun to work at an Instruction, or Farewell Advice, for my Brother," and to point toward various steps, which alarmed Grumkow and Seckendorf to a high degree.[14]

"Abdication," with a Crown-Prince ready to fall into the arms of England, and a sudden finis to our Black Art, will by no means suit Seckendorf and Grumkow. Yet here is Winter coming; solitary Wusterhausen, with the misty winds piping round it, will make matters worse; something must be contrived, and what? The two, after study, persuade Field-marshal Flemming over at Warsaw (August the Strong's chief man, the Flemming of Voltaire's *Charles XII.*; Prussian by birth, though this long while in Saxon service) that if he, the Field-marshal, were to pay, accidentally, as it were, a little visit to his native Brandenburg just now, it might have fine effects on those foolish Berlin-Warsaw clouds that had risen. The Field-marshal, well affected in such a case, manages the little visit, readily persuading the Polish Majesty, and dissipates the clouds straightway, being well received by Friedrich Wilhelm, and seconded by the To-

[13] Little children are: 1°. Sophie Dorothee, now eight, who married Margraf of Schwedt, and was unhappy; 2°. Ulrique, a grave little soul of seven, Queen of Sweden afterward; 3°. August Wilhelm, age now five, became Father of a new Friedrich Wilhelm, who was King by-and-by, and produced the Kings that still are; 4°. Amelia, now four, born in the way we saw; and, 5°. *Henri*, still in arms, just beginning to walk. There will be a *Sixth*, and no more (son of this Sixth, a Berlin *Roué*, was killed in 1806 at the Battle of Jena, or a day or two before), but the Sixth is not yet come to hand.

[14] Wilhelmina, *Mémoires de Bareith*, i., 108.

bacco Parliament with all its might. Out at Wusterhausen every thing is comfortably settled. Nay, Madam Flemming, young, brilliant, and direct from the seat of fashion—it was she that first "built up" Wilhelmina's hair on just principles, and put some life into her appearance.[15] And now the Field-marshal (Tobacco Parliament suggesting it) hints farther, "If his Prussian Majesty, in the mere greatness of his mind, were to appear suddenly in Dresden, when his royal Friend was next there, what a sunburst after clouds were that—how welcome to the Polish Majesty!" "Hm, Na, would it, then?" The Polish Majesty puts that out of question; specially sends invitation for the Carnival time just coming; and Friedrich Wilhelm will, accordingly, see Dresden and him on that occasion.[16] In those days, Carnival means "Fashionable Season," rural nobility rallying to head-quarters for a while, and social gayeties going on; and in Protestant Countries it means nothing more.

This, in substance, was the real origin of Friedrich Wilhelm's sudden visit to Dresden, which astonished the world, in January next. It makes a great figure in the old Books. It did kindle Dresden Carnival and the Physically Strong into supreme illumination for the time being, and proved the seal of good agreement, and even of a kind of friendliness between this heteroclite pair of Sovereigns, if any body now cared for those points. It is with our Crown-Prince's share in it that we are alone concerned, and that may require a Chapter to itself.

CHAPTER III.

VISIT TO DRESDEN.

ONE of the most important adventures for our young Crown-Prince was this visit of his, along with Papa, to Dresden, in the Carnival of 1728; visit contrived by Seckendorf and Company, as we have seen, to divert the King's melancholy, and without view to the Crown-Prince at all. The Crown-Prince, now sixteen, and not in the best favor with his Father, had not been in-

[15] Wilhelmina, i., 117.
[16] Ibid., i., 108, 109; Pöllnitz, ii., 254; Fassmann, p. 374.

tended to accompany; was to stay at Potsdam and diligently drill; nevertheless, an estafette came for him from the gallant Polish Majesty. Wilhelmina had spoken a word to good Suhm, who wrote to his King, and the hospitable message came. Friedrich made no loitering; to Dresden is but a hundred miles, one good day; he arrived there on the morrow after his Father; King "on the 14th January, 1728," dates Fassmann; "Crown-Prince on the 15th," which I find was Thursday. The Crown-Prince lodged with Field-marshal Flemming. Friedrich Wilhelm, having come in no state, refused King August's pressings, and took up his quarters with "the General Field-marshal Wackerbart, Commandant in Dresden," pleasant old military gentleman, who had besieged Stralsund along with him in times gone. Except Grumkow, Derschau, and one or two of less importance, with the due minimum of Valetry, he had brought no retinue. The Crown-Prince had Finckenstein and Kalkstein with him—Tutor and Sub-Tutor officially there, and he lodges with old Count Flemming and his clever, fashionable Madam—the diligent but unsuccessful Flemming, a courtier of the highest civility, though iracund, and "with a passion for making Treaties," whom we know since Charles XII.'s time.

Among the round of splendors now set on foot, Friedrich Wilhelm had, by accident of Nature, the spectacle of a house on fire —rather a symbolic one in those parts—afforded him, almost to start with. Deep in the first Saturday night, or rather about two in the morning of Sunday, Wackerbart's grand house, kindled by negligence somewhere in the garrets, blazed up, irrepressible, and with its endless upholsteries, with a fine library even, went all into flame, so that "his Majesty, scarcely saving his *chatoulle* (box of preciosities), had to hurry out in undress," over to Flemming's, where his Son was, where they both continued thenceforth. This was the one touch of rough amid so much of dulcet that occurred: no evil this touch, almost rather otherwise, except to poor Wackerbart, whose fine House lay wrecked by it.

The visit lasted till February 12th, four weeks and a day. Never were such thrice-magnificent Carnival amusements: illuminations, cannon salvoings and fireworks; operas, comedies, redoubts, sow-baitings, fox and badger baiting, reviewing, run-

ning at the ring; dinners of never-imagined quality—this, as a daily item, needs no express mention.

To the young Soldier-Apprentice all this was, of course, in pleasant contrast with the Potsdam Guard-house; and Friedrich Wilhelm himself is understood to have liked at least the dinners, and the airy courteous ways, light table-wit, and extreme good-humor of the host. A successful visit; burns off like successful fireworks, piece after piece, and what more is to be said? Of all this, nothing; nor, if we could help it, of another little circumstance, not mentioned by the Newspapers or Fassmann, which constitutes the meaning of this Visit for us now. It is a matter difficult to handle in speech. An English Editor, chary of such topics, will let two witnesses speak, credible both, though not eye-witnesses, and leave it to the reader so. Babbling Pöllnitz is the first witness; he deposes, after alluding to the sumptuous dinings and drinkings there:

"One day the two Kings, after dinner, went in domino to the redoubt" (*ridotto*, what we now call *rout* or evening party). "August had a mind to take an opportunity and try whether the reports of Friedrich Wilhelm's indifference to the fair sex were correct or not. To this end, he had had a young damsel (*junge Person*) of extraordinary beauty introduced into some side-room, where they now entered. She was lying on a bed in a loose, gauzy undress, and, though masked, showed so many charms to the eye that the imagination could not but judge very favorably of the rest. The King of Poland approached in that gallant way of his, which had gained him such favor with women. He begged her to unmask. She at first affected reluctance, and would not. He then told her who he was, and said he hoped she would not refuse when two Kings begged her to show them this complaisance. She thereupon took off her mask and showed them one of the loveliest faces in the world. August seemed quite enchanted, and said, as if it had been the first time he ever saw her, he could not comprehend how so bewitching a beauty had hitherto remained unknown to him.

"Friedrich Wilhelm could not help looking at her. He said to the King of Poland, 'She is very beautiful, it must be owned;' but at the same instant turned his eyes away from her, and left the room and the ridotto altogether without delay; went home, and shut himself in his room. He then sent for Herr von Grumkow, and bitterly complained that the King of Poland wanted to tempt him. Herr von Grumkow, who was neither so chaste nor so conscientious as the King, was for making a jest of the matter; but the King took a very serious tone, and com-

manded him to tell the King of Poland, in his name, 'that he begged him very much not to expose him again to accidents of that nature, unless he wished him to quit Dresden at once.' Herr von Grumkow did his message. The King of Poland laughed heartily at it, went straight to Friedrich Wilhelm and excused himself. The King of Prussia, however, kept his grim look, so that August ceased joking, and turned the dialogue on some other subject."[1]

This is Pöllnitz's testimony, gathered from the whispers of the Tabagie or rumors in the Court circles, and may be taken as indisputable in the main. Wilhelmina, deriving from similar sources, and equally uncertain in details, paints more artistically; nor has she forgotten the sequel for her Brother, which at present is the essential circumstance:

"One evening, when the rites of Bacchus had been well attended to, the King of Poland led the King" (my Father), "strolling about, by degrees, into a room very richly ornamented, all the furniture and arrangements of which were in exquisite taste. The King, charmed with what he saw, paused to contemplate the beauties of it a little, when all on a sudden a curtain rose, and displayed to him one of the most extraordinary sights. It was a girl in the condition of our First Parents, carelessly lying on a bed. This creature was more beautiful than they paint Venus and the Graces; she presented to view a form of ivory whiter than snow, and more gracefully shaped than the Venus de' Medici at Florence. The cabinet which contained this treasure was lighted by so many wax candles that their brilliancy dazzled you, and gave a new splendor to the beauties of the goddess.

"The Authors of this fine comedy did not doubt but the object would make an impression on the King's heart, but it was quite otherwise. No sooner had he cast his eyes on the beauty than he whirled round with indignation, and seeing my Brother behind him, he pushed him roughly out of the room, and immediately quitted it himself, very angry at the scene they had been giving him. He spoke of it that same evening to Grumkow in very strong terms, and declared with emphasis that if the like frolics were tried on him again he would at once quit Dresden.

"With my Brother it was otherwise. In spite of the King's care, he had got a full view of the Cabinet Venus, and the sight of her did not inspire in him so much horror as in his Father."[2] Very likely not! And, in fact, "he obtained her from the King of Poland in a rather singular way (*d'une façon assez singulière*)," describable, in condensed terms, as follows:

[1] Pöllnitz, ii., 256.

[2] Wilhelmina, i., 112.

Wilhelmina says her poor Brother had been already charmed over head and ears by a gay young baggage of a Countess Orzelska, a very high and airy Countess there, whose history is not to be touched except upon compulsion, and as if with a pair of tongs, thrice famous as she once was in this Saxon Court of Beelzebub. She was King August's natural daughter; a French milliner in Warsaw had produced her for him there. In due time, a male of the three hundred and fifty-four, one Rutowski, soldier by profession, whom we shall again hear of, took her for mistress, regardless of natural half-sisterhood, which perhaps he did not know of. The admiring Rutowski, being of a participative turn, introduced her after a while to his honored parent and hers, by whom next—Heavens! human language is unequal to the history of such things! And it is in this capacity she now shines supreme in the Saxon Court, ogling poor young Fritz, and driving him distracted, which phenomenon the Beelzebub Parent-Lover noticed with pain and jealousy, it would appear.

"His Polish Majesty distinguished her extremely," says Pöllnitz,[3] "and was continually visiting her, so that the universal inference was" to the above unspeakable effect. "She was of fine figure, had something grand in her air and carriage, and the prettiest humor in the world. She often appeared in men's clothes, which became her very well. People said she was extremely open-handed;" as indeed the Beelzebub Parent-Lover was of the like quality (when he had cash about him), and to her, at this time, he was profuse beyond limit. Truly a tempting aspect of the Devil, this expensive Orzelska; something beautiful in her, if there are no Laws in this Universe; not so beautiful if there are! Enough to turn the head of poor Crown-Prince, if she like, for some time. He is just sixteen gone; one of the prettiest lads and sprightliest; his homage, clearly enough, is not disagreeable to the baggage. Wherefore jealous August, the Beelzebub Parent, takes his measures; signifies to Fritz, in direct terms, or by discreet diplomatic hints and innuendoes, that he can have the Cabinet Venus (Formera her name, of Opera-singer kind), hoping thereby that the Orzelska will be left alone in time coming. A "*façon assez singulière*" for a Sovereign Majesty and Beelzebub Parent-Lover, thinks Wilhelmina.

[3] *Memoiren*, ii., 261.

Thus has our poor Fritz fallen into the wake of Beelzebub, and is not in a good way. Under such and no better guidance, in this illicit premature manner, he gets his introduction to the paradise of the world. The Formera, beautiful as painted Chaos —yes, her; and why not, after a while, the Orzelska too, all the same? A wonderful Armida Garden, sure enough. And can not one adore the painted divine beauties there (lovely as certain Apples of the Dead Sea) for some time? The miseries all this brought into his existence—into his relations with a Father very rigorous in principle, and with a Universe still more so—for years to come, were neither few nor small. And that is the main outcome of the Dresden visitings for him and us.

Great pledges pass between the two Kings; Prussian Crown-Prince decorated with the Order of the Saxon Eagle, or what supreme distinction they had; Rutowski taken over to Berlin to learn war and drill, where he did not remain long; in fact, a certain liking seems to have risen between the two heteroclite individualities, which is perhaps worth remembering as a point in natural history, if not otherwise. One other small result of the visit is of pictorial nature. In the famed Dresden Gallery there is still a Picture, high up, visible if you have glasses, where the Saxon Court-Painter, on Friedrich Wilhelm's bidding it is said, soon after these auspicious occurrences, represents the two Majesties as large as life, in their respective costumes and features (short Potsdam Grenadier Colonel and tall Saxon Darius or Sardanapalus), in the act of shaking hands; symbolically burying past grudges, and swearing eternal friendship, so to speak.[4] To this Editor the Picture did not seem good for much; but Friedrich Wilhelm's Portrait in it, none of the best, may be of use to traveling friends of his who have no other.

The visit ended on the 12th of February, as the Newspapers testify. Long before daybreak, at three in the morning, Friedrick Wilhelm, "who had smoked after dinner till nine the night before," and taken leave of every body, was on the road, but was astonished to find King August and the Electoral Prince or Heir-Apparent (who had privately sat up for the purpose) insist on conducting him to his carriage.[5] "Great tokens of affection,"

[4] Förster, i., 226.

[5] Boyer, xxxv., 199.

known to the Newspapers, there were; and one token not yet known, a promise on King August's part that he would return this ever-memorable compliment in person at Potsdam and Berlin in a few months. Remember, then!

As for the poor Crown-Prince, whom already his Father did not like, he now fell into circumstances more abstruse than ever in that and other respects. Bad health, a dangerous, lingering fit of that, soon after his return home, was one of the first consequences. Frequent fits of bad health for some years coming, with ominous rumors, consultations of physicians, and reports to the paternal Majesty, which produced small comfort in that quarter. The sad truth, dimly indicated, is sufficiently visible: his life for the next four or five years was "extremely dissolute." Poor young man, he has got into a disastrous course; consorts chiefly with debauched young fellows, as Lieutenants Katte, Keith, and others of their stamp, who lead him on ways not pleasant to his Father, nor comformable to the Laws of this Universe. Health, either of body or of mind, is not to be looked for in his present way of life. The bright young soul, with its fine strengths and gifts, wallowing like a young rhinoceros in the mud-bath: some say it is wholesome for a human soul; not we!

All this is too certain, rising to its height in the years we are now got to, and not ending for four or five years to come; and the reader can conceive all this, and whether its effects were good or not. Friedrich Wilhelm's old-standing disfavor is converted into open aversion and protest, many times into fits of sorrow, rage, and despair, on his luckless Son's behalf; and it appears doubtful whether this bright young human soul, comparable for the present to a rhinoceros wallowing in the mud-bath, with nothing but its snout visible, and a dirty gurgle all the sound it makes, will ever get out again or not.

The rhinocerous soul got out, but not uninjured; alas! no; bitterly polluted, tragically dimmed of its finest radiances for the remainder of life. The distinguished Sauerteig, in his *Spring-Wurzeln*, has these words: "To burn away, in mad waste, the divine aromas and plainly celestial elements from our existence; to change our holy of holies into a place of riot; to make the

soul itself hard, impious, barren! Surely a day is coming when it will be known again what virtue is in purity and continence of life; how divine is the blush of young human cheeks; how high, beneficent, sternly inexorable if forgotten, is the duty laid, not on women only, but on every creature, in regard to these particulars? Well, if such a day never come again, then I perceive much else will never come. Magnanimity and depth of insight will never come; heroic purity of heart and of eye; noble, pious valor, to amend us and the age of bronze and lacker, how can they ever come? The scandalous bronze-lacker age of hungry animalisms, spiritual impotencies and mendacities, will have to run its course, till the Pit swallow it."

In the case of Friedrich, it is certain such a day never fully came. The "age of bronze and lacker," so as it then stood, relieved truly by a back-bone of real Spartan *iron* (of right battle *steel* when needed)—this was all the world he ever got to dream of. His ideal, compared to that of some, was but low; his existence a hard and barren, though a genuine one, and only worth much memory in the absence of better. Enough of all that.

The Physically Strong pays his Counter-Visit.

August the Strong paid his Return visit in May following, of which sublime transaction, stupendous as it then was to the Journalistic mind, we should now make no mention, except for its connection with those points, and more especially for a foolish rumor which now rose about Prince Fred and the Double Marriage, on occasion of it. The magnificence of this visit and reception being so extreme—King August, for one item, sailing to it, with sound of trumpet and hautbois, in silken flotillas gayer than Cleopatra's, down the Elbe—there was a rush toward Berlin of what we will not call the scum, but must call the foam of mankind—rush of the idle moneyed populations from all countries; and such a crowd there, for the three weeks, as was seldom seen. Foam every where is stirred up, and encouraged to get under way.

Prince Frederick of Hanover and England, "Duke of Edinburgh" as they now call him, "Duke of Gloucester" no longer, it would seem, nor "Prince of Wales" as yet, he, foamy as another,

May, 1728.

had thoughts of coming, and rumor of him rose very high in Berlin—how high we have still singular proof. Here is a myth, generated in the busy Court Imagination of Berlin at this time, written down by Pöllnitz as plain fact afterward, and from him idly copied into *Coxe*[6] and other English Books. We abridge from watery Pöllnitz, taking care of any sense he has. This is what ran in certain high-frizzled heads then and there, and was dealt out in whispers to a privileged few, watery Pöllnitz's informers among them, till they got a myth made of it. Frederick, Duke of Edinburgh, second hope of England at this time, he is the hero.

It appears this loose young gentleman, standing in no favor with his sovereign Father, had never yet been across to England, the royal Parent preferring rather not to have him in sight, and was living idle at Hanover, very eager to be wedded to Wilhelmina, as one grand and at present grandest resource of his existence. It is now May, 1728, and Frederick, Duke of Edinburgh, is twenty-one. He writes to his Aunt and intended Mother-in-law, Queen Sophie (date not ascertainable to a day, Note burned as soon as read), "That he can endure this tantalizing suspense no longer; such endless higgling about a supreme blessedness, virtually agreed upon, may be sport to others, but is death to him; that he will come privately at once, and wed his Wilhelmina, and so make an end, the big wigs to adjust it afterward as they can and may;" whereupon Sophie Dorothee, gladdest of women, sends for Dubourgay, the British Embassador (Brigadier Dubourgay, the respectable old gentleman who spells ill, who is strong for the Double Marriage always), to tell him what fine news there is, and what answer she has sent. Respectable Dubourgay stands silent, with lengthening face: "Your Majesty, how unfortunate that I, of all men, now hear it! I must instantly dispatch a courier with the news to London!" And the respectable man, stoically deaf to her Majesty's entreaties, to all considerations but that of his evident duty, sends the courier; nips thereby that fine Hanover speculation in the bud, sees Prince Fred at once summoned over to England, and produces several effects; nearly the whole of which, on examining the Documents,[7] proves to be myth.

[6] Coxe's *Walpole* (London, 1798), i., 520.

[7] Dubourgay's Dispatches, in the State Paper Office.

Pöllnitz himself adds two circumstances in regard to it which are pretty impossible: as, first, that Friedrich Wilhelm had joyfully consented to this clandestine marriage, and was eagerly waiting for it; second, that George II., too, had privately favored or even instigated the adventure, being at heart willing to escape the trouble of Messages to Parliament, to put his Son in the wrong, and I know not what.[8] The particles of fact in the affair are likewise two: first, that Queen Sophie, and from her the Courtier Public generally, expected the Hanover Royal Highness, who probably had real thoughts of seeing Berlin and his Intended on this occasion; Dubourgay reports daily rumors of the Royal Highness being actually "seen" there in an evanescent manner; and Wilhelmina says her Mother was so certain of him, "she took every ass or mule for the Royal Highness"—heartily indifferent to Wilhelmina. This is the first particle of fact. The Second is, that a subaltern Official about the Royal Highness, one Lamothe of Hanover, who had appeared in Berlin about that time, was thrown into prison not long after, for what misbehavior none knew—for encouraging dissolute Royal Highness in wild schemes, it was guessed. And so the Myth grew, and was found ready for Pöllnitz and his followers. Royal Highness did come over to England, not then as the Myth bears, but nine months afterward in December next, and found other means of irritating his imperative, flighty, irascible, and rather foolish little Father in an ever-increasing degree. "Very coldly received at Court," it is said: ill seen by Walpole and the Powers, being too likely to become a focus of Opposition there.

The Visit, meanwhile, though there came no Duke of Edinburgh to see it, was sublime in the extreme, Polish Majesty being magnificence itself, and the frugal Friedrich Wilhelm lighting up his dim Court into insurpassable brilliancy, regardless of expense, so that even the Smoking Parliament (where August attended now and then) became luminous. The Crown-Prince, who in late months had languished in a state of miserable health, in a manner ominous to his physicians, confined mostly to his room or his bed, was now happily on foot again, and Wilhel-

[8] Pöllnitz, ii., 272–274.

29th May, 1728.

mina notes one circumstance which much contributed to his recovery: that the fair Orzelska had attended her natural (or unnatural) Parent on this occasion, and seemed to be, as Wilhelmina thinks, uncommonly kind to the Crown-Prince. The Heir-Apparent of Saxony, a taciturn, inoffensive, rather opaque-looking gentleman, now turned of thirty, and gone over to Papistry long since, with views to be King of Poland by-and-by, which proved effectual as we shall find, was also here; Count Bruhl too, still in a very subaltern capacity, and others whom we and the Crown-Prince shall have to know. The Heir-Apparent's Wife (actual Kaiser's Niece, late Kaiser Joseph's Daughter, a severe Austrian lady, haughtier than lovely) has staid at home in Dresden.

But here, at first hand, is a slight view of that unique Polish Majesty, the Saxon Man of Sin, which the reader may be pleased to accept out of idle curiosity, if for no better reason. We abridge from Wilhelmina,[9] whom Fassmann, kindled to triple accuracy by this grand business, is at hand to correct where needful:[10] "The King of Poland arrived upon us at Berlin on the 29th of May," says Wilhelmina; had been at Potsdam, under Friedrich Wilhelm's care, for three days past: Saturday afternoon, 29th May, 1728, that is with exactitude the ever-memorable date.

He paid his respects in her Majesty's apartment for an instant that evening, but made his formal visit next day. Very grand indeed. Carried by two shining parti-colored creatures, heyducs so-called, through double rows of mere peerages and sublimities, in a sublime sedan (being lame of a foot; foot lately amputated

[9] i., 124.

[10] *Des glorwürdigsten Fürsten und Herrn, Herrn Friedrich Augusti des Grossen Leben und Helden-Thaten* (Of that most glorious Prince and Lord, Lord Friedrich August the Great, King of Poland, &c., the Life and Heroic Deeds), by D. F. (David Fassmann), Frankfurt and Leipzig, 1734; 12mo, p. 1040. A work written with upturned eyes of prostrate admiration for "*Dero Majestät* ('Theiro' Majesty) *August the Great*;" exact too, but dealing merely with the *clothes* of the matter, and such a matter: work unreadable, except on compulsion, to the stupidest mortal. The same Fassmann, who was at the Fair of St. Germain, who lodged sometimes with the Potsdam Giant, and whose ways are all fallen dark to us.

of two toes, sore still open), "in a sedan covered with red velvet gallooned with gold," says the devout Fassmann, tremblingly exact, "up the grand staircase, along the grand Gallery," in which supreme region (Apartments of the late King Friedrich of gorgeous memory) her Majesty now is for the occasion. "The Queen received him at the door of her third Ante-chamber," says Wilhelmina; third, or outmost Ante-chamber, end of that grand Gallery, and its peerages and shining creatures. "He gave the Queen his hand and led her in." We Princesses were there, at least the grown ones of us were, all standing, except the Queen only. "He refused to sit, and again refused;" stoically talked graciosities, disregarding the pain of his foot, and did not, till refusal threatened to become uncivil, comply with her Majesty's entreaties. "How unpolite!" smiled he to us young ones. "He had a majestic port and physiognomy; an affable, polite air accompanied all his movements, all his actions." Kind of stereotyped smile on his face; nothing of the inner gloom visible on our Charles II. and similar men of sin. He looked often at Wilhelmina, and was complimentary to a degree, for reasons undivinable to Wilhelmina. For the rest, "much broken for his age," the terrible debaucheries (*les débauches terribles*) having had their effect on him. He has fallen Widower last year. His poor Wife was a Brandenburg-Baireuth Princess; a devout kind of woman, austerely witnessing the irremediable in her lot. He has got far on with his Three hundred and fifty-four; is now going fifty-five; lame of a foot, as we see, which the great Petit of Paris can not cure, neither he nor any Surgeon, but can only alleviate by cutting off two toes. Pink of politeness, no doubt of it, but otherwise the strangest dilapidated hulk of a two-legged animal without feathers; probably, in fact, the chief Natural Solecism under the Sun at that epoch; extremely complimentary to us Princesses, to me especially. "He quitted her Majesty's Apartment after an hour's conversation. She rose to reconduct him, but he would by no manner of means permit that," and so vanished, carried off doubtless by the shining creatures again. The "Electoral Prince," Heir-Apparent, next made his visit; but he was a dry subject in comparison, of whom no Princess can say much. Prince Friedrich will know him better by-and-by.

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Young Maurice, "Count of Saxony," famed afterward as *Maréchal de Saxe*, he also is here with his Half-Sister Orzelska and the others, in the train of the paternal Man of Sin, and makes acquaintance with Friedrich. He is son of the female Königsmark called Aurora ("who alone of mortals could make Charles Twelfth fly his ground"); nephew, therefore, of the male Königsmark who was cut down long ago at Hanover, and buried in the fire-place. He resembles his Father in strength, vivacity, above all things in debauchery and disregard of finance. They married him at the due years to some poor rich woman, but with her he has already ended—with her and with many others: Courland, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Anne Iwanowna with the big cheek. The reader has perhaps searched out these things for himself from the dull History-Books, or perhaps it is better for him if he never sought them? Dukedom of Courland, connected with Polish sovereignty, and now about to fall vacant, was one of Count Maurice's grand sallies in the world. Adrienne Lecouvreur, foolish French Actress, lent him all the £30,000 she had gathered by holding the mirror up to Nature and otherwise, to prosecute this Courland business, which proved impossible for him. He was adventurous enough, audacious enough, fought well; but the problem was, to fall in love with the Dowager Anne Iwanowna, Cousin of Czar Peter II.—big brazen Russian woman (such a *cheek* the Pictures give her, in size and somewhat in expression like a Westphalia ham!), who was Widow of the last active Duke; and this, with all his adventurous audacity, Count Maurice could not do. The big Widow discovered that he did not like Westphalia hams in that particular form—that he only pretended to like them; upon which, in just indignation, she disowned and dismissed him; and falling herself to be Czarina not long afterward, and taking Biren the Courlander for her beloved, she made Biren Duke, and Courland became impossible for Count Maurice.

However, he too is a dashing young fellow; "circular black eyebrows, eyes glittering bright, partly with animal vivacity, partly with spiritual;" stands six feet in his stockings, breaks horse-shoes with his hands; full of irregular ingenuity and audacity; has been soldiering about ever since birth almost, and understands many a thing, though the worst *speller* ever known.

With him, too, young Fritz is much charmed: the flower he of the illegitimate Three hundred and fifty-four, and probably the chief achievement of the Saxon Man of Sin in this world, where he took such trouble. Friedrich and he maintained some occasional correspondence afterward; but, to judge by Friedrich's part of it (mere polite congratulations on Fontenoy, and the like), it must have been of the last vacuity, and to us it is now absolute zero, however clearly spelled and printed.[11]

The Physically Strong, in some three weeks, after kindling such an effulgence about Berlin as was never seen before or since in Friedrich Wilhelm's reign, went his way again—"toward Poland for the Diet," or none of us cares whither or for what. Here at Berlin he has been sublime enough. Some of the phenomena surpassed any thing Wilhelmina ever saw: such floods and rows of resplendent people crowding in to dinner; and she could not but contrast the splendor of the Polish retinues and their plumages and draperies with the strait-buttoned Prussian dignitaries, all in mere soldier uniform, succinct "blue coat, white linen gaiters," and no superfluity even in the epaulettes and red facings. At table, she says, they drank much, talked little, and bored one another a great deal (*s'ennuyoient beaucoup*).

Of Princess Wilhelmina's Four Kings and other ineffectual Suitors.

Dilapidated Polish Majesty, we observed, was extremely attentive to Wilhelmina; nor could she ascertain, for long after, what the particular reason was. Long after, Wilhelmina ascertained that there had been the wonderfulest scheme concocting, or as good as concocted, in these swearings of eternal friendship: no other than that of marrying her, Wilhelmina, now a slim maiden coming nineteen, to this dilapidated Saxon Man of Sin going (or limping) fifty-five, and broken by *débauches terribles*

[11] Given altogether in *Œuvres de Frédéric le Grand*, xvii., 300–309. See farther, whoever has curiosity, Preuss, *Friedrichs Lebensgeschichte*, iii., 167–169; Espagnac, *Vie du Comte du Saxe* (a good little military Book, done into German, Leipzig, 1774, 2 vols.); Cramer, *Denkwürdigkeiten der Gräfin Aurora von Königsmark* (Leipzig, 1836), &c., &c.

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(rivers of Champagne and Tokay for one item), who had fallen a Widower last year! They had schemed it all out, Wilhelmina understands: Friedrich Wilhelm to advance such and such moneys as dowry, and others furthermore as loan, for the occasions of his Polish Majesty, which are manifold; Wilhelmina to have the Lausitz (*Lusatia*) for jointure, Lausitz to be Friedrich Wilhelm's pledge withal; and other intricate conditions.[12] What would Wilhelmina have thought? One shudders to contemplate; hopes it might mostly be loose brain-web and courtier speculation, never settled toward fact.

It is certain, the dilapidated Polish Majesty having become a Widower, questions would rise, Will not he marry again? And with whom? Certain, also, he wants Friedrich Wilhelm's alliance, having great schemes on the anvil, which are like to be delicate and perilous—schemes of "partitioning Poland," no less; that is to say, cutting off the outskirts of Poland, flinging them to neighboring Sovereigns as propitiation or price of goodwill, and rendering the rest hereditary in his family. Pragmatic Sanction once acceded to would probably propitiate the Kaiser? for which, and other reasons, Polish Majesty still keeps that card in his hand. Friedrich Wilhelm's alliance, with such an army and such a treasury, the uses of that are evident to the Polish Majesty. By the blessing of Heaven, however, his marriage with Wilhelmina never came to any thing. His Electoral Prince, Heir-Apparent, objected to the jointures and alienations, softly, steadily, and the project had to drop before Wilhelmina ever knew of it.

And this man is probably one of the "Four Kings" she was to be asked by? A Swedish Officer, with some skill in palmistry, many years ago looked into her innocent little hand, and prophesied, "She was to be in terms of courtship, engagement, or as good as engagement, with Four Kings, and to wed none of them." Wilhelmina counts them in her mature days. The *first* will suprise every body—Charles XII. of Sweden—who never can have been much of a suitor, the rather as the young Lady was then only six gone, but who might, like enough, be talked of by transient third parties in those old Stralsund times. The

[12] Wilhelmina, i., 114.

second—can not *we* guess who the second is? The *third* is this August the dilapidated Strong. As to the *second*, Wilhelmina sees already, in credulous moments, that it may be Hanover Fred, whom she will never marry either; and does not see (nor did, at the time of writing her *Mémoires*, "in 1744" say the Books) that Fred never would come to Kingship, and that the Palmistry was incomplete in that point. The *fourth*, again, is clearly young Czar Peter II., of whom there was transient talk or project some short time after this of the dilapidated *third*. But that, too, came to nothing; the poor young lad died while only fifteen; nay, he had already "fallen in love with his Aunt Elizabeth" (*infâme Catin du Nord* in time coming), and given up the Prussian prospect.[13]

All which would be nothing, or almost less, to Wilhelmina, walking fancy free there, were it not for Papa and Mamma, and the importunate insidious by-standers, who do make a thing of it first and last! Never in any romance or stage-play was young Lady, without blame, without furtherance, and without hinderance of her own, so tormented about a settlement in life —passive she all the while, mere clay in the hands of the potter, and begging the Universe to have the extreme goodness only to leave her alone!

Thus, too, among the train of King August in this Berlin visit, a certain Soldier Official of his, Duke of Sachsen-Weissenfels, Johann Adolf by name, a poor Cadet Cousin of the Saxon House—another elderly Royal Highness of small possibility—was particularly attentive to Wilhelmina now and on subsequent occasions—Titular Duke of Weissenfels, Brother of the real Duke, and not even sure of the succession as yet, but living on

[13] He was the Great Peter's Grandson (Son having gone a tragical road); Czar, May, 1727—January, 1730: Anne Iwanowna (Great Peter's Niece, elder Brother's Daughter), our Courland friend with the big cheek, succeeded; till her death, October, 1740: then, after some slight shock of revolution, the Elizabeth just mentioned, who was Daughter of the Great Peter by his little brown Czarina Catharine whom we once met. See Manustein, *Memoirs of Russia* (London, 1770), p. 1–23, for some account of Peter II.; and the rest of the Volume for a really intelligent History of this Anne, at least of her Wars, where Manustein himself usually had part.

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King August's pay; not without capacity of drink and the like, some allege; otherwise a mere betitled, betasseled elderly military gentleman, of no special qualities evil or good, who will often turn up again in this History, but fails always to make any impression on us except that of a Serene Highness in the abstract—unexceptionable Human Mask, of polite turn, behung with titles, and no doubt a stomach in the inside of it—he, now and afterward, by all opportunities, diligently continued his attentions in the Wilhelmina quarter. For a good while it was never guessed what he could be driving at, till at last Queen Sophie, becoming aware of it, took him to task; with cold severity reminded him that some things are on one's level, and some things not; to which humbly bowing in unfeigned penitence, he retired from the audacity back foremost: would never, even in dreams, have presumed, had not his Prussian Majesty authorized; would now, since *her* Prussian Majesty had that feeling, withdraw silently, and live forgotten, as an obscure Royal Highness in the abstract (though fallen Widower lately) ought to do. And so at least there was an end of that matter, one might hope, though in effect it still abortively started up now and then, on Papa's part, in his frantic humors, for years to come.

Then there is the Markgraf of Schwedt, Friedrich Wilhelm by name, chief Prince of the Blood, his Majesty's Cousin, and the Old Dessauer's Nephew; none of the likeliest of men, intrinsically taken: he and his Dowager Mother—the Dessauer's Sister, a high-going, tacitly obstinate old Dowager (who dresses, if I recollect, in flagrant colors)—are very troublesome to Wilhelmina. The flagrant Dame—she might have been "Queen-Mother" once forsooth, had Papa and my Brother but been made away with!—watches her time, and is diligent by all opportunities.

CHAPTER IV.

DOUBLE MARRIAGE PROJECT IS NOT DEAD.

And the Double Marriage, in such circumstances, are we to consider it as dead, then? In the soul of Queen Sophie and those she can influence it lives flame-bright, but with all others

it has fallen into a very dim state. Friedrich Wilhelm is still privately willing, perhaps in a degree wishful; but the delays, the supercilious neglects, have much disgusted him, and he, in the mean while, entertains those new speculations. George II., never a lover of the Prussian Majesty's nor loved by him, has been very high and distant ever since his Accession; offensive rather than otherwise. He also is understood to be vaguely willing for the thing; willing enough, would it be so kind as accomplish itself without trouble to him. But the settlements, the applications to Parliament—and all for this perverse Fred, who becomes unlovely, and irritates our royal mind? George pushes the matter into its pigeon-holes again when brought before him. Higher thoughts occupy the soul of little George: Congress of Soissons, Convention of the Pardo,[1] Treaty of Seville; a part to be acted on the world-theatre, with applauses, with envies, almost from the very demigods? Great Kaisers overshadowing Nature with their Pragmatic Sanctions, their preternatural Diplomacies, and making the Terrestrial Balance reel hither and thither; Kaisers to be clenched perhaps by one's dexterity of grasp, and the Balance steadied again? Prussian Double Marriage!

One royal soul there is who never will consent to have the Double Marriage die—Queen Sophie. She had passed her own private act of Parliament for it; she was a very obstinate wife to a husband equally obstinate. "*Je bouleverserai l'Empire*," writes she once; "I will overturn the German Empire," if they drive me to it in this matter.[2] What secret manœuvring and endeavoring went on unweariedly on royal Sophie's part we need not say, nor in what bad element of darkness and mendacity, of eavesdropping, rumoring, back-stairs intriguing, the affair now moved. She corresponds on it with Queen Caroline of En-

[1] Or, in effect, "Treaty of Madrid," 6th March, 1728. This was the *preface* to Soissons; Termagant at length consenting there, "at her Palace of the Pardo" (Kaiser and all the world urging her for ten months past), to accept the Peace, and leave off besieging Gibraltar to no purpose (Coxe, i., 303).

[2] Letter copied by Dubourgay (in Dispatch, marked *Private*, to Lord Townshend, 3d–14th May, 1729); no clear address given—probably to Dubourgay himself, *conveyed* by "a Lady" (one of the Queen's Ladies), as he dimly intimates.

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gland; she keeps her two children true to it, especially her Son, the more important of them.

Crown-Prince Friedrich writes certain Letters.

Queen Sophie did not overturn the Empire, but she did almost overturn her own and her family's existence by these courses, which were not wise in her case. It is certain she persuaded Crown-Prince Friedrich, who was always his Mother's boy, and who needed little bidding in this instance, "to write to Queen Caroline of England" Letters one or several; thrice dangerous Letters, setting forth (in substance) his deathless affection to that Beauty of the world, her Majesty's divine Daughter, the Princess Amelia (a very paragon of young women, to judge by her picture and one's own imagination), and likewise the firm resolution he, Friedrich Crown-Prince, has formed, and the vow he hereby makes, either to wed that celestial creature when permitted, or else never any of the Daughters of Eve in this world. Congresses of Soissons, Smoking Parliaments, Preliminaries of the Pardo, and Treaties of Seville may go how they can. If well, it shall be well; if not well, here is my vow, solemn promise, and unchangeable determination, which your gracious Majesty is humbly entreated to lay up in the tablets of your royal heart, and to remember on my behalf, should bad days arise.

It is clear such Letters were sent; at what date first beginning we do not know; possibly before this date? Nor would matters rise to the vowing pitch all at once. One Letter, supremely dangerous should it come to be known, Wilhelmina has copied for us[3] in Official style (for it is the Mother's composition this one), and without date to it: the guessable date is about two years hence; and we will give the poor Document farther on, if there be place for it.

Such particulars are yet deeply unknown to Friedrich Wilhelm; but he surmises the general drift of things in that quarter, and how a disobedient Son, crossing his Father's will in every point, abets his Mother's disobedience, itself audacious enough in regard to this one. It is a fearful aggravation of Friedrich Wilhelm's ill-humor with such a Son, which has long been upon the

[3] Wilhelmina, i., 183.

growing hand. His dislikes, we know, were otherwise neither few nor small; mere "dis*likes*" properly so called, or dissimilarities to Friedrich Wilhelm, a good many of them; dissimilarities also to a Higher Pattern, some! But these troubles of the Double Marriage will now hurry them, the just and the unjust of them, toward the flaming pitch. The poor youth has a bad time, and the poor Father too, whose humor we know. Surly gusts of indignation, not unfrequently cuffs and strokes; or, still worse, a settled aversion, and rage of the chronic kind; studied neglect and contempt, so as not even to help him at table, but leave him fasting while the others eat:[4] all this the young man has to bear. The innumerable maltreatments, authentically chronicled in Wilhelmina's and the other Books, though in a dateless, unintelligible manner, would make a tragic sum. Here are two Billets, copied from the Prussian State Archives, which will show us to what height matters had gone in this the young man's seventeenth year.

To his Majesty (from the Crown-Prince).

"Wusterhausen, 11th September, 1728.

"My dear Papa,—I have not for a long while presumed to come to my dear Papa, partly because he forbade me, but chiefly because I had reason to expect a still worse reception than usual; and, for fear of angering my dear Papa by my present request, I have preferred making it in writing to him.

"I therefore beg my dear Papa to be gracious to me; and can here say that, after long reflection, my conscience has not accused me of any the least thing with which I could reproach myself. But if I have, against my will and knowledge, done any thing that has angered my dear Papa, I herewith most submissively beg forgiveness, and hope my dear Papa will lay aside that cruel hatred which I can not but notice in all his treatment of me. I could not otherwise suit myself to it, as I always thought I had a gracious Papa, and now have to see the contrary. I take confidence, then, and hope that my dear Papa will consider all this, and again be gracious to me. And, in the mean while, I assure him that I will never, all my days, fail with my will; and, notwithstanding his disfavor to me, remain my dear Papa's most faithful and obedient Servant and Son, FRIEDRICH."

To which Friedrich Wilhelm, by return of messenger, writes

[4] Dubourgay, *sæpiùs*.

11th Sept., 1728.

what follows. Very implacable, we may perceive; not calling his Petitioner "Thou," as kind Paternity might have dictated, infinitely less by the polite title "They (*Sie*)," which latter, indeed, the distinguished title of "*Sie*," his Prussian Majesty, we can remark, reserves for Foreigners of the supremest quality, and domestic Princes of the Blood, naming all other Prussian subjects, and poor Fritz in this place, "He (*Er*)," in the style of a gentleman to his valet, which style even a valet of these new days of ours would be unwilling to put up with. "*Er*, He," "His," and the other derivatives sound loftily repulsive in the German ear, and lay open impassable gulfs between the Speaker and the Spoken to. "His obstinate"—But we must, after all, say *Thy* and *Thou*, for intelligibility's sake:

"Thy obstinate perverse disposition" (*Kopf*, head), "which does not love thy Father; for when one does every thing" (every thing commanded), "and really loves one's Father, one does what the Father requires, not while he is there to see it, but when his back is turned too"—(His Majesty's style is very abstruse, ill spelled, intricate, and in this instance trips itself, and falls on its face here, a mere intricate nominative without a verb!)—"For the rest, thou knowest very well that I can endure no effeminate fellow (*efeminirten Kerl*), who has no human inclination in him; who puts himself to shame, can not ride nor shoot; and, withal, is dirty in his person, frizzles his hair like a fool, and does not cut it off. And all this I have a thousand times reprimanded, but all in vain, and no improvement in nothing (*keine Besserung in nits ist*). For the rest, haughty, proud as a churl; speaks to nobody but some few, and is not popular and affable; and cuts grimaces with his face as if he were a fool; and does my will in nothing unless held to it by force—nothing out of love; and has pleasure in nothing but following his own whims" (own *Kopf*)—"no use to him in any thing else. This is the answer.

"FRIEDRICH WILHELM."[5]

Double Marriage Project re-emerges in an Official shape.

These are not favorable outlooks for the Double Marriage. Nevertheless, it comes and goes; and within three weeks later we are touched almost with a kind of pity to see it definitely emerging in a kind of Official state once more. For the question is symbolical of important political questions. The question means withal, What is to be done in these dreadful Congress of

[5] Preuss, i., 27; from Cramer, p. 33, 34.

Soissons complexities, and mad reelings of the Terrestrial Balance? Shall we hold by a dubious and rather losing Kaiser of this kind, in spite of his dubieties, his highly inexplicit procedures (for which he may have reasons) about the Promise of Jülich and Berg? or shall we not clutch at England after all, and perhaps bring him to terms? The Smoking Parliament had no Hansard, but we guess its Debates (mostly done in dumb-show) were cloudy, abstruse, and abundant at this time. The Prussian Ministers, if they had any power, take different sides; old Ilgen, the oldest and ablest of them, is strong for England.

Enough: in the beginning of October, Queen Sophie, "by express desire of his Majesty," who will have explicit Yes or No on that matter, writes to England a Letter, "*private* and *official*," of such purport—Letter (now invisible) which Dubourgay is proud to transmit.[6] Dubourgay is proud; and old Ilgen, her Majesty informed me on the morrow, "wept for joy," so zealous was he on that side. Poor old gentleman—respectable rusty old Iron Safe with seven locks, which nobody would now care to pick—he died few weeks after at his post, as was proper, and saw no Double Marriage after all. But Dubourgay shakes out his feathers, the Double Marriage being again evidently alive.

For England answers cordially enough, if not with all the hurry Friedrich Wilhelm wanted, "Yea, we are willing for the thing," and meets, with great equanimity and liberality, the new whims, difficulties, and misgivings which arose on Friedrich Wilhelm's part at a wearisome rate as the negotiation went on, and which are always frankly smoothed away again by the cooler party. Why did not the bargain close, then? Alas! one finds the answer *Yea* had unfortunately set his Prussian Majesty on viewing through magnifiers what advantages there might have been in *No:* this is a difficulty there is no clearing away. Probably, too, the Tobacco Parliament was industrious. Friedrich Wilhelm at last tries if Half will not do, anxious as we all too much are "to say Yes *and* No," being in great straits, poor man: "Your Prince of Wales to wed Wilhelmina at once; the other Match to stand over?" To which the English Government answers always briefly, "No, both the Marriages or none,"

[6] Dispatch, 5th October, 1728, in State Paper Office.

Will the reader consent to a few compressed glances into the extinct Dubourgay Correspondence—much compressed, and here and there a rush-light stuck in it for his behoof? Dubourgay, at Berlin, writes; my Lord Townshend, in St. James's, reads, usually rather languid in answering:

Berlin, 9th November, 1728. "Prussian Majesty much pleased with English Answers" to the Yes or No question; "will send a Minister to our Court about the time his Britannic Majesty may think of coming over to his German Dominions. Would Finckenstein (Head Tutor) or would Knyphausen (distinguished official here) be the agreeable man?" "Either," answer the English; "either is good."

Berlin, same date. "Queen sent for me just now; is highly content with the state of things. 'I have now,' said her Majesty, 'the pleasure to tell you that I am free, God be blessed, of all the anguish I have labored under for some time past, which was so great that I have several times been on the point of sending for you to procure my Brother's protection for my son, who, I thought, ran the greatest danger from the artifices of Seckendorf and—'" Poor Queen!

Nov. 16th. "Queen told me: When the Court was at Wusterhausen," two months ago, hunting partridges and wild swine,[7] "Seckendorf and Grumkow intrigued for a match between Wilhelmina and the Prince of Weissenfels," elderly Royal Highness in the Abstract, whom we saw already, "thereby to prevent a closer union between the Prussian and English Courts; and Grumkow having withal the private view of ousting his antagonist, the Prince of Anhalt" (Old Dessauer, whom he had to meet in duel, but did not fight), "as Weissenfels, once Son-in-law, would certainly be made Commander-in-Chief,"[8] to the extrusion of Anhalt from that office, which notable piece of policy her Majesty, by a little plain speech, took her opportunity of putting an end to, as we saw. For the rest, "the Dutch Minister and also the French Secretaries here," greatly interested about the Peace of Europe, and the Congress of Soissons in these weeks, "have had a communication from this court of the favorable disposition ours is in with respect to the Double Match," beneficent for the Terrestrial Balance, as they and I hope. So that things look well? Alas!

December 25th. "Queen sent for me yesterday; hopes she does no wrong in complaining of her Husband to her Brother. King shows scruples about the Marriages; does not relish the expense of an establishment for the Prince; hopes, at all events, the Marriage will not take place for a year yet; would like to know what Dowry the English

[7] Fassmann, p. 386.

[8] Dubourgay, in State Paper Office (Prussian Dispatches, vol. xxxv.).

Princess is to bring." "No Dowry with our Princess," the English answer; "nor shall you give any with yours."

New Year's Day, 1729. "Queen sent for me: King is getting intractable about the Marriages; she reasoned with him from two o'clock till eight," without the least permanent effect. "It is his covetousness," I Dubourgay privately think. Knyphausen, who knows the King well, privately tells me, "He will come round." "It is his avarice," thinks Knyphausen too; "nay, it is also his jealousy of the Prince, who is very popular with the Army. King does every thing to mortify him; uses him like a child; Crown-Prince bears it with admirable patience." This is Knyphausen's weak notion; rather a weak, croaky official gentleman, I should gather, of a crypto-splenetic turn. "Queen told me, some days later, his Majesty ill used the Crown-Prince because he did not drink hard enough; makes him hunt though ill;" is very hard upon the poor Crown-Prince, who, for the rest, "sends loving messages to England," as usual,[9] covertly meaning the Princess Amelia, as usual. "Some while ago, I must inform your Lordship, the Prince was spoken to," by Papa, as would appear, "to sound his inclination as to the Princess Caroline," Princess likewise of England, and whose age, some eighteen months less than his own, might be suitabler, the Princess Amelia being half a year his elder;[10] "but"—mark how true he stood—"his Royal Highness broke out into such raptures of love and passion for the Princess Amelia, and showed so much impatience for the conclusion of that Match, as gave the King of Prussia a great deal of surprise, and the Queen as much satisfaction." Truth is, if an old Brigadier Diplomatist may be judge, "The great and good qualities of that young Prince, both of person and mind, deserve a distinct and particular account, with which I shall trouble your Lordship another day"[11]—which, unluckily, I never did, his Lordship Townshend having, it would seem, too little curiosity on the subject.

And so the matter wavers; and in spite of Dubourgay's and Queen Sophie's industry, and the Crown-Prince's willing mind, there can nothing definite be made of it at this time. Friedrich Wilhelm goes on visits, goes on huntings; leaves the matter to itself to mature a little. Thus the negotiation hangs fire, and will do so till dreadful water-spouts come, and perhaps quench it altogether.

[9] Dubourgay, 16th January.
[10] Caroline born 10th June, 1713; Amelia, 10th July, 1711.
[11] Dispatch, 25th December, 1728.

His Majesty slaughters 3602 Head of Wild Swine.

His Majesty is off for a Hunting visit to the Old Dessauer, Crown-Prince with him, who hates hunting. Then, "19th January, 1729," says the reverential Fassmann, he is off for a grand hunt at Cöpenick; then for a grander in Pommern (Crown-Prince still with him): such a slaughter of wild swine as was seldom heard of, and as never occurred again—no fewer than "1882 head (*Stück*) of wild swine, 300 of them of uncommon magnitude," in the Stettin and Pommern regions, "together with 1720 *Stück* in the Mark Brandenburg, once 450 in a day: in all, 3602 *Stück*." Never was his Majesty in better spirits: a very Nimrod or hunting Centaur, trampling the cobwebs of Diplomacy and the cares of life under his victorious hoofs. All this slaughter of swine, 3602 *Stück* by tale, was done in the season 1729; "from which," observes the adoring Fassmann,[12] "is to be inferred the importance," at least in wild swine, "of those royal Forests in Pommern and the Mark," not to speak of his Majesty's supreme talent in hunting as in other things.

What Friedrich Wilhelm did with such a mass of wild pork? Not an ounce of it was wasted; every ounce of it brought money in; for there exist Official Schedules, lists as for a window-tax or property-tax, drawn up, by his Majesty's contrivance, in the chief Localities: every man, according to the house he keeps, is bound to take, at a just value by weight, such and such quotities of suddenly-slaughtered wild swine, one or so many, and consume them at his leisure, as ham or otherwise; cash payable at a fixed term, and no abatement made;[13] for this is a King that can not stand waste at all: thrifty himself, and the cause of thrift.

Falls ill in consequence, and the Double Marriage can not get forward.

This was one of Friedrich Wilhelm's grandest hunting-bouts, this of January, 1729; at all events, he will never have another such. By such fierce riding, and defiance of the winter elements and rules of regimen, his Majesty returned to Potsdam with ill symptoms of health—symptoms never seen before, except tran-

[12] p. 387. [13] Förster, Beneckendorf (if they had an Index!).

siently, three years ago, after a similar bout, when the Doctors, shaking their heads, had mentioned the word "Gout." "*Narren-Possen!*" Friedrich Wilhelm had answered, "Gout?" But now, February, 1729, it is gout in very deed. His poor Majesty has to admit, "I am gouty, then! Shall have gout for companion henceforth. I am breaking up, then?" Which is a terrible message to a man. His Majesty's age is not forty-one till August coming, but he has hunted furiously.

Adoring Fassmann gives a quite touching account of Friedrich Wilhelm's performances under gout, now and generally, which were begun on this occasion: how he suffered extremely, yet never neglected his royal duties in any press of pain; could seldom get any sleep till toward four or five in the morning, and then had to be content with an hour or two; after which his Official Secretaries came in with their Papers, and he signed, dispatched, resolved, with best judgment, the top of the morning always devoted to business. At noon, up if possible, and dines, "in dressing-gown, with Queen and children." After dinner, commonly to bed again; and would paint in oil; sometimes do light joiner-work, chiseling and inlaying; by-and-by lie inactive, with select friends sitting round, some of whom had the right of entry, others not, under penalties. Buddenbrock, Derschau, rough old Marlborough stagers, were generally there; these, "and two other persons" — Grumkow and Seckendorf, whom Fassmann does not name, lest he get into trouble—"sat, well within earshot, round the bed; and always at the head was Theiro Majesty the Queen, sometimes with the King's hand laid in hers, and his face turned up to her, as if he sought assuagement." Oh my dim old Friend, let us dry our tears!

"Sometimes the Crown-Prince read aloud in some French Book," Title not given; Crown-Prince's voice known to me as very fine. Generally the Princess Louisa was in the room too; Louisa, who became of Anspach shortly; not Wilhelmina, who lies in fever, and relapse, and small-pox, and close at death's door, almost since the beginning of these bad days. The Crown-Prince reads, we say, with a voice of melodious clearness, in French, more or less instructive. "At other times there went on discourse about public matters, foreign news, things in gen-

eral—discourse of a cheerful or of a serious nature," always with some substance of sense in it, "and not the least *smut* permitted, as is too much the case in certain higher circles!" says adoring Fassmann, who privately knows of "Courts" (perhaps the *Glorwürdigste*, Glory-worthiest, August the Great's Court, for one?) "with their hired Tom-Fools," not yet an extinct species, attempting to ground wit on that bad basis. Prussian Majesty could not endure any "*Zoten*:" profanity and indecency, both avaunt. "He had to hold out in this way, awake till ten o'clock, for the chance of night's sleep." Earlier in the afternoon, we said, he perhaps does a little in oil painting, having learned something of that art in young times. There is a poor Artist in attendance to mix the colors, and do the first sketch of the thing. Specimens of such Pictures still exist, Portraits generally, all with this epigraph, *Fredericus Wilhelmus in tormentis pinxit* (Painted by Friedrich Wilhelm in his torments), and are worthy the attention of the curious.[14] Is not this a sublime patient?

Fassmann admits "there might be spurts of *im*patience now and then, but how richly did Majesty make it good again after reflection! He was also subject to whims, even about people whom he otherwise esteemed. One meritorious gentleman, who shall be nameless, much thought of by the King, his Majesty's nerves could not endure, though his mind well did: 'Makes my gout worse to see him drilling in the esplanade there; let another do it!' and vouchsafed an apologetic assurance to the meritorious gentleman afflicted in consequence." Oh my dim old Friend, these surely are sublimities of the sick-bed? "So it lasted for some five weeks long," well on toward the summer of this bad Year 1729. Wilhelmina says, in briefer business language, and looking only at the wrong side of the tapestry, "It was a Hell on Earth to us, *Les peines du Purgatoire ne pouvaient égaler celles que* NOUS *endurions*;"[15] and supports the statement by abundant examples during those flamy weeks.

For, in the interim, withal, the English negotiation is as good as gone out; nay, there are water-spouts brewing aloft yonder, enough to wash negotiation from the world; of which terrible

[14] Fassmann, p. 392; see Förster, &c. [15] i., 157.

weather phenomena we shall have to speak by-and-by, but must first, by way of commentary, give a glance at Soissons and the Terrestrial *Libra*, so far as necessary for human objects—not far, by any means.

CHAPTER V.

CONGRESS OF SOISSONS, SIXTH CRISIS IN THE SPECTRE HUNT.

THE so-called Spanish War and dangerous futile Siege of Gibraltar had not ended at the death of George I.; though measures had already been agreed upon by the Kaiser and parties interested to end it, only the King of Spain (or King's Wife, we should say) made difficulties—difficulties she, and kept firing without effect at the Fortress for about a year more; after which, her humor or her powder being out, Spanish Majesty signed like the others. Peace again for all and sundry of us: "Preliminaries" of Peace signed at Paris, 31st May, 1727, three weeks before George's death; "Peace" itself finally at the Pardo or at Madrid, the Termagant having spent her powder, 6th March, 1728;[1] and a "Congress" (bless the mark!) to settle on what terms in every point.

Congress, say at Aix-la-Chapelle; say at Cambrai again, for there are difficulties about the place; or say finally at Soissons, where Fleury wished it to be, that he might get the reins of it better in hand, and where it finally was, and where the ghost or name of it yet is an empty enigma in the memories of some men. Congress of Soissons did meet, 14th June, 1728; opened itself as a Corporeal Entity in this world; sat for above a year, and did nothing; Fleury quite declining the Pragmatic Sanction, though the anxious Kaiser was ready to make astonishing sacrifices, give up his Ostend *Company* (Paper Shadow of a Company), or what you will of that kind, if men would have conformed.

These Diplomatic gentlemen—say, Are they aught? They seem to understand me, by each at once his choppy finger laying on his skinny lips! Princes of the Powers of the Air, shall we define them? It is certain the solid Earth or her facts, except being held in perpetual terror by such workings of the Shadow-

[1] Schöll, ii., 212, 213.

world, reaped no effect from those Twenty Years of Congressing. Seckendorf himself might as well have lain in bed as ridden those 25,000 miles, and done such quantities of double-distillations. No effect at all; only some futile gunpowder spent on Gibraltar, and splinters of shot and shells (salable as old iron) found about the rocks there, which is not much of an effect for Twenty Years of such industry.

The sublime Congress of Soissons met, as we say, at the above date (just while the Polish Majesty was closing his Berlin Visit), but found itself no abler for work than that of Cambrai had been. The Deputies from France I do not mention, nor from Spain, nor from Austria. The Deputies from England were Colonel, or now properly Brigadier General Stanhope, afterward Lord Harrington, Horace Walpole (who is Robert's Brother, and whose Secretary is Sir Thomas Robinson, "*Quoi Donc, Crusoe?*" whom we shall hear of farther), and Stephen Poyntz, a once bright gentleman, now dim and obsolete, whom the readers of Coxe's *Walpole* have some nominal acquaintance with. Here, for Chronology's sake, is a clipping from the old English Newspapers to accompany them: "There is rumor that *Polly Peachum* is gone to attend the Congress at Soissons, where, it is thought, she will make as good a figure, and do her country as much service as several others that shall be nameless."[2]

Their task seemed easy to the sanguine mind. The Kaiser has agreed with Spain in the Italian Appanage matter; with the Sea-Powers in regard to his Ostend Company, which is abolished forever. What, then, is to prevent a speedy progress and glad conclusion? The Pragmatic Sanction. "Accept my Pragmatic Sanction," said the Kaiser; "let that be the preliminary of all things." "Not the preliminary," answered Fleury; "we will see to that as we go on; not the preliminary, by any means!" There was the rub. The sly old Cardinal had his private treaties with Sardinia; views of his own in the Mediterranean, in the Rhine quarter, and answered steadily, "Not the preliminary, by any means!" The Kaiser was equally inflexible; whereupon immensities of protocoling, arguing, and the Congress "fell into complete languor," say the Histories.[3] Congress ate its dinner

[2] *Mist's Weekly Journal*, 29th June, 1728. [3] Schöll, ii., 215.

heartily, and wrote immensely for the space of eighteen months, but advanced no hair's-breadth any whither; no prospect before it, but that of dinner only, for unlimited periods.

Kaiser will have his Pragmatic Sanction, or not budge from the place; stands mule-like amid the rain of cudgelings from the by-standers; can be beaten to death, but stir he will not. Hints, glances of the eye, pass between Elizabeth Farnese and the other by-standers: suddenly, 9th November, 1729, it is found they have all made a "*Treaty of Seville*" with Elizabeth Farnese; France, England, Holland, Spain, have all closed; Italian Appanages to be at once secured, Ostend to be at once suppressed, with what else behooves; and the Kaiser is left alone, standing upon his Pragmatic Sanction there, nobody bidding him now budge.

At which the Kaiser is naturally thrice and four times wroth and alarmed; and Seckendorf, in the *Tabaks Collegium*, had need to be doubly busy, as we shall find he is (though without effect), when the time comes round; but we have not yet got to November of this Year, 1729; there are still six or eight important months between us and that. Important months; and a Prussian-English "Water-spout," as we have named it, to be seen, with due wonder, in the political sky!

Congress of Soissons, now fallen mythical to mankind, and as inane as that of Cambrai, is perhaps still memorable in one or two slight points. First, it has in it, as one of the Austrian Deputies, that Baron von Bentenrieder, tallest of living Diplomatists, who was pressed at one time for a Prussian soldier; readers recollect it? Walking through the streets of Halberstadt to stretch his long limbs till his carriage came up, the Prussian sentries laid hold of him, "Excellent Potsdam giant, this one!" and haled him off to their guard-house till carriage and lackeys came; then, "Thousand humblest pardons, your Excellenz!" who forgave the fellows. Barely possible some lighter readers might wish to see for one moment an Excellenz that has been seized by a Press-gang? which perhaps never happened to any other Excellenz; the like of which, I have been told, might merit him a soiree from some strong-minded women in some remoter parts of the world. Not to say that he is the tallest of living

Diplomatists; another unique circumstance! Bentenrieder soon died, and had his place at Soissons filled up by an Excellenz of the ordinary height, who had never been pressed. But nothing can rob the Congress of this fact, that it once had Bentenrieder for member, and, so far, is entitled to the pluperfect distinction in one particular.

Another point is humanly interesting in this Congress, but can not fully be investigated for want of dates. Always, we perceive, according to the news of it that reach Berlin—of England going right for the Kaiser or going wrong for him—his Prussian Majesty's treatment of his children varies. If England go right for the Kaiser, well, and his Majesty is in good humor with Queen, with Crown-Prince, and Wilhelmina. If England go wrong for the Kaiser, dark clouds gather on the royal brow, in the royal heart; explode in thunder-storms; and at length crockery goes flying through the rooms, blows descend on the poor Prince's back, and her Majesty is in tears: mere Chaos come again. For, as a general rule, unless the English Negotiation have some prospering fit, and produce exceptional phenomena, Friedrich Wilhelm, ever loyal in heart, stands steadfast by his Kaiser, ever ready "to strike out (*los zu schlagen*," as he calls it) with his best strength in behalf of a cause which, good soul, he thinks is essentially German—all the readier if at any time it seem now exclusively German, the French, Spanish, English, and other unlovely Foreign world being clean cut loose from it, or even standing ranked against it. "When will it go off, then (*Wann geht es los*)?" asks Friedrich Wilhelm often, diligently drilling his Sixty Thousand, and snorting contempt on "Ungermanism (*Undeutschheit*)," be it on the part of friends or of enemies. Good soul, and whether he will ever get Jülich and Berg out of it is distractingly problematical; and the Tobacco Parliament is busy with him!

Curious to see, so far as dates go, how Friedrich Wilhelm changes his tune to Wife and Children, in exact correspondence to the notes given out at Soissons for a Kaiser and his Pragmatic Sanction. Poor Prussian Household, poor back and heart of Crown Prince, what a concert it is in this world, Smoking Parliament for souffleur! Let the big Diplomatist Bassoon of

the Universe go this way, there are caresses for a young Soldier and his behavior in the giant regiment; let the same Bassoon sound that way, bangs and knocks descend on him; the two keep time together, so busy is the Smoking Parliament with his Majesty of Prussia. The world has seen, with horror and wonder, Friedrich Wilhelm's beating of his grown children; but the pair of *Meerkatzen*, or enchanted Demon-Apes, disguised as loyal Counselors, riding along with him the length of a Terrestrial Equator, have not been so familiar to the world. Seckendorf, Grumkow: we had often heard of Devil-Diplomatists, and shuddered over horrible pictures of them in Novels, hoping it was all fancy; but here actually is a pair of them, transcending all Novels—perhaps the highest cognizable fact to be met with in Devil-Diplomacy. And it may be a kind of comfort to readers both to know it, and to discern gradually what the just gods make of it withal. Devil-Diplomatists do exist, at least have existed, never doubt it farther; and their astonishingly dexterous mendacities and enchanted spider-webs—*can* these go any road but one in this Universe?

That the Congress of Cambrai was not a myth, we convinced ourselves by a Letter of Voltaire's, who actually saw it dining there in the Year 1722, as he passed that way. Here, for Soissons, in like manner, are two Letters, by a less celebrated but a still known English hand, which, as utterances in presence of the fact itself, leave no doubt on the subject. These the afflicted reader will, perhaps, consent to take a glance of. If the Congress of Soissons, for the sake of memorable objects concerned there, is still to be remembered, and believed in for a little while, the question arises, How to do it, then?

The writer of these Letters is a serious, rather long-nosed young English gentleman, not without intelligence, and of a wholesome and honest nature, who became Lord Lyttelton, *First* of those Lords, called also "the Good Lord," father of "the Bad;" a lineal descendant of that Lyttelton *upon* whom Coke sits, or seems to sit, till the end of things: author by-and-by of a *History of Henry the Second* and other well-meant things: a man of real worth, who attained to some note in the world. He

July, 1728.

is now upon the Grand Tour, which ran, at that time, by Lunéville and Lorraine, as would appear, at which point we shall first take him up. He writes to his Father, Sir Thomas, at Hagley, among the pleasant Hills of Worcestershire—date shortly after the assembling of that Congress to rear of him—and we strive to add a minimum of commentary. The "piece of negligence," the "Mr. D.," none of mortals now knows who or what they were:

To Sir Thomas Lyttelton, Bart., at Hagley.

"Lunéville, 21st July," 1728.

"Dear Sir,—I thank you for so kindly forgiving the piece of negligence I acquainted you of in my last. Young fellows are often guilty of voluntary forgetfulness in those affairs, but I assure you mine was quite accidental." Never mind it, my Son!

"Mr. D. tells you true that I am weary of losing money at Cards, but it is no less certain that without them I shall soon be weary of Lorraine. The spirit of quadrille" (obsolete game at cards) "has possessed the land from morning till midnight; there is nothing else in every house in Town.

"This Court is fond of strangers, but with a proviso that strangers love quadrille. Would you win the hearts of the Maids of Honor, you must lose your money at quadrille; would you be thought a well-bred man, you must play genteelly at quadrille; would you get a reputation of good sense, show judgment at quadrille. However, in summer one may pass a day without quadrille, because there are agreeable promenades, and little parties out of doors. But in winter you are reduced to play at it, or sleep, like a fly, till the return of spring.

"Indeed, in the morning the Duke hunts"—mark that Duke, and two Sons he has. "But my malicious stars have so contrived it that I am no more a sportsman than a gamester. There are no men of learning in the whole Country; on the contrary, it is a character they despise. A man of quality caught me the other day reading a Latin Author, and asked me, with an air of contempt, whether I was designed for the Church. All this would be tolerable if I was not doomed to converse with a set of English who are still more ignorant than the French, and from whom, with my utmost endeavors, I can not be absent six hours in the day. Lord" *Blank*—Baltimore, or Heaven knows who—"is the only one among them who has common sense, and he is so scandalously debauched in his principles as well as practice that his conversation is equally shocking to my morals and my reason." Could not one contrive to get away from them—to Soissons, for example, to see business going on, and the Terrestrial Balance settling itself a little?

"My only improvement here is in the company of the Duke," who is a truly distinguished Duke to his bad Country, "and in the exercise of the Academy"—of Horsemanship, or what? "I have been absent from the latter near three weeks, by reason of a sprain I got in the sinews of my leg. My duty to my dear Mother; I hope you and she continue well. I am, Sir, your dutiful Son, G. L."[4]

These poor Lorrainers are in a bad way; their Country all trampled to pieces by France in the Louis Fourteenth and still earlier times. Indeed, ever since the futile Siege of Metz, where we saw the great Kaiser, Karl V., silently weeping because he could not recapture Metz,[5] the French have been busy with this poor Country—new sections of it clipped away by them; "military roads through it, ten miles broad," bargained for; its Dukes oftenest in exile, especially the Father of this present Duke;[6] and they are now waiting a good opportunity to swallow it whole, while the people are so busy with quadrille parties. The present Duke, returning from exile, found his Land in desolation, much of it "running fast to wild forest again," and he has signalized himself by unwearied efforts in every direction to put new life into it, which have been rather successful. Lyttelton, we perceive, finds improvement in his company. The name of this brave Duke is Leopold; age now forty-nine; life and reign

[4] The Works of Lord George Lyttelton, by Ayscough (London, 1786), iii., 215.

[5] Antea, vol. i., p. 198.

[6] A famed Soldier in his day, under Kaiser Leopold, "the little Kaiser in the red stockings," one of whose Daughters he had to wife. He was at the Rescue of Vienna (Sobieski's), and in how many far fiercer services; his life was but a battle and a march. Here is his famed Letter to the Kaiser when Death suddenly called Halt!

"Wels near Linz on the Donau, 17th April, 1690.

"Sacred Majesty,—According to your Orders, I set out from Innspruck to come to Vienna, but I am stopped here by a Greater Master. I go to render account to Him of a life which I had wholly consecrated to you. Remember that I leave a Wife with whom you are concerned" (*qui vous touche*—who is your lawful Daughter); "children to whom I can bequeath nothing but my sword; and Subjects who are under Oppression.

"CHARLES OF LORRAINE."

(Hénault, *Abrégé Chronologique*, Paris, 1775, p. 850.) Charles "V." the French uniformly call this one; Charles "IV." the Germans, who, I conclude, know better.

Oct., 1728.

not far from done: a man about whom even Voltaire gets into enthusiasm.[7]

The Court and Country of Lorraine, under Duke Leopold, will prove to deserve this brief glance from Lyttelton and us. Two sons Duke Leopold has: the elder, Franz, now about twenty, is at Vienna, with the highest outlooks there: Kaiser Karl is his Father's uncle; and Kaiser Karl's young Daughter, high, beautiful Maria Theresa—the sublimest maiden now extant—yes, this lucky Franz is to have her: what a prize, even without Pragmatic Sanction! With the younger son, Karl of Lorraine, Lyttelton may have made acquaintance, if he cared: a lad of sixteen; by-and-by an Austrian General, as his father had been; General much noised of, whom we shall often see beaten in this world at the head of bad men. But let us now get to Soissons itself, skipping an intermediate Letter or two:

To Sir Thomas Lyttelton, Bart., at Hagley.

"Soissons, 28th October," 1728.

"I thank you, my dear Sir, for complying so much with my inclinations as to let me stay some time at Soissons; but, as you have not fixed how long, I wait for farther orders.

"One of my chief reasons for disliking Lunéville was the multitude of English there, who, most of them, were such worthless fellows that they were a dishonor to the name and Nation. With these I was obliged to dine and sup, and pass a great part of my time. You may be sure I avoided it as much as possible, but, *malgré moi*, I suffered a great deal. To prevent any comfort from other people, they had made a law among themselves not to admit any foreigner into their company, so that there was nothing but English talked from June to January. On the contrary, my countrymen at Soissons are men of virtue and good sense; they mix perpetually with the French, and converse, for the most part, in that language. I will trouble you no more upon this subject; but give me leave to say that, however capricious I may have been on other subjects, my sentiments in this particular are the strongest proofs I ever gave you of my strong and hereditary aversion to vice and folly.

"Mr. Stanhope," our Minister, the Colonel or Brigadier General, "is always at Fontainebleau. I went with Mr. Poyntz," Poyntz not yet a dim figure, but a brilliant, who hints about employing me, "to Paris for

[7] Siècle de Louis XIV. (*Œuvres*, xxvi., 95-97); Hübner, t. 281.

four days, when the Colonel himself was there to meet him; he received me with great civility and kindness. We have done expecting Mr. Walpole," fixed he in the Court regions, "who is obliged to keep strict guard over the Cardinal," sly old Fleury, "for fear the German Ministers should take him from us. They pull and haul the poor old gentleman so many ways that he does not know where to turn, or into whose arms to throw himself." Never fear him!

"Ripperda's escape to England"—grand Diplomatic bull-dog that was, who took refuge in Colonel Stanhope's at Madrid to no purpose, and kindled the sputtering at Gibraltar, is now got across to England, and will go to Morocco and farther, to no purpose—"will very much embroil affairs, which did not seem to want another obstacle to hinder them from coming to an accommodation. If the Devil is not very much wanting to his own interests in this Business, it is impossible that the good work of Peace should go on much longer. After all, most young fellows are of his party, and wish he may bring matters to a War; for they make but ill Ministers at a Congress, but would make good Soldiers in a Campaign.

"No news from Madam" *Blank* "and her beloved Husband. Their unreasonable fondness for each other can never last; they will soon grow as cold to one another as the Town to *The Beggars' Opera*." And can not warm again, you think? "Pray Heaven I may prove a false prophet; but married Love and English Music are too domestic to continue long in favor." * *

November 20th, Soissons still. "This is one of the agreeablest Towns in France. The people are infinitely obliging to strangers; we are of all their parties, and perpetually share with them in their pleasures. I have learned more French since I came hither than I should have picked up in a twelvemonth in Lorraine. * *

"A fool with a majority on his side is the greatest tyrant in the world:" how can I go back to loiter in Lorraine, honored Father, where fools are in such majority? "Then the extraordinary civilities I receive from Mr. Poyntz: he has, in a manner, taken me into his family;" will evidently make an Apprentice of me. "The first Packet that comes from Fontainebleau I expect to be employed, which is no small pleasure to me, and will, I hope, be of service." * *

December 20th. "A sudden order to Mr. Poyntz has broken all my measures. He goes to-morrow to Paris, to stay there in the room of Messrs. Stanhope and Walpole, who are on their return for England." Congress falling into complete languor, if we knew it! But ought not I to accompany this friendly and distinguished Mr. Poyntz, "who has already given me Papers to copy;" in fact, I am setting off with him, honored Father! * * *

1729.

"Prince Frederick's journey"—first arrival in England of dissolute Fred from Hanover, who had *not* been to Berlin to get married last summer—"was very secret; Mr. Poyntz did not hear of it till Friday last; at least he had no public notice of it." Why should he? "There will be fine struggling for places" in this Prince's new Household. "I hope my Brother will come in for one."[8]

But here we pull the string of the curtain upon Lyttelton, and upon his Congress falling into complete languor. Congress destined, after dining for about a year more, to explode in the Treaty of Seville, and to leave the Kaiser sitting horror-struck, solitary amid the wreck of Political Nature, which latter, however, pieces itself together again for him and others. Beneficent Treaty of Vienna was at last achieved; Treaty and Treaties there, which brought matters to their old bearing again—Austria united with the Sea-Powers, Pragmatic Sanction accepted by them, subsidies again to be expected from them; Baby Carlos fitted with his Appanages in some tolerable manner; and the Problem, with which Creation had groaned for some twenty years past, finally accomplished better or worse.

Lyttelton himself will get a place in Prince Frederick's Household, and then lose it; place in Majesty's Ministry at last, but not for a long while yet. He will be one of Prince Frederick's men, of the Carterets, Chesterfields, Pitts, who "patronize Literature," and are in opposition to dark Walpole; one of the "West-Wickham set," and will be of the Opposition party, and have his adventures in the world. Meanwhile, let him go to Paris with Mr. Poyntz, and do his wisest there and elsewhere.

> "Who's dat who ride astride de pony,
> So long, so lean, so lank and bony?
> Oh, he be de great orator, Little-ton-y."[9]

For now we are round at Friedrich Wilhelm's Pomeranian Hunting again, in the New Year's time of 1729, and must look again into the magnanimous sick-room which ensued thereon, where a small piece of business is going forward. What a mag-

[8] Ayscough's *Lyttelton*, iii., 200–231.

[9] Caricature of 1741, on Lyttelton's getting into the Ministry with Carteret, Chesterfield, Argyll, and the rest: see Phillimore's *Lyttelton* (London, 1845), i., 110; Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, § Lyttelton; &c., &c.

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nanimous patient Friedrich Wilhelm was, in Fassmann's judgment, we know; but it will be good to show both sides of the tapestry, and let Wilhelmina also speak. The small business is only a Treaty of Marriage for one of our Princesses; not Wilhelmina, but Louisa, the next younger, who has been asked, and will consent, as appears.

Fassmann makes a very touching scene of it. King is in bed, ill of his gout after that slaughter of the 3602 wild swine; attendants are sitting round his Majesty, in the way we know; Queen Sophie at his head, "Seckendorf and several others" round the bed. Letters arrive; Princess Frederica Louisa, a very young Lady, has also had a Letter, which, she sees by the seal, will be interesting, but which she must not herself open. She steps in with it, "beautiful as an angel, but rather foolish, and a spoiled child of fifteen," says Wilhelmina: trips softly in with it; hands it to the King. "Give it to thy Mother; let her read it," says the King. Mother reads it with audible soft voice: Formal demand in marriage from the Serenity of Anspach, as foreseen.

"Hearken, Louisa (*Höre Luise*), it is still time," said the King: "Tell us, wouldst thou rather go to Anspach now, or stay with me? If thou choose to stay, thou shalt want for nothing, either, to the end of thy life. Speak!" "At such unexpected question," says Fassmann, "there rose a fine blush over the Princess's face, who seemed to be at a loss for her answer. However, she soon collected herself, kissed his Majesty's hand, and said, 'Most gracious Papa, I will to Anspach!'" To which the King: "Very well, then; God give thee all happiness and thousand blessings. But hearken, Louisa," the King's Majesty was pleased at the same time to add, "We will make a bargain, thou and I. You have excellent Flour at Anspach (*schönes Mehl*), but in Hams and Smoked Sausages you don't come up, either in quality or quantity, to us in this Country. Now I, for my part, like good pastries. So, from time to time, thou shalt send me a box of nice flour, and I will keep thee in hams and sausages. Wilt thou, Louisa?" That the Princess answered "Yea," says poor Fassmann, with the tear in his eye, "may readily be supposed." Nay, all that heard the thing round the royal bed there

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—simple humanities of that kind from so great a King—had almost or altogether tears in their eyes.[10]

This surely is a very touching scene. But now listen to Wilhelmina's account of another on the same subject, between the same parties. "At table;" no date indicated, or a wrong one, but evidently after this; in fact, we find it was about the beginning of March, 1729, and had sad consequences for Wilhelmina.

"At table his Majesty told the Queen that he had Letters from Anspach; the young Margraf to be at Berlin in May for his wedding; that M. Bremer, his Tutor, was just coming with the ring of betrothal for Louisa. He asked my Sister if that gave her pleasure, and how she would regulate her housekeeping when married. My Sister had got into the way of telling him whatever she thought, and home truths sometimes, without his taking it ill. She answered with her customary frankness, That she would have a good table, which should be delicately served; and, added she, 'which shall be better than yours. And if I have children, I will not maltreat them like you, nor force them to eat what they have an aversion to.' 'What do you mean by that?' replied the King: 'what is there wanting at my table?' 'There is this wanting,' she said, 'that one can not have enough; and the little there is consists of coarse pot-herbs that nobody can eat.' The King, as was not unnatural, had begun to get angry at her first answer; this last put him quite in a fury; but all his anger fell on my Brother and me. He first threw a plate at my Brother's head, who ducked out of the way; he then let fly another at me, which I avoided in like manner. A hail-storm of abuse followed these first hostilities. He rose into a passion against the Queen, reproaching her with the bad training she gave her children; and, addressing my Brother, 'You have reason to curse your Mother,' said he, 'for it is she who causes your being an ill-governed fellow (*un mal gouverné*). I had a Preceptor,' continued he, 'who was an honest man. I remember always a story he told me in my youth. There was a man at Carthage who had been condemned to die for many crimes he had committed. While they were leading him to execution, he desired he might speak to his Mother. They brought his Mother: he came near, as if to whisper something to her, and bit away a piece of her ear. I treat you thus, said he, to make you an example to all parents who take no heed to bring up their children in the practice of virtue! Make the application,' continued he, always addressing my Brother; and, getting no answer from him, he again set to abusing us till he could speak no longer. We rose from table. As we had to pass near him in going out, he aimed a great blow at me with

[10] Fassmann, p. 393, 394.

his crutch, which, if I had not jerked away from it, would have ended me. He chased me for a while in his wheel-chair, but the people drawing it gave me time to escape into the Queen's chamber."[11]

Poor Wilhelmina, beaten upon by Papa in this manner, takes to bed in miserable feverish pain; is ordered out by Mamma to evening party, all the same; is evidently falling very ill. "Ill? I will cure you!" says Papa next day, and makes her swallow a great draught of wine, which completes the thing: "declared small-pox," say all the Doctors now; so that Wilhelmina is absent thenceforth, as Fassmann already told us, from the magnanimous paternal sick-room, and lies balefully eclipsed till the paternal gout and some other things have run their course. "Small-pox; what will Prince Fred think? A perfect fright, if she do live!" say the English Court-gossips in the interim. But we are now arrived at a very singular Prussian-English phenomenon, and ought to take a new Chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

IMMINENCY OF WAR OR DUEL BETWEEN THE BRITANNIC AND PRUSSIAN MAJESTIES.

THE Double Marriage negotiation hung fire in the end of 1728, but every body thought, especially Queen Sophie thought, it would come to perfection; old Ilgen, almost the last thing he did, shed tears of joy about it. These fine outlooks received a sad shock in the Year now come, when secret grudges burst out into open flame, and Berlin, instead of scenic splendors for a Polish Majesty, was clangorous with note of preparation for imminent War. Probably Queen Sophie never had a more agitated Summer than this of 1729. We are now arrived at that thrice famous Quarrel, or almost Duel, of Friedrich Wilhelm and his Britannic Brother-in-law, little George II., and must try to riddle from those distracted Paper-masses some notice of it not wholly unintelligible to the reader. It is loudly talked of, loudly, but, alas! also loosely to a degree, in all manner of dull Books, and is at once thrice famous and extremely obscure. The fact

[11] Wilhelmina, i., 159.

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is, Nature intended it for eternal oblivion; and that, sure enough, would have been its fate long since, had not persons who were then thought to be of no importance, but are now seen to be of some, stood connected with it more or less.

Friedrich Wilhelm, for his own part, had seen in the death of George I. an evil omen from the English quarter; and all along, in spite of transient appearances to the contrary, had said to himself, "If the First George, with his solemnities and tacit sublimities, was offensive now and then, what will the Second George be? The Second George has been an offense from the beginning!" In which notions the Smoking Parliament, vitally interested to do it in these perilous Soissons times, big with the fate of the Empire and Universe, is assiduous to confirm his Majesty. The Smoking Parliament, at Potsdam, at Berlin, in the solitudes of Wusterhausen, has been busy, and much tobacco, much meditation and insinuation have gone up, in clouds more abstruse than ever, since the death of George I.

It is certain George II. was a proud little fellow, very high and airy in his ways, not at all the man to Friedrich Wilhelm's heart, nor reciprocally. A man of some worth, too; "scrupulously kept his word," say the witnesses; a man always conscious to himself, "Am not I a man of honor, then?" to a punctilious degree. For the rest, courageous as a Welf; and had some sense withal—though truly not much, and, indeed, as it were, none at all in comparison to what he supposed he had! One can fancy the aversion of the little dapper Royalty to this heavy-footed Prussian Barbarian, and the Prussian Barbarian's to him. The bloody nose in childhood was but a symbol of what passed through life. In return for his bloody nose, little George, five years the elder, had carried off Caroline of Anspach, and left Friedrich Wilhelm sorrowing, a neglected cub — poor honest Beast tragically shorn of his Beauty. Offenses could not fail; these two Cousins went on offending one another by the mere act of living simultaneously. A natural hostility, that, between George II. and Friedrich Wilhelm; anterior to Caroline of Anspach, and independent of the collisions of interest that might fall out between them—enmity as between a glancing self-sat-

isfied fop, and a loutish thick-soled man of parts, who feels himself the better, though the less successful—House-Mastiff seeing itself neglected, driven to its hutch, for a tricksy Ape dressed out in ribbons, who gets favor in the drawing-room.

George, I perceive by the very State Papers, George and his English Lords have a provoking slighting tone toward Friedrich Wilhelm; they answer his violent convictions and thorough-going rapid proposals by brief Official negation, with an air of superiority, traces of a polite sneer perceptible occasionally. A mere Clown of a King, thinks George; a mere gesticulating Coxcomb, thinks Friedrich Wilhelm. "*Mein Bruder der Comödiant*, My Brother the Play-actor" (parti-colored Merry Andrew of a high-flying turn), was Friedrich Wilhelm's private name for him in after days, which George repaid by one equal to it, "My Brother the Head Beadle of the Holy Roman Empire," "*Erz-Sandstreuer*," who solemnly brings up the *Sand-box* (no blotting-paper yet in use) when the Holy Roman Empire is pleased to write; "*Erz-Sandstreuer*, Arch-Sand-box-Beadle of the *Heilige Römische Reich*." It is a lumbering nickname, but intrinsically not without felicity, and the wittiest thing I know of little George.

Special cause of quarrel they had none that was of the least significance, and, at this time, prudent friends were striving to unite them closer and closer, as the true policy for both; English Townshend himself rather wishing it, as the best Prussian Officials eagerly did; Queen Sophie passionate for it; and only a purchased Grumkow, a Seckendorf, and the Tobacco Parliament set against it. The Treaty of Wusterhausen was not known; but the fact of some Treaty made or making, some Imperial negotiation always going on, was too evident, and Friedrich Wilhelm's partialities to the Kaiser and his Seckendorf could be a secret nowhere.

Negotiation always going on, we say, for such indeed was the case; the Kaiser striving always to be loose again (having excellent reasons, a secret bargain to the contrary, to wit!) in regard to that Jülich and Berg Succession; proposing "substitutes for Jülich and Berg;" and Friedrich Wilhelm refusing to accept any imaginable substitute, any thing but the article itself; so

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that, I believe, the Treaty of Wusterhausen was never perfectly ratified after all, but hung, for so many years, always on the point of being so. These are the uses of your purchased Grumkow, and of riding the length of a Terrestrial Equator, keeping a Majesty in company. If, by a Double Marriage with England, that intricate web of chicanery had been once fairly slit in two, and new combinations formed on a basis *not* of fast and loose, could it have been of disadvantage to either of the Countries or to either of their Kings? Real and grave causes for agreement we find; real or grave causes for quarrel none any where; but light or imaginary causes, which became at last effectual, can be enumerated, to the length of three or four.

Cause First: the Hanover Joint Heritages, which are not in a liquid state.

First, the "Ahlden Heritage" was one cause of disagreement, which lasted long. The poor Mother of George II. and of Queen Sophie had left considerable properties—"three million *thalers*," that is, £900,000, say some; but all was rather in an unliquid state; not so much as her Will was to be had. The Will, with a £10,000 or so, was in the hands of a certain Graf von Bar, one of her confidants in that sad imprisonment; "Money lent him," Büsching says,[1] "to set up a Wax-Bleachery at Cassel;" and the said Count von Bar was off with it, Testamentary Paper and all; gone to the *Reichshofrath* at Vienna, supreme Judges in the Empire of such matters, who accordingly issued him a "Protection" to start with, so that when the Hanover people attempted to lay hold of the questionable wax-bleaching Count at Frankfort on the Mayn—secretly sending "a lieutenant and twelve men" for that object—he produced his Protection Paper, and the lieutenant and twelve men had to hasten home again.[2] Count von Bar had to be tried at law—never ask with what results—and this itself was a long story. Then, as to the other properties of the poor Duchess, question arises, Are they *allodia*,

[1] *Beyträge zur Lebensgeschichte denkwürdiger Personen* (Halle, 1783–1789), i., 306, § *Nüssler*. Some distracted fractions of Business Correspondence with this Bar, in *Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea*—unintelligible as usual there.

[2] Ibid.

or are they *feuda?* that is to say, Shall the Son have them, or the Daughter? In short, there was no end to questions. Friedrich Wilhelm has an Envoy at Hanover, one Kannegiesser, laboring at Hanover, the second of such he has been obliged to send, who finds plenty of employment in that matter. "My Brother the *Comödiant* quietly put his Father's Will in his pocket, I have heard, and paid no regard to it (except what he was compelled to pay by Chesterfield and others); will he do the like with his poor Mother's Will?" Patience, your Majesty; he is not a covetous man, but a self-willed and a proud; always conscious to himself that he is the soul of honor, this poor Brother King!

Nay, withal, before these testamentary bickerings are settled, here has a new Joint Heritage fallen, on which may rise discussions. Poor Uncle Ernst of Osnabrück—to whom George I., chased by Death, went galloping for shelter that night, and who could only weep over his poor Brother dead—has not survived him many months. The youngest Brother of the lot is now gone too. Electress Sophie's Seven are now all gone. She had six sons: four became Austrian soldiers, three of whom perished in war long since; the other three, the Bishop, the King, the eldest of the Soldiers, have all died within two years (1726–1728):[3] Sophie Charlotte, "Republican Queen" of Prussia, Friedrich Wilhelm's Mother, whom we knew long since, was the one Daughter. Her also Uncle Ernst saw die, in his youth, as we may remember. They are all dead. And now the Heritages are to settle—at least the recent part of them. Let Kannegiesser keep his eyes open. Kannegiesser is an expert, high-mannered man, but said to be subject to sharpness of temper, and not in the best favor with the Hanover people. That is Cause *first.*

Cause Second: the Troubles of Mecklenburg.

Then, *secondly*, there is the Business of Mecklenburg—deplorable Business for Mecklenburg, and for every body within wind of it, my poor readers included. Readers remember—what reader can ever forget?—that extraordinary Duke of Mecklen-

[3] Michaelis, i., 153. See Feder, *Kurfürstinn Sophie;* Hoppe, *Geschichte der Stadt Hanover;* &c.

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burg, the "Unique of Husbands," as we had to call him, who came with his extraordinary Duchess to wait on her Uncle Peter, the Russian (say rather *Samoeidic*) Czar, at Magdeburg, a dozen years ago? We feared it was in the fates we might meet that man again, and so it turns out. The Unique of Husbands has proved also to be the unluckiest of Misgoverning Dukes in his epoch, and spreads mere trouble all round him. Mecklenburg is in a bad way this long while, especially these ten years past. "Owing to the Charles Twelfth Wars," or whatever it was owing to, this unlucky Duke had fallen into want of more money, and impoverished Mecklenburg alleged that it was in no condition to pay more. Almost on his accession, while the tar-barrels were still blazing, years before we ever saw him, he demanded new subvention from his *Ritters* (the "Squires" of the Country)—subvention new in Mecklenburg, though common in other sovereign German States, and at one time in Mecklenburg too. The Ritters would not pay; the Duke would compel them: Ritters appeal to Kaiser in Reichshofrath, who proves favorable to the Ritters. Duke still declines obeying Kaiser; asserts that "he is himself in such matter the sovereign:" Kaiser fulminates what of rusty thunder he has about him, to which the Duke, flung on his back by it, still continues contumacious in mind and tongue; and so, between thunder and contumacy, as between hammer and stithy, the poor Country writhes painfully ever since, and is an affliction to every body near it.

For ten years past, the unluckiest of Misgoverning Dukes has been in utter controversy with his Ritters—at law with them before the Courts of the Empire, nay, occasionally trying certain of them himself, and cutting off their heads; getting Russian regiments, and then obliged to renounce Russian regiments; in short, a very great trouble to mankind thereabouts;[4] so that the Kaiser in Reichshofrath, about the date indicated (Year 1719), found good to send military coercion on him, and intrusted that function to the Hanover-Brunswick people—to George I. more especially, to whom, as *Kreis-Hauptmann* ("Captain of the Circle," Circle of Lower-Saxony, where the contumacy had

[4] Michaelis, ii., 416–435.

occurred), such function naturally fell. The Hanover Sovereignty, sending 13,000 men, horse, foot, and artillery, into Mecklenburg, soon did their function, with only some slight flourishes of fighting on the part of the contumacious Duke, in which his chief Captain, one Schwerin, distinguishes himself—Kurt von Schwerin, whom we shall know better by-and-by, for he went into the Prussian service shortly after. Colonel von Schwerin did well what was in him, but could not save a refractory Duke against such odds. The contumacious Duke was obliged to fly his country—deposed, or, to begin with, suspended, a Brother of his being put in as interim Duke; and the Unique of Husbands and paragon of Mismanaging Dukes lives about Dantzig ever since, on a Pension allowed him by his interim Brother, contumacious to the last, and still stirring up strife, though now with diminished means, Uncle Peter being now dead, and Russian help much cut off.

The Hanover Sovereignties did their function soon enough; but their "expenses for it," these they have in vain demanded ever since. No money to be got from Mecklenburg; and Mecklenburg owes us "ten tons of gold;" that is to say, 1,000,000 thalers, "ton" being the tenth part of a million in that coin. Hanover, therefore, holds possession—and has held ever since, with competent small military force—of certain Districts in Mecklenburg: Taxes of these will subsist our soldiery in the interim, and yield interest; the principal once paid, we at once give them up: principal, by these schedules, if you care to count them, is one million thalers (ten *Tonnen Goldes*, as above said), or about £150,000. And so it has stood for ten years past, Mecklenburg the most anarchic of countries, owing to the kind of Ritters and kind of Duke it has. Poor souls, it is evident they have all lost their beaten road, and got among the *ignes fatui* and peat-pools: none knows the necessities and sorrows of this poor idle Duke himself! In his young years, before accession, he once tried soldiering; served one campaign with Charles XII., but was glad to "return to Hamburg" again, to the peaceable scenes of fashionable life there.[5] Then his Russian Unique of Wives—his probable adventures, prior and subsequent, in Uncle Peter's sphere,

[5] See *German Spy* (London, 1725, by Lediard, Biographer of Marlbor-

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can these have been pleasant to him? The angry Ritters, too, their country had got much trampled to pieces in the Charles Twelfth Wars, Stralsund Sieges: money seemed necessary to the Duke, and the Ritters were very scarce of it. Add, on both sides, pride and want of sense, with mutual anger going on *crescendo*, and we have the sad phenomenon now visible: A Duke fled to Dantzig, anarchic Ritters none the better for his going; Duke perhaps threatening to return, and much flurrying his poor interim Brother, and stirring up the Anarchies; in brief, Mecklenburg become a house on fire for behoof of neighbors and self.

In these miserable brabbles Friedrich Wilhelm did not hitherto officially interfere, though not uninterested in them, being a next neighbor, and even, by known treaties, "eventual heir," should the Mecklenburg Line die out. But we know he was not in favor with the Kaiser in those old years; so the military coercion had been done by other hands, and he had not shared in the management at all. He merely watched the course of things; always advised the Duke to submit to Law, and be peaceable; was sometimes rather sorry for him, too, as would appear.

Last year, however (1728)—doubtless it was one of Seckendorf's minor measures, done in Tobacco Parliament—Friedrich Wilhelm, now a pet of the Kaiser's, is discovered to be fairly concerned in that matter, and is conjoined with the Hanover-Brunswick Commissioners for Mecklenburg; Kaiser specially requiring that his Prussian Majesty shall "help in executing Imperial Orders" in the neighboring Anarchic Country, which rather huffed little George—hitherto, since his Father's death, the principal, or as good as sole Commissioner—if so big a Britannic Majesty *could* be huffed by paltry slights of that kind! Friedrich Wilhelm, who has much meditated Mecklenburg, strains his intellect, sometimes to an intense degree, to find out ways of settling it; George, who has never cared to meditate it, nor been able if he had, is capable of sniffing scornfully at Friedrich Wilhelm's projects on the matter, and dismissing them as

ough) for a lively picture of the then Hamburg—resort of Northern Moneyed-Idleness, as well as of better things.

moonshine.[6] To a wise, much-meditative House Mastiff, can that be pleasant, from an unthinking dizened creature of the Ape species? The troubles of Mecklenburg, and discrepancies thereupon, are capable of becoming a *second* source of quarrel.

Causes Third and Fourth; and Cause Fifth, worth all the others.

Cause *third* is the old story of recruiting—a standing cause between Prussia and all its neighbors. And the *fourth* cause is the tiniest of all—the "Meadow of Clamei." Meadow of Clamei, some square yards of boggy ground, which, after long study, one does find to exist in the obscurest manner, discoverable in the best Maps of Germany, some twenty miles south of the Elbe River, on the boundary between Hanover-Lüneburg and Prussia-Magdeburg, dubious on which side of the boundary. Lonesome unknown Patch of Meadow, lying far amid peaty wildernesses in those Salzwedel regions; unknown to all writing mortals as yet, but which threatens, in this summer of 1729, to become famous as Runnymead among the Meadows of History. And the *fifth* cause—in short, there was no real "cause" of the least magnitude; the effect was produced by the combination of many small and imaginary ones; for if there is a will to quarrel, we know there is a way. And perhaps the *fifth* namable cause, in efficiency worth all the others together, might be found in the Debates of the Smoking Parliament that season, were the Journal of its Proceedings extant. We gather symptoms, indisputable enough, of very diligent elaborations and insinuations there, and conclude that to have been the really effective cause. Clouds had risen between the two Courts, but, except for the Tobacco Parliament, there never could have thunder come from them.

Very soon after George's accession there began clouds to rise, the perfectly accomplished little George assuming a severe and high air toward his rustic Brother-in-law. "We can not stand these Prussian enlistments and encroachments; rectify these, in a high and severe manner!" says George to his Hanover Offi-

[6] Dubourgay Dispatches and the Answers to them (more than once).

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cials. George is not warm on his throne till there comes in, accordingly, from the Hanover Officials, a Complaint to that effect, and even a List of Hanoverian subjects who are, owing to various injustices, now serving in the Prussian ranks: "Your Prussian Majesty is requested to return us these men!"

This List is dated 22d January, 1728, George only a few months old in his new authority as yet. The Prussian Majesty grumbles painfully responsive: "Will, with eagerness, do whatever is just, most surely. But is his Britannic Majesty aware? Hanover Officials are quite misinformed as to the circumstances," and does not return any of the men. Merely a pacific grumble, and nothing done in regard to the complaints. Then there is the Meadow of Clamei which we spoke of: "That belongs to Brandenburg, you say? Nevertheless, the contiguous parts of Hanover have rights upon it. Some 'eight cart-loads of hay,' worth say almost £5 or £10 sterling: who is to mow that grass, I wonder?"

Friedrich Wilhelm feels that all this is a pettifogging, vexatious course of procedure, and that his little Cousin, the *Comödiant*, is not treating him very much like a gentleman. "Is he, your Majesty?" suggests the Smoking Parliament. About the middle of March, Dubourgay hears Borck, an Official not of the Grumkow party, sulkily commenting on "the constant hostility of the Hanover Ministry to us" in all manner of points; inquires withal, Could not Mecklenburg be somehow settled, his Prussian Majesty being somewhat anxious upon it?[7] Anxious, yes; his poor Majesty, intensely meditative of such a matter in the night-watches, is capable of springing out of bed with an "Eureka! I have found what will do!" and, demanding writing materials, he writes or dictates in his shirt, the good, anxious Majesty; dispatches his Eureka by estafette on the wings of the wind; and your Townshend, your *un*meditative George, receives it with curt official negative and a polite sneer.[8]

A few weeks farther on, this is what the Newspapers report of Mecklenburg, in spite of his Prussian Majesty's desire to have some mercy shown the poor infatuated Duke: "The Elector of

[7] Dispatch, 17th March, 1729.

[8] Dubourgay, 12th–14th April, 1729, and the Answer from St. James's.

Hanover and the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel," his Britannic Majesty and Squire in that sad Business, "*refuse* to withdraw their forces out of Mecklenburg, or part with the Chest of the Revenues thereof, until an entire satisfaction be given them for the arrears of the Charges they have been at in putting the Sentence of the Aulic Council" (Kaiser's *Reichshofrath* and rusty thunder) "against the said Duke.[9]

Matters grew greatly worse when George paid his first Visit to Hanover in character of King, early in the Summer of 1729. Part of his road lies through Prussian territory: "Shall he have free post-horses, as his late Majesty was wont?" asks the Prussian Official person. "If he write to request them, yes," answers Friedrich Wilhelm; "if he don't write, no." George does not write; pays for his post-horses; flourishes along to Hanover in absolute silence toward his clownish Brother-in-law. You would say he looks over the head of him, as if there were no such clown in existence; he has never yet so much as notified his arrival. "What is this? There exists no Prussia, then, for little George?" Friedrich Wilhelm's inarticulate, interjectionary utterances, in clangorous metallic tone, we can fancy them now and then; and the Tobacco Parliament is busy! British Minister Dubourgay, steady old military gentleman, who spells imperfectly, but is intent to keep down mischief, writes at last to Hanover, submissively suggesting, "Could not, as was the old wont, some notification of the King's arrival be sent hither, which would console his Prussian Majesty?" To which my Lord Townshend answers, "Has not been the custom, I am informed" (*wrong* informed, your Lordship); "not necessary in the circumstances;" which is a high course between neighbors, and royal gentlemen, and kinsfolk. The Prussian Court hereupon likewise shuts its lips; no mention of the Hanoverian Court, not even by her Majesty and to Englishmen, for several weeks past.[10] Some inarticulate metallic growl in private, at dinner, or in the *Tabaks Collegium;* the rest is truculent silence. Nor are our poor Hanover Recruits (according to our List of Pressed Hano-

[9] Salmon's *Chronological Historian* (London, 1748—a Book never to be quoted without caution), ii., 216; date (translated into new style), 10th July, 1729.

[10] Dubourgay.

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verians) in the least sent back, nor the Clamei Meadows settled, "Big Meadow" or "Little one," both of which the Brandenburgers have mown in the mean time.

Hanover Pressed men not coming home—I think not one of them—the Hanover Officials decide to seize such Prussian Soldiers as happen to be seizable in Hanover Territory. The highway in that border country runs now on this side of the march, now on that; watch well, and you will get Prussian soldiers from time to time; which the Hanover people do, and seize several, common men and even officers. Here is once more a high course of proceeding. Here is coal to raise smoke enough, if well blown upon, which, with Seckendorf and Grumkow working the bellows, we may well fancy it was! But listen to what follows, independently of bellows.

On the 28th of June, 1729, hay lying now quite dry upon the Meadow of Clamei, lo! the Bailiff of Hanoverian Bühlitz—Unpicturesque Traveler will find the peat-smoky little Village of Bühlitz near by a dusty little Town called Lüchow, midway from Hamburg to Magdeburg, altogether peaty, mossy country, in the Salzwedel district, where used to be Wendic populations, and a Mark or Border Fortress of Salzwedel set up against them—Bailiff of Bühlitz, I say, sallies forth with several carts, with all the population of the Village, with a troop of horse to escort, and probably flags flying and some kind of drums beating, publicly rakes together the hay, defiant of the Prussian Majesty and all men, loads it on his carts, and rolls home with it, leaving to the Brandenburgers nothing but stubble, and the memory of having mown for Hanover to eat. This is the 28th of June, 1729; King of Prussia is now at Magdeburg, reviewing his troops, within a hundred miles of these contested quag-countries. Who can blame him that he flames up now into clear blaze of royal indignation? The correspondence henceforth becomes altogether lively; but in the Britannic Archives there is nothing of it, Dubourgay having received warning from my Lord Townshend to be altogether ignorant of the matter henceforth, and let the Hanover officials manage it. His Prussian Majesty returns home in the most tempestuous condition.

We may judge what a time Queen Sophie had of it—what

scenes there were with Crown-Prince Friedrich and Wilhelmina, in her Majesty's Apartment and elsewhere. Friedrich Wilhelm is fast mounting to the red-hot pitch. The bullyings, the beatings even of these poor Children—love-sick one of them—are lamentable to hear of, as all the world has heard: "Disobedient unnatural whelps, biting the heels of your poor old parent mastiff in his extreme need, what is to be done with you?" Fritz he often enough beats, gives a slap to with his ratan; has hurled a plate at him on occasion, when bad topics rose at table; nay, at Wilhelmina too, she says; but the poor children always ducked, and nothing but a little noise and loss of crockery ensued. Fritz he deliberately detests as a servant of the Devil, incorrigibly rebelling against the paternal will, and going on those dissolute courses; a silly French cockatoo, suspected of disbelief in Scripture; given to nothing but fifing and play-books, who will bring Prussia and himself to a bad end. "God grant he do not finish on the gallows!" sighed the sad Father once to Grumkow. The records of these things lie written far and wide, in the archives of many countries as well as in Wilhelmina's book.

To me there was one undiplomatic reflection continually present: Heavens! could nobody have got a bit of rope, and hanged those two Diplomatic swindlers, clearly of the scoundrel genus, more than common pickpockets are? Thereby had certain young hearts, and honest old ones too, escaped being broken, and many a thing might have gone better than it did. *Jarni-Bleu*, Herr Feldzeugmeister, though you are an orthodox Protestant, this thousand-fold perpetual habit of distilled lying seems to me a bad one. I do not blame an old military gentleman, with a brow so puckered as yours, for having little of the milk of human kindness so called, but this of breaking, by force of lies merely, and for your own uses, the hearts of poor innocent creatures, nay, of grinding them slowly in the mortar, and employing their Father's hand to do it withal, this—Herr General, forgive me, but there are moments when I feel as if the extinction of probably the meanest scoundrel of that epoch might have been a satisfactory event. Alas! it could not be. Seckendorf is lying abroad for his Kaiser; "the only really able man we have,"

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says Eugene sometimes; snuffles and lisps, and travels in all, as they count, about 25,000 miles, keeping his Majesty in company. Here are some glimpses into the interior, dull, but at first hand, which are worth clipping and condensing from Dubourgay, with their dates:

30*th July*, 1729. To the respectable old Brigadier, this day or yesterday, "her Majesty, all in tears, complained of her situation: King is nigh losing his senses on account of the differences with Hanover; goes from bed to bed in the night-time, and from chamber to chamber, 'like one whose brains are turned.' Took a fit, at two in the morning, lately, to be off to Wusterhausen." About a year ago Seckendorf and Grumkow had built a Lodge out there, where his Majesty, when he liked, could be snug and private with them. Thither his Majesty now rushed, at two o'clock in the morning, but seemingly found little assuagement. "Since his return, he gives himself up entirely to drink. Seckendorf," the snuffling Belial, "is busy, above ground and below; has been heard saying, He alone could settle these businesses, Double Marriage and all, would her Majesty but trust him!

"The King will not suffer the Prince Royal to sit next his Majesty at table, but obliges him to go to the lower end, where things are so ordered," says the sympathizing Dubourgay, "that the poor Prince often rises without getting one bit" (woe's me!), "insomuch that the Queen was obliged two days ago" (28th July, 1729—let us date such an occurrence) "to send, by one of the servants who could be trusted, a Box of cold fowls and other eatables for his Royal Highness's subsistence!"[11]

In the first blaze of the outrage at Clamei, Friedrich Wilhelm's ardent mind suggested to him the method of single combat: defiance of George, by cartel, to give the satisfaction of a gentleman. There have been such instances on the part of Sovereigns, though they are rare: Karl Ludwig of the Pfalz, Winter-king's Son, for example, did, as is understood, challenge Turenne for burning the Pfalz (*first* burning that poor country got), but nothing came of it, owing to Turenne's prudence. Friedrich Wilhelm sees well that it all comes from George's private humor: Why should human blood be shed except George's and mine? Friedrich Wilhelm is decisive for sending off the cartel; he has even settled the particulars, and sees in his glowing poetic mind how the transaction may be: say, at Hildesheim for place;

[11] Dubourgay, 30th July, 1729.

Derschau shall be my second; Brigadier Sutton (if any body now know such a man) may be his. Seconds, place, and general outline he has schemed out, and fixed, so far as depends on one party; will fairly fence and fight this insolent little Royal Gentleman; give the world a spectacle (which might have been very wholesome to the world) of two kings voiding their quarrel by duel and fair personal fence.

In England the report goes, "not without foundation," think Lord Hervey and men of sarcastic insight in the higher circles, that it was his Britannic Majesty who "sent, or would have sent, a challenge of single combat to his Prussian Majesty," the latter being the passive party! Report flung into an *inverse* posture, as is liable to happen, "going" now with its feet uppermost —"not without foundation," thinks Lord Hervey. "But whether it" (the cartel) "was carried and rejected, or whether the prayers and remonstrances of Lord Townshend prevented the gauntlet being actually thrown down, is a point which, to me" (Lord Hervey), "at least, has never been cleared."[12]

The Prussian Ministers, no less than Townshend, would feel well that this of Duel will never do. Astonishment, *flebile ludibrium*, tragical tehee from gods and men, will come of the Duel! But how to turn it aside? for the King is determined. His truculent veracity of mind points out this as the real way for him; reasoning, entreating, are to no purpose. "The true method, I tell you! As to the world and its cackling, let the world cackle!" At length Borck hits on a consideration: "Your Majesty has been ill lately—hand, perhaps, not so steady as usual? Now if it should turn out that your Majesty proved so inferior to yourself as to—Good Heavens!" This, it is said, was the point that staggered his Majesty. Tobacco Parliament, and Borck there, pushed its advantage: the method of duel (prevalent through the early part of July, I should guess) was given up.[13] Why was there no Hansard in that Institution of the Country? Patience, idle reader! we shall get some scraps of the Debates on other subjects by-and-by. But hear Dubourgay again, in the absence of Morning Newspapers:

[12] Lord Hervey: *Memoirs of George II.* (London, 1848), i., 127.

[13] Bielfeld: *Lettres familières et autres* (Second edition, 2 vols. Leide, 1767), i., 117, 118.

9th Aug., 1729.

August 9th, 1729. "Berlin looks altogether warlike. At Madgeburg they are busy making ovens to bake Ammunition-bread. Artillery is getting hauled out of the Arsenal here:" all is clangor, din of preparation. "It is said the King will fall on Mecklenburg;" can at once, if he like. "These intolerable usages from England" (Seckendorf is rumored to have said), "can your Majesty endure them forever? Why not marry the Prince Royal at once to another Princess, and have done with them?" or words to that effect, as reported by Court rumor to her Majesty and Dubourgay. And there is a Princess talked of for this match — Russian Princess — little Czar's Sister (little Czar to have Wilhelmina; Double Marriage to be with Russia, not with England); but the little Czar soon died, little Czar's Sister went out of sight, or I know not what happened, and only brief rumor came of that.

"As for the Crown-Prince, he has not fallen desperate—no, but appears to have strange schemes in him, deep under cover. 'He has said to a confidant' (Wilhelmina, it is probable), 'As to his ill-treatment, he well knew how to free himself of that' (will fly to foreign parts, your Highness?), 'and would have done so long since, were it not for his Sister, upon whom the whole weight of his Father's resentment would then fall. Happen what will, therefore, he is resolved to share with her all the hardships which the King his Father may be pleased to put upon her.'"[14] Means privately a flight to England, Dubourgay sees, and in a reticent diplomatic way is glad to see.

I possess near a dozen Hanoverian and Prussian Dispatches upon this strange Business, but should shudder to inflict them on any innocent reader — clear, grave Dispatches, very brief and just, especially on the Prussian side; and on a matter, too, which truly is not lighter than any other Dispatch matter of that intrinsically vacant Epoch. O reader, would I could bury all vacant talk and writing whatsoever as I do these poor Dispatches about the "eight cart-loads of hay!" Friedrich Wilhelm is fair-play itself; will do all things that Earth or Heaven can require of him; only he is much in a hurry withal, and of this the Hanover Officials take advantage, perhaps unconsciously, to keep him in provocation. He lies awake at night, his heart is sore, and he has fled to drink. Toward the middle of August—here again is a phenomenon—"he springs out of bed in the middle of night," has again an *Eureka* as to this of Clamei: "Eureka, I see now what will bring a settlement!" and

[14] Dubourgay, 11th August, 1729.

sends off post-haste to Kannegiesser at Hanover. To Kannegiesser—Herr Reichenbach, the special Envoy in this matter, being absent at the moment—gone to the Göhrde, I believe, where Britannic Majesty itself is; but Kannegiesser is there, upon the Ahlden Heritages; acquainted with the ground, a rather precise official man, who will serve for the hurry we are in. Post-haste; dove with olive-branch can not go too quick! Kannegiesser applying for an interview, not with the Britannic Majesty, who is at Göhrde, hunting, but with the Hanover Council, is—refused admittance. Here are Herr Kannegiesser's official Reports, which will themselves tell the rest of the story, thank Heaven:

To his Prussian Majesty (from Herr Kannegiesser).

No. 1. "*Done at Hanover, 15th August*, 1729.

"On the 15th day of August, at ten o'clock in the morning, I received Two Orders of Council" (these are *The Eureka:* never ask farther what they are), "dispatched on the 13th instant, at seven in the evening, whereupon I immediately went to the Council-chamber here, and informed the Herr von Hartoff, Privy Secretary, who met me in a room adjoining, 'That, having something to propose to his Ministry' (now sitting deliberative in the interior here; something to propose to his Ministry) 'on the part of the Prussian Ministers, it was necessary I should speak to them.' Herr von Hartoff, after having reported my demand, let me know, 'He had received orders from the Ministry to defer what I had to say to another time.'

"I replied, 'That, since I could not be allowed the honor of an audience at that time, I thought myself obliged to acquaint him I had received an Order from Berlin to apply to the Ministry of this place, in the name of the Ministers of Prussia, and make the most pressing instances for a speedy Answer to a Letter lately delivered to them by Herr Hofrath Reichenbach'" (my worthy assistant here; Answer to his Letter, in the first place); "'and to desire that the Answer might be lodged in my hands, in order to remit it with safety.'

"Herr von Hartoff returned immediately to the Council-chamber, and after having told the Ministers what I had said, brought me the following answer in about half a quarter of an hour," seven minutes by the watch: "'That the Ministers of this Court would not fail answering the said Letter as soon as possible, and would take care to give me notice of it, and send the Answer to me.'"

That was all that the punctual Kannegiesser could get out of them. "But," continues he, "not thinking this reply sufficient, I added 'That,

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delays being dangerous, I would come again the next day for a more precise answer.' "

Rather a high-mannered, positive man, this Kannegiesser, of the Ahlden Heritages; not without sharpness of temper, if the Hanover Officials drive it too far.

No. 2. "*At Hanover*, 16*th August*, 1729.

" According to the orders received from the King my Master, and pursuant of my promise of yesterday, I went at noon this day to the Castle (*Schloss*), for the purpose of making appearance in the Council-chamber where the ministers were asembled.

" I let them know I was there by Von Hartoff, Privy Secretary, and in the mildest terms desired to be admitted to speak with them, which was refused me a second time, and the following answer delivered me by Von Hartoff: 'That, since the Prussian Ministers had intrusted me with this Commission, the Ministers of this Court had directed him to draw up my yesterday's Proposals in writing, and report them to the Council.'

" Whereupon I said, 'I could not conceive any reason why I was the only person who could not be admitted to audience; that, however, as the Ministers of this Court were pleased to authorize him, Herr von Hartoff, to receive my Proposals, I was obliged to tell him,' as the first or preliminary point of my commission, 'I had received orders to be very pressing with the said Ministers of this Court for an Answer to a Letter from the Prussian Ministry lately delivered by Herr Legationsrath von Reichenbach; and, finding that the said Answer was not yet finished, I would stay two days for it, that I might be more secure of getting it; but that then I should come to put them in mind of it, and desire audience in order to acquit myself of the *rest* of my Commission.'

" The Privy Secretary drew up what I said in writing. Immediately afterward he reported it to the Ministry, and brought me this answer: 'That the Ministers of this Court would be as good as their word of yesterday, and answer the above-mentioned Letter with all possible expedition;' after which we parted."

No. 3. "*At Hanover*, 17*th August*, 1729.

" At two in the afternoon this day, Herr von Hartoff came to my house, and let me know 'He had business of consequence from the Ministry, and that he would return at five.' By my direction, he was told 'I should expect him.'

" At the time appointed he came, and told me 'That the Ministers of the Court, understanding from him that I designed to ask audience to-

morrow, did not doubt but my business would be to remind them of the Answer which I had demanded yesterday and the day before; that such applications were not customary among sovereign Princes; that they,' the Ministers, 'dared not treat farther in that affair with me; that they desired me not to mention it to them again till they had received directions from his Britannic Majesty, to whom they had made their report; and that, as soon as they received their instructions, the result of these should be communicated to me.'

"To this I replied, 'That I did not expect the Ministers of this Court would refuse me the audience which I designed to ask to-morrow, and that therefore I would not fail of being at the Council-chamber at eleven next day,' according to bargain, 'to know their answer to the rest of my proposals.' Secretary von Hartoff would not hear of this resolution, and assured me positively he had orders to listen to nothing more on the subject from me; after which he left me.'

No. 4. "*At Hanover*, 18*th August*, 1729.

"At eleven this day I went to the Council-chamber for the third time, and desired Secretary Hartoff 'To prevail with the Ministry to allow me to speak with them, and communicate what the King of Prussia had ordered me to propose.'

"Herr von Hartoff gave them an account of my request, and brought me for answer, 'That I must wait a little, because the ministers were not yet all assembled;'" which I did. "But after having made me stay almost an hour, and after the President of the Council was come, Herr von Hartoff came out to me, and repeated what he said yesterday, in very positive and absolute terms, 'That the Ministers were resolved not to see me, and had expressly forbid him taking any Paper at my hands.'

"To which I replied, 'That this was very hard usage, and the world would see how the King of Prussia would relish it. But, having strict orders from his Majesty, my most gracious Master, to make a Declaration to the Ministers of Hanover in his name, and finding Herr von Hartoff would neither receive it nor take a copy of it, I had only to tell him that I was under the necessity of leaving it in writing, and had brought the Paper with me'"—let Herr von Hartoff observe!—"'and that now, as the Council were pleased to refuse to take it, I was obliged to leave the said Declaration on a table in an adjoining room, in the presence of Herr von Hartoff and other Secretaries of the Council, whom I desired to lay it before the Ministry.'

"After this I went home, but had scarcely entered my apartment when a Messenger returned me the Declaration, still sealed as I left it, by order of the Ministers; and, perceiving I was not in-

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clined to receive it, he laid it on my table, and immediately left the house."[15]

Whereupon Kannegiesser, without loss of a moment, returns to Berlin, 19th August, and reports progress.

Simple honest Orson of a Prussian Majesty, what a bepainted, beribboned, insulting, Play-actor Majesty has he fallen in with! "Hm, so? Hm, na!" and I see the face of him all colors of the prism, and eyes in a fine phrensy, betokening thundery weather to some people. Instantly he orders 44,000 men to get on march,[16] and these instantly begin to stir; small preparation needed, ever ready being the word with them. From heavy guns, ammunition-wagons, and draught-horses, down to the last buckle of a spatterdash, things are all ticketed and ready in his Majesty's country—things, and still more evidently men. Within a week the amazed Gazetteers (Newspaper Editors we now call them) can behold the actual advent of horse, foot, and artillery regiments at Magdeburg, actual rendezvous begun, and with a frightful equable velocity going on day after day. On the 15th day of September, if Fate's almanac hold steady, there will be 44,000 of them ready there; such a mass of potential battle as George or the Hanover Officiality are—ready to fight?

Alas! far enough from that. Forces of their own they have, after a sort; subsidized Hessians, Danes, these they can begin to stir up, but they have not a regiment ready for fighting, and have *nothing*, if all were ready, which this terrible 44,000 can not too probably sweep out of the world. I suppose little George must have exhibited some prismatic colors of countenance too. This insulted Orson is swinging a tremendous club upon the little peruked, ribboned high gentleman promenading loftily in his preserves yonder. The Prussian forces march steady, continual; Crown-Prince Friedrich's regiment of Giants is on the march,

[15] A Letter from an English Traveler to his Friend at London, relating to the Differences between the Courts of Prussia and Hanover, with Copies of, &c. Translated from the French (London, A. Millar, at Buchanan's Head, 1730), p. 29–34. An excellent distinct little Pamphlet, very explanatory in this matter, like the smallest rushlight in a dark cellar of shot lumber.

[16] Friedrich Wilhelm's "Manifesto" is in *Mauvillon*, ii. 210–215, dated "20th August, 1729" (the day after Kannegiesser's return).

expressly under charge of Friedrich himself. The young man's thoughts are not recorded for us—only that he gets praise from his Father, so dexterous and perfect is he with the Giants and their getting into gear. Nor is there, says our Foreign Correspondent, the least truth in your rumor that the Prussian forces, officers or men, marched with bad will; "conspicuously the reverse is the truth, as I can testify."[17] And his Britannic Majesty, now making a dreadful flutter to assemble as fast as possible, is like to get quite flung into the bogs by this terrible Orson.

What an amazement among the Gazetteers—thunder-clouds of war mounting up over the zenith in this manner, and blotting out the sun, may produce an effect on the Congress of Soissons? Presumably; and his Imperial Majesty left sitting desolate on his Pragmatic Sanction, gloomily watching events, may find something turn up to his advantage? Prussia and England are sufficiently in quarrel, at any rate—perhaps almost too much. The Pope, in these circumstances, did a curious thing. The Pope, having prayed lately for rain and got it, proceeds now, in the end of September, while such war-rumors are still at their height in Rome, to pray, or even do a Public Mass, or some other so-called Pontificality, "in the Chapel of Philip Neri in the new Church," by way of still more effectual miracle—prays, namely, that Heaven would be graciously pleased to foment, and blow up to the proper degree, this quarrel between the two chief Heretic Powers, Heaven's chief enemies, whereby Holy Religion might reap a good benefit, if it pleased Heaven. But this time the miracle did not go off according to program.[18]

For at this point, before the Pope had prayed, but while the troops and artillery were evidently all on march ("Such an artillery as I," who am Kaiser's Artillery-Master, "for my poor part never had the happiness to see before in any country," snuffles Seckendorf in the Smoking Parliament), and now swords are, as

[17] Pamphlet cited above.

[18] "Extract of a Letter from Rome, 24th September, 1729," in Townshend's Dispatch, Whitehall, 10th October, 1729.

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it were, drawn, and in the air make horrid circles, the neighbors interfere: "Heavens! put up your swords!" and the huge world-wide tumult suddenly (I think, in the very first days of this September) collapses, sinks into something you can put into a snuff-box.

Of course, it could never come to actual battle after all. Too high a pickle-herring tragedy that. Here is a *Comödiant* not wanting to be smitten into the bogs—an honest Orson who wants nothing, nor has ever wanted, but fair play—fair play, and not to be insulted on the streets, or have one's poor Hobby quite knocked from under one. Neighbors, as we say, struck in; France, Holland, all the neighbors, at this point: "Do it by arbitration; Wolfenbüttel for the one, Sachsen-Gotha for the other; Commissioners to meet at Brunswick!" And that, accordingly, was the course fixed upon, and settlement by that method was accomplished, without difficulty, in some six months hence.[19] Whether Clamei was awarded to Hanover or to Brandenburg I never knew, or how the hay of it is cut at this moment. I only know there was no battle on the subject, though at one time there was like to be such a clash of battle as the old Markgrafs never had with their old Wends, not if we put all their battlings into one.

Seckendorf's radiant brow has to pucker itself again. This fine project of boiling the Kaiser's eggs by setting the world on fire has not prospered after all. The gloomy old villain came to her Majesty one day,[20] while things were near the hottest, and said or insinuated, he was the man who could do these businesses, and bring about the Double Marriage itself, if her Majesty were not so harsh upon him; whereupon her Majesty, reporting to Dubourgay, threw out the hint, "What if we (that is, you) did give him a forty or fifty thousand thalers verily, for he will do any thing for money?" To which Townshend answers from the Göhrde to the effect, "Pooh! he is a mere bag of noxious futilities; consists of gall mainly, and rusty old lies and crotchets, breathing very copperas through those old choppy lips of his: let him go to the ——!" Next Spring, at the happy end of the Arbitration, which he had striven all he could to

[19] 16th April, 1730 (Förster ii., 105). [20] Dubourgay, 30th July, 1829.

mar and to retard, he fell quite ill; took to his bed for two days —colics, or one knows not what—"and I can't say I am very sorry for him," writes the respectable Dubourgay.[21]

On the 8th day of September, 1729, Friedrich Crown-Prince re-enters Potsdam[22] with his Two battalions of Giants. He has done so well the King goes out from Berlin to see him march in with them, rejoicing to find something of a soldier in the young graceless after all. "The King distributed 100,000 thalers (£15,000) among his Army," being well pleased with their behavior, and, doubtless, right glad to be out of such a Business. The Ahlden Heritages will now get liquidated; Mecklenburg—our Knyphausen, with the Hanover Consorts, will settle Mecklenburg, and all shall be well again, we hope!

The fact on some of these points turned out different, but it was now of less importance. As to Knyphausen's proceedings at Mecklenburg after the happy Peace, they were not so successful as had been hoped. Need of quarrel, however, between the Majesties there henceforth was not in Mecklenburg; and if slight rufflings and collisions did arise, it was not till after our poor Double Marriage was at any rate quite out of the game, and they are without significance to us. But the truth is, though Knyphausen did his best, no settlement came, nor, indeed, could ever come. Shall we sum up that sorry matter here and wash our hands of it?

Troubles of Mecklenburg, for the last time.

Knyphausen, we say, proved futile; nor could human wit have succeeded. The exasperated Duke was contumacious, irrational. The two Majesties kept pulling different ways upon him. Matters grew from very bad to worse, and Mecklenburg continued long a running sore. Not many months after this (I think, still in 1729), the irrational Duke, having got money out of Russia, came home again from Dantzig, to notable increase of the Anarchies in Mecklenburg, though without other result for himself. The irrational Duke proved more contumacious than ever—fell into deeper trouble than ever. At length (1733) he made Proclama-

[21] 25th April, 1730. [22] 11th Sept., 1729.

tion to the Peasantry to rise and fight for him, who did turn out, with their bill-hooks and bludgeons, under Captains named by him, "to the amount of 18,000 Peasants," with such riot as may be fancied, but with no other result; so that the Hanover Commissioners decided to seize the very *Residenz* Cities (Schwerin and Domitz) from this mad Duke, and make the country clear of him, his Brother being Interim Manager always, under the countenance of the Commissioners; which transactions, especially which contemplated seizure of the Residence Cities, Friedrich Wilhelm, eventual heir, could not see with equanimity at all; but, having no forces in the country, what could he do? Being "Joint Commissioner" this long while past, though without armed interference hitherto, he privately resolves that he will have forces there, the rather as the poor Duke professes penitence, and flies to him for help. Poor soul, his Russian Unique of Wives has just died, far enough away from him this long while past. What a life they have had, these two Uniques!

Enough; "on the 19th of October, 1733, Lieutenant General Schwerin"—the same who was Colonel Schwerin, the Duke's chief Captain here, at the beginning of these troubles, now Lieutenant General, and a distinguished *Prussian* officer—"marches into Mecklenburg with three regiments, one of foot, two of horse."[23] He, doubtless, will help in quelling those Peasant and other Anarchies? Privately his mission is most delicate. He is not to fight with the Hanoverians; is delicately but effectually to shove them well away from the Residence Cities, and fasten himself there, which the Lieutenant General dexterously does. "A night's quarter here in Parchim"—such is the Lieutenant General's request, polite but impressive, from the outskirts of that little Town, a Town essential to certain objects, and, in fact, the point he is aiming at: "night's quarter; you can not refuse it to this Prussian Company marching under the Kaiser's Commission?" No, the Hanoverian Lieutenant of Foot dare not take upon him to refuse; but next morning he is himself invited to withdraw, the Prussians having orders to continue here in Parchim! And so with the other points and towns that are essential in the enterprise on hand. A dexterous Lieutenant

[23] Buchholz, i., 122, 142; Michaelis, ii., 433, 437.

General this Schwerin. His two Horse-Colonels are likewise men to be noted: Colonel Wreech, with a charming young wife, perhaps a too charming; Colonel Truchsess von Waldburg, known afterward with distinction in London Society and widely otherwise. And thus, in the end of 1733, the Mecklenburg Residence Cities, happen what may, are secured for their poor irrational Duke. These things may slightly ruffle some tempers at Hanover, but it is now 1733, and our poor Double Marriage is clean out of the game by that time.

The irrational Duke could not continue in his Residence Cities with the Brother administering over him; still proving contumacious, he needed absolutely to be driven out, to Wismar or I know not whither; went wandering about for almost twenty years to come, disturbed and stirring up disturbance; died 1747, still in that sad posture, Interim Brother, with Posterity, succeeding.[24] But Hanover and Prussia interfered no farther; the Brother administered on his own footing, "supported by troops hired from Hamburg. Hanover and Prussia—400 Hanoverians, 200 Prussians—merely retained hold of their respective Hypothecs" (Districts held in pawn) "till the expenses should be paid"—million of *thalers*, and by those late anarchies a new heavy score run up.

Prussia and Hanover retained hold of their Hypothecs, for, as to the expenses, what hope was there? Fifty years hence we find the Prussian Hypothecs occupied as at first, and "rights of enlistment exercised." Never in this world were those expenses paid, nor could be, any part of them. The last accounts were, George III. of England, on marrying a Mecklenburg Princess—"Old Queen Charlotte," then young enough—handsomely tore up the bill, and so ended that part of a desperate debt. But of the Prussian part there was no end, nor like to be any. "Down to this day" (says Buchholz in 1775) "two squadrons of the Ziethen Hussars usually lie there," and rights of enlisting are exercised. I conclude the French Revolution and its Wars wiped away this other desperate item. And now let us hope that Mecklenburg is better off than formerly; that, at least, our hands are clear of it in time coming. I add only, with satisfac-

[24] Michaelis, ii., 434–440.

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tion, that this Unique of Dukes was no ancestor of Old Queen Charlotte's, but only a remote Welsh Uncle, far enough apart—can not be too far.

One Nüssler settles the Ahlden Heritages; sends the Money home in Boxes.

Knyphausen did not settle Mecklenburg, as we perceive; neither did Kannegiesser and the unliquidated Heritages prosper at Hanover quite to perfection. One Heritage, that of Uncle Osnabrück, little George flatly refused to share: *Feudum* the whole of that, not *Allodium* any part of it, so that a Sister can not claim, which, I think, was confirmed by the Arbitrators at Brunswick, thereby ending that. Then, as to the Ahlden *Allodia* or *Feuda*, Kannegiesser, blamably or not, never could make much of the business—a precise, strict man, as we saw at the Hanover Council-room lately, whom the Hanover people did not like. So he made little of it. Nay, at the end of next year (December, 1730), sending in his accounts to Berlin, he demands, in addition to the three thalers (or nine shillings) daily allowed him, almost a second nine shillings for sundries, chiefly for "hair-powder and shoe-blacking!" and is instantly recalled, and vanishes from History at this point.[25]

Upon which Friedrich Wilhelm selects another; "sends deal boxes along with him" to bring home what cash there is. This one's name is Nüssler, an expectant Prussian Official, an adroit man, whom we shall meet again doing work. He has the nine shillings a day, without hair-powder or blacking, while employed here; at Berlin no constant salary whatever—had to "borrow £75 for outfit on this business"—does a great deal of work without wages, in hope of effective promotion by-and-by, which did follow after tedious years, Friedrich Wilhelm finding him, on such proof (other proof will not do), *fit* for promoting to steady employment.

Nüssler was very active at Hanover, and had his deal boxes, but hardly got them filled according to hope. However, in some eighteen months he had actually worked out, in difficult installments, about £13,000, and dug the matter to the bottom. He

[25] Büsching: *Beyträge*, i., 307, &c., § Nüssler.

came home with his last installment, not disapproved of, to Berlin (May, 1732), six years after the poor Duchess's death. So the Ahlden *Allodia* too had their end.

CHAPTER VII.

A MARRIAGE; NOT THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE: CROWN-PRINCE DEEP IN TROUBLE.

While the Hanover Imminency was but beginning, and horrid crisis of War or Duel was yet in nobody's thoughts, the Anspach Wedding[1] had gone on at Berlin—to Friedrich Wilhelm's satisfaction, not to his Queen's, the match being but a poor one. The bride was Frederika Louisa; not the eldest of their Daughters, but the next eldest; younger than Wilhelmina, and still hardly fifteen—the first married of the Family. Very young she, and gets a very young Margraf, who has been and still is a minor, under his Mother's guardianship till now; not rich, and who has not had a good chance to be wise. The Mother, an excellent magnanimous Princess, still young and beautiful, but laboring silently under some mortal disease, has done her best to manage for him these last four or five years,[2] and, as I gather, is impatient to see him settled, that she may retire and die.

Friday forenoon, 19th May, 1729, the young Margraf arrived in person at Berlin—just seventeen gone Saturday last, poor young soul, and very foolish. Sublime royal carriage met him at the Prussian frontier; and this day, what is more interesting, our "Crown-Prince rides out to meet him; mounts into the royal carriage beside him," and the two young fools drive, in such a cavalcade of hoofs and wheels, talking we know not what, into Potsdam; met by his Majesty and all the honors.

[1] 30th May, 1729.

[2] Pöllnitz: *Memoirs and Letters* (English Translation, London, 1745), i., 200–204. There are "*Memoirs* of Pöllnitz," then "*Memoirs and Letters*," besides the "*Memoirs* of Brandenburg" (posthumous, which we often cite), all by this poor man. Only the last has any Historical value, and that not much. The first two are only worth consulting, cautiously, as loose contemporary babble—written for the Dutch Booksellers, one can perceive.

30th May, 1729.

What illustrious gala there then was in Potsdam and the Court world, read—with tedium, unless you are in the tailor line—described with minute distinctness by the admiring Fassmann.[3] There are Generals, high Ladies, sons of Bellona and Latona; there are dinners, there are hautboys—"two-and-thirty blackamoors," in flaming uniforms, capable of cymbaling and hautboying "up the grand staircase, and round your table, and down again," in a frightfully effective manner, while you dine. Madam Kamecke is to go as Oberhofmeisterinn to Anspach; and all the lackeys destined thither are in their new liveries, blue turned up with red velvet, which is delightful to see. Review of the Giant Grenadiers can not fail; conspicuous on parade with them our Crown-Prince as Lieutenant Colonel: "the beauty of this Corps, as well as the perfection of their *exercitia*"—ah! yes, we know it, my dim old friend. The Marriage itself followed at Berlin, after many exercitia, snipe-shootings, feastings, hautboyings, on the 30th of the month, with torch-dance, and the other customary trimmings; "Bride's garter cut in snips" for dreaming upon "by his Royal Majesty himself." The *Lustbarkeiten*, the stupendous public entertainments, having ended, there is weeping and embracing (*more humano*); and the happy couple, so-called happy, retire to Anspach with their destinies and effects.

A foolish young fellow, this new Brother-in-law, testifies Wilhelmina in many places; finances in disorder; Mother's wise management, ceasing too soon, has only partially availed. King "has lent some hundreds of thousands of crowns to Anspach" (says Friedrich at a later period), "which there is no chance of ever being repaid. All is in disorder there in the finance way: if the Markgraf get his hunting and his heroning, he laughs at all the rest, and his people pluck him bare at every hand."[4]

Nor do the married couple agree to perfection; far from it: "hate one another like cat and dog (like the fire, *comme le feu*)," says Friedrich;[5] "his Majesty may see what comes of ill-assorted marriages!" In fact, the union proved none of the most harmonious; subject to squalls always, but to squalls only; no

[3] p. 396–401. [4] Schulenburg's Letter (in Förster, iii., 72).

[5] Correspondence (more than once).

open tempest, far less any shipwreck: the marriage held together till death—the Husband's death, nearly thirty years after—divided it. There was then left one Son, the same who at length inherited Baireuth too—inherited Lady Craven, and died in Bubb Doddington's Mansion, as we often teach our readers.

Last year the Third Daughter was engaged to the Heir-Apparent of Brunswick; will be married when of age. Wilhelmina, flower of them all, still hangs on the bush, "asked," or supposed to be "asked, by four Kings," but not attained by any of them; and one knows not what will be her lot. She is now risen out of the sickness she has had—not small-pox at all, as malicious English rumor gave it in England—and "looks prettier than ever," writes Dubourgay.

Here is a Marriage, then, first in the Family, but not the Double Marriage by a long way! The late Hanover Tornado, sudden Water-spout as we called it, has quenched that Negotiation, and one knows not in what form it will resuscitate itself. The royal mind, both at Berlin and St. James's, is in a very uncertain state after such a phenomenon.

Friedrich Wilhelm's favor for the Crown-Prince, marching home so gallantly with his Potsdam Giants, did not last long. A few weeks later in the Autumn we have again ominous notices from Dubourgay. And here, otherwise obtained, is a glimpse into the interior of the Berlin Schloss; momentary perfect clearness, as by a flash of lightning, on the state of matters there, which will be illuminative to the reader.

Crown-Prince's Domesticities seen in a flash of lightning.

This is another of those tragi-comic scenes, tragic enough in effect, between Father and Son; Son now about eighteen, fit to be getting through Oxford had he been an English gentleman of private station. It comes from the irrefragable Nicolai, who dates it about this time, uncertain as to month or day.

Fritz's love of music, especially of fluting, is already known to us. Now a certain Quantz was one of his principal instructors in that art, and, indeed, gave him the last finish of perfection in it. Quantz, famed Saxon music-master and composer, Leader

of the Court-Band in Saxony, king of flute-players in his day—(a village-farrier's son from the Göttingen region, and himself destined to shoe horses, had not imperative Nature prevailed over hinderances)—Quantz, ever from Fritz's sixteenth year, was wont to come occasionally express from Dresden for a week or two, and give the young man lessons on the flute. The young man's Mother, good Queen Feekin, had begged this favor for him from the Saxon Sovereignties, and pleaded hard for it at home, or at worst kept it secret there. It was one of the many good maternities, clandestine and public, which she was always ready to achieve for him where possible, as he also knew full well in his young grateful heart, and never forgot, however old he grew! Illustrious Quantz, we say, gives Fritz his lessons on the flute; and here is a scene they underwent—they and a certain brisk young soldier fellow, Lieutenant von Katte, who was there too, of whom the reader will tragically hear more in time.

On such occasions Fritz was wont to pull off the tight Prussian coat or *coatie*, and clap himself into flowing brocade of the due roominess and splendor—bright scarlet dressing-gown, done in gold, with tags and sashes complete—and so, in a temporary manner, feel that there was such a thing as a gentleman's suitable apparel. He would take his music-lessons, follow his clandestine studies, in that favorable dress: thus Buffon, we hear, was wont to shave, and put on clean linen, before he sat down to write, finding it more comfortable so; though again there have been others who could write in considerable disorder, not to say litter, and palpable imperfection of equipment: Samuel Johnson, for instance, did some really grand writing in a room where there was but one chair, and that one incapable of standing unless you sat on it, having only three feet. A man is to fit himself to what is round him; but surely a Crown-Prince may be indulged in a little brocade in his leisure moments!

Fritz and Quantz sat doing music, an unlawful thing, in this pleasant but unlawful costume, when Lieutenant Katte, who was on watch in the outer room, rushes in, distracted in his aspect: Majesty just here! Quick, double quick! Katte snatches the music-books and flutes, snatches Quantz; hurries with him and them into some wall-press, or closet for firewood, and stands

quaking there. Our poor Prince has flung aside his brocade, got on his military coatie, and would fain seem busy with important or indifferent routine matters. But, alas! he can not undo the French hair-dressing; can not change the graceful French bag into the strict Prussian queue in a moment. The French bag betrays him; kindles the paternal vigilance—alas! the paternal wrath, into a tornado pitch; for his vigilant suspecting Majesty searches about, finds the brocade article behind a screen, crams it, with loud indignation, into the fire; finds all the illicit French Books; confiscates them on the spot, confiscates all manner of contraband goods; and there was mere sulphurous whirlwind in those serene spaces for about an hour! If his Majesty had looked into the wood-closet? His Majesty, by Heaven's express mercy, omitted that. Haude, the Bookseller, was sent for; ordered to carry off that poisonous French cabinet library in mass; sell every Book of it, to an undiscerning public, at what it will fetch, which latter part of his order Haude, in deep secrecy, ventured to disobey, being influenced thereto. Haude, in deep secrecy, kept the cabinet library secure, and "lent" the Prince book after book from it, as his Royal Highness required them.

Friedrich, it is whispered in Tobacco Parliament, has been known, in his irreverent impatience, to call the Grenadier uniform his "shroud (*Sterbe-kittel*, or death-clothes)"—so imprisoning to the young mind and body! Paternal Majesty has heard this blasphemous rumor; hence doubtless, in part, his fury against the wider brocade garment.

It was Quantz himself that reported this explosion to authentic Nicolai many years afterward, confessing that he trembled, every joint of him, in the wood-closet during that hour of hurricane, and the rather as he had on "a red dress-coat," which color, foremost of the flaring colors, he knew to be his Majesty's aversion on a man's back.[6] Of incomparable Quantz and his heart-thrilling adagios we hope to hear transiently again, under joyfuller circumstances. Of Lieutenant von Katte—a short, stout young fellow, with black eyebrows, pock-marked face, and rather dissolute manners, we shall not fail to hear.

[6] Nicolai: *Anekdoten* (Berlin, 1790), ii., 148.

CHAPTER VIII.

CROWN-PRINCE GETTING BEYOND HIS DEPTH IN TROUBLE.

IT is not certain that the late Imminency of Duel had much to do with such explosions. The Hanover Imminency, which we likened to a tropical water-spout, or sudden thunderous blotting out of the sky to the astonished Gazetteers, seems rather to have passed away as water-spouts do, leaving the earth and air, if any thing, a little *refreshed* by such crisis—leaving, that is to say, the two Majesties a little less disposed for open quarrel, or rash utterance of their ill-humor in time coming. But, in the mean while, all mutual interests are in a painful state of suspended animation: in Berlin there is a privately rebellious Spouse and Household, there is a Tobacco Parliament withal; and the royal mind, sensitive, imaginative as a poet's, as a woman's, and liable to transports as of a Norse Baresark, is of uncertain movement. Such a load of intricacies and exaggerated anxieties hanging on it, the royal mind goes like the most confused smoke-jack, sure only to *have* revolutions; and we know how, afar from Soissons, and at home in Tobacco Parliament, the machine is influenced! Enough, the explosive procedures continue, and are on the increasing hand.

Majesty's hunting at Wusterhausen was hardly done when that charming Treaty of Seville came to light (9th November, 1729), France and England ranked by the side of Spain, disposing of Princes and Appanages at their will, and a Kaiser left sitting solitary, which awakens the domestic whirlwinds at Berlin among other results. "*Canaille Anglaise*, English Doggery!" and similar fine epithets, addressed to Wilhelmina and the Crown-Prince, fly about, not to speak of occasional crockery and other missiles. Friedrich Wilhelm has forbidden these two his presence altogether except at dinner: Out of my sight, ye Canaille Anglaise; darken not the sunlight for me at all!

This is in the Wusterhausen time, Hanover Imminency only two months gone. And Mamma sends for us to have private dialogues in her Apartment there, with spies out in every direction to make signal of Majesty's return from his hunt, who, however, surprises us on one occasion, so that we have to squat for hours, and almost get suffocated.[1] Whereupon the Crown-Prince, who will be eighteen in a couple of months, and feels the indignity of such things, begs of Mamma to be excused in future. He has much to suffer from his father again, writes Dubourgay in the end of November: "it is difficult to conceive the vile stratagems that are made use of to provoke the Father against the Son."[2] Or again, take this, as perhaps marking an epoch in the business a fortnight farther on:

December, 10*th*, 1729. "His Prussian Majesty can not bear the sight of either the Prince or Princess Royal. The other day he asked the Prince, 'Kalkstein makes you English, does not he?'" Kalkstein, your old Tutor, Borck, Knyphausen, Finkenstein, they are all of that vile clique! "To which the Prince answered, 'I respect the English, because I know the people there love me;' upon which the King seized him by the collar, struck him fiercely with his cane," in fact, rained showers of blows upon him; "and it was only by superior strength," thinks Dubourgay, "that the poor Prince escaped worse. There is a general apprehension of something tragical taking place before long."

Truly the situation is so violent it can not last. And, in effect, a wild thought, not quite new, ripens to a resolution in the Crown-Prince under such pressures, in reference to which, as we grope and guess, here is a Billet to Mamma, which Wilhelmina has preserved. Wilhelmina omits all trace of date, as usual; but Dubourgay, in the above Excerpt, probably supplies that defect:

Friedrich to his Mother (Potsdam, December, 1729).

"I am in the uttermost despair. What I had always apprehended has at last come on me. The King has entirely forgotten that I am his Son. This morning I came into his room as usual; at the first sight of me," or at the first passage of Kalkstein-dialogue with me, "he sprang forward, seized me by the collar, and struck me a shower of cruel blows with his ratan. I tried in vain to screen myself, he was in so terrible

[1] Wilhelmina, i., 172. [2] Dubourgay, 28th November, 1729.

a rage, almost out of himself; it was only weariness," not my superior strength, "that made him give up.

"I am driven to extremity. I have too much honor to endure such treatment, and I am resolved to put an end to it in one way or another."[3]

Is not this itself sufficiently tragical? Not the first stroke he had got, we can surmise, but the first torrent of strokes, and open beating like a slave, which to a proud young man and Prince, at such age, is indeed *in*tolerable. Wilhelmina knows too well what he means by "ending it in one way or another," but strives to reassure Mamma as to its meaning "flight," or the like desperate resolution. "Mere violence of the moment," argues Wilhelmina, terribly aware that it is deeper rooted than that.

Flight is not a new idea to the Crown-Prince; in a negative form we have seen it present in the minds of by-standers: "a Crown-Prince determined *not* to fly," whispered they.[4] Some weeks ago, Wilhelmina writes, "The King's bad treatment began again on his reappearance" at Potsdam after the Hunting; "he never saw my Brother without threatening him with his cane. My Brother told me day after day He would endure every thing from the King, only not blows; and that, if it ever came to such extremity, he would be prepared to deliver himself by running off." And here, it would seem, the extremity has actually come.

Wilhelmina, pitying her poor Brother, but condemning him on many points, continues:[5] "Lieutenant Keith," that wild companion of his, "had been gone some time; stationed in Wesel with his regiment," which fact let us also keep in mind. "Keith's departure had been a great joy to me, in the hope my Brother would now lead a more regular life; but it proved quite otherwise. A second favorite, and a much more dangerous, succeeded Keith. This was a young man of the name of Katte, Captain Lieutenant in the Regiment *Gens d'Armes*. He was highly connected in the Army; his Mother had been a daughter of Fieldmarschall Graf von Wartensleben," a highest dignitary of the last generation. Katte's Father, now a General of distinction, rose also to be Fieldmarschall; Cousins too, sons of a Kammer-President von Katte at Magdeburg, rose to Army rank in time coming, but not this poor Katte, whom let the reader note!

[3] Wilhelmina, i., 175. [4] Dubourgay (9th August, 1729), *suprà*, p. 91.
[5] i., 173–174.

"General Katte, his Father," continues Wilhelmina, "had sent him to the Universities, and afterward to travel, desiring he should be a Lawyer. But as there was no favor to expect out of the Army, the young man found himself at last placed there, contrary to his expectation. He continued to apply himself to studies: he had wit, book-culture, acquaintance with the world; the good company which he continued to frequent had given him polite manners to a degree then rare in Berlin. His physiognomy was rather disagreeable than otherwise. A pair of thick black eyebrows almost covered the eyes of him; his look had in it something ominous, presage of the fate he met with: a tawny skin, torn by small-pox, increased his ugliness. He affected the free-thinker, and carried libertinism to excess; a great deal of ambition and headlong rashness accompanied this vice." A dangerous adviser here in the Berlin element, with lightnings going! "Such a favorite was not the man to bring back my Brother from his follies. This I learned at our" (Mamma's and my) "return to Berlin" from the Wusterhausen and the Potsdam tribulations, and think of it, not without terror, now that the extremity seems coming or come.

CHAPTER IX.

DOUBLE MARRIAGE SHALL BE OR SHALL NOT BE.

FOR one thing, Friedrich Wilhelm, weary of all this English pother and futility, will end the Double Marriage speculation; Wilhelmina shall be disposed of, and so an end. Friedrich Wilhelm, once the hunting was over at Wusterhausen, ran across southward—to "Lubnow," Wilhelmina calls it—to Lübben in the Nether Lausitz,[1] a short day's drive, there to meet, incognito, the jovial Polish Majesty on his route toward Dresden, to see a review or so, and have a little talk with the ever-cheerful Man of Sin. Grumkow and Seckendorf, of course these accompany; Majesty's shadow is not surer.

Review was held at Lübben, Weissenfels, Commander-in-chief, taking charge; dinner also, a dinner or two, with much talk and

[1] 25th October, 1729 (Fassmann, p. 404).

1st Jan., 1730.

drink; and there it was settled, Wilhelmina has since known, that Weissenfels, Royal Highness in the Abstract, was to be her Husband after all. Weissenfels will do; either Weissenfels, or else the Margraf of Schwedt, thinks Friedrich Wilhelm; somebody shall marry the baggage out of hand, and let us have done with that. Grumkow, as we know, was very anxious for it, calculating thereby to cut the ground from under the Old Dessauer, and make this Weissenfels Generalissimo of Prussia: a patriotic thought. Polish Majesty lent hand, always willing to oblige.

Friedrich Wilhelm, on his return homeward, went round by Dahme for a night; not "Dam," O Princess! there is no such town or schloss. Round by Dahme, a little town and patch of territory in the Saxon Countries, which was Weissenfels's Appanage, "where plenty of Tokay" cheered the royal heart; and, in such mood, it seemed as if one's Daughter might do very well in this extremely limited position. And Weissenfels, though with dark misgivings as to Queen Sophie, was but too happy to consent: the foolish creature! a little given to liquor too. Friedrich Wilhelm, with this fine project in his head, drove home to Potsdam, and there laid about him, on the poor Crown-Prince, in the way we have seen, terrifying Queen and Princesses, who are at Berlin till Christmas and the Carnival be over. Friedrich Wilhelm means to see the Polish Majesty again before long, probably so soon as this of Weissenfels is fairly got through the Female Parliament, where it is like there will be difficulties.

Christmas came to Berlin, and the King with it, who did the gayeties for a week or two, and spoke nothing about business to his Female Parliament. Dubourgay saw him at Parade on New Year's morning, whither all manner of Foreign Dignitaries had come to pay their respects: "Well," cried the King to Dubourgay, "we shall have a War, then"—universal deadly tug at those Italian Appanages, for and against an insulted Kaiser—"War; and then all that is crooked will be pulled straight!" So spake Friedrich Wilhelm on the New Year's morning; War in Italy, universal spasm of wrestle there, being now the expectation of foolish mankind. Crooked will be pulled straight, thinks Friedrich Wilhelm; and perhaps certain high Majesties, deaf to

the voice of Should-not, will understand that of Can-not, Excellenz! Crooked will become straight? "Indeed, if so, your Majesty, the sooner the better!" I ventured to answer.[2]

New Year's day is not well in, and the ceremonial wishes over, when Friedrich Wilhelm, his mind full of serious domestic and foreign matter, withdraws to Potsdam again, and therefrom begins fulminating in a terrible manner on his womankind at Berlin, what we called his Female Parliament—too much given to opposition courses at present; intends to have his measures passed there, in defiance of opposition, straightway, and an end put to this inexpressible Double Marriage higgle-haggle. Speed to him! we will say. Three high Crises occur, three or even four, which can now, without much detail, be made intelligible to the patient reader; on the back of which, we look for some catastrophe and finis to the Business: any catastrophe that will prove a finis, how welcome will it be!

Wilhelmina to be married out of hand. Crisis First: England Shall say Yes or say No.

Still early in January, a few days after his Majesty's return to Potsdam, three high Official gentlemen—Count Finck von Finckenstein, old Tutor to the Prince, Grumkow, and General Borck—announce themselves one morning: "Have a pressing message from the King to her Majesty."[3] Queen is astonished, expecting any thing sooner. "This regards me, I have a dreading!" shuddered Wilhelmina to Mamma. "No matter," said the Queen, shrugging her shoulders; "one must have firmness, and that is not what I shall want;" and her Majesty went into the Audience-chamber, leaving Wilhelmina in such tremors.

Finckenstein, a friendly man, as Borck too is, explains to her Majesty "that they three have received each a Letter overnight—Letter from the King, enjoining, in the *first* place, 'silence under pain of death;' in the *second* place, apprising them that he, the King, will no longer endure her Majesty's disobedience in regard to the marriage of his Daughter, but will banish Daughter and Mother 'to Oranienburg,' quasi-divorce, and outer darkness, unless there be compliance with his sovereign will;

[2] Dubourgay, 8th January, 1730. [3] Wilhelmina, i., 180.

Jan., 1730.

thirdly, that they are accordingly to go, all three, to her Majesty, to deliver the inclosed Royal Autograph" (which Finckenstein presents), "testifying what said sovereign will is, and on the above terms expect her Majesty's reply," as they have now sorrowfully done, Finckenstein and Borck with real sorrow, Grumkow with the reverse of real.

Sovereign will is to the effect: "Write to England one other time, Will you at once marry, or not at once; Yea or No? Answer can be here within a fortnight; three weeks, even in case of bad winds. If the answer be not Yea at once, then you, Madam, you at once choose Weissenfels or Schwedt, one or the other—under what penalties you know; Oranienburg and worse!"

Here is a crisis. But her Majesty did not want firmness. "Write to England? Yes, willingly; but as to Weissenfels and Schwedt, whatever answer come from England, Impossible!" steadily answers her Majesty. There was much discourse, suasive, argumentative; Grumkow "quoting Scripture on her Majesty, as the Devil can on occasion," says Wilhelmina. Express Scriptures, *Wives, be obedient to your husbands*, and the like texts; but her Majesty, on the Scripture side too, gave him as good as he brought. "Did not Bethuel, the son of Milcah,[4] when Abraham's servant asked his daughter in marriage for young Isaac, answer, *We will call the damsel and inquire of her mouth. And they called Rebeccah, and said unto her, Wilt thou go with this man? And she said, I will go.*" Scripture for Scripture, Herr von Grumkow! "Wives must obey their husbands, surely yes; but the husbands are to command things just and reasonable. The King's procedure is not accordant with that law. He is for doing violence to my Daughter's inclination, and rendering her unhappy for the rest of her days; will give her a brutal debauchee," fat Weissenfels, so describable in strong language; "a younger brother, who is nothing but the King of Poland's officer; landless, and without means to live according to his rank. Or can it be the State that will profit from such a marriage? If they have a Household, the King will have to support it. Write to England? yes; but, whatever the answer of England,

[4] Genesis xxiv., 14–58.

Weissenfels never! A thousand times sooner see my child in her grave than hopelessly miserable!" Here a qualm overtook her Majesty; for, in fact, she is in an interesting state, third month of her time: "I am not well. You should spare me, Gentlemen, in the state I am in. I do not accuse the King," concluded she: "I know," hurling a glance at Grumkow, "to whom I owe all this," and withdrew to her interior privacies, reading there with Wilhelmina "the King's cruel Letter," and weeping largely, though firm to the death.[5]

What to do in such a crisis? Assemble the Female Parliament for one thing: good Madam Finckenstein (old Tutor's wife), good Mamsell Bülow, Mamsell Sonsfeld (Wilhelmina's Governess), and other faithful women: well if we can keep away traitresses, female spies that are prowling about, especially one "Ramen," a Queen's soubrette, who gets trusted with every thing and betrays every thing, upon whom Wilhelmina is often eloquent. Never was such a traitress; took Dubourgay's bribe, which the Queen had advised, and, all the same, betrays every thing, bribe included. And the Queen, so bewitched, can keep nothing from her. Female Parliament must take precautions about the Ramen! For the rest, Female Parliament advises two things: 1°. Pressing Letter to England; that, of course, written with the eloquence of despair: and then, 2°. That, in case of utter extremity, her Majesty "pretend to fall ill." That is Crisis First, and that is their expedient upon it.

Letter goes to England, therefore, setting forth the extremity of strait and pinch: "Now or never, O my Sister Caroline!" Many such have gone, first and last, but this is the strongest of all. Nay, the Crown-Prince too shall write to his Aunt of England; you, Wilhelmina, draw out a fit brief Letter for him; send it to Potsdam; he will copy it there![6] So orders the mother: Wilhelmina does it, with a terrified heart; Crown-Prince copies without scruple: "I have already given your Majesty my word of honor never to wed any one but the Princess Ame-

[5] Wilhelmina, i., 179–182. Dubourgay has nothing, probably had heard nothing, there being "silence under pain of death" for the moment.

[6] Wilhelmina, i., 183.

17th Jan., 1730.

lia, your Daughter; I here reiterate that promise, in case your Majesty will consent to my Sister's Marriage," should that alone prove possible in the present intricacies. "We are all reduced to such a state that—" Wilhelmina gives the Letter in full; but as it is professedly of her own composition, a loose, vague piece, the very date of which you have to grope out for yourself, it can not even count among the several Letters written by the Crown-Prince, both before and after it, to the same effect, which are now probably all of them lost,[7] without regret to any body; and we will not reckon it worth transcribing farther. Such Missive, such two Missives (not now found in any Archive) speed to England by express; may the winds be favorable. Her Majesty waits anxious at Berlin, ready to take refuge in a bed of sickness should bad come to worse.

Dubourgay strikes a light for the English Court.

In England, in the mean while, they have received a curious little piece of secret information. One Reichenbach, Prussian Envoy at London—Dubourgay has long marveled at the man and at the news he sends to Berlin. Here, of date 17th January, 1730, is a Letter on that subject from Dubourgay, official, but private as yet, for "George Tilson, Esq." Tilson is Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office, whose name often turns up on such occasions in the *Dubourgay*, the *Robinson*, and other extinct Paper-heaps of that time. Dubourgay dates doubly, by old *and* new style; in general we print by the new only, unless the contrary be specified.

To George Tilson, Esq. (Private).

"Berlin, 6th Jan., 1729 (by new style, 17th Jan., 1730).

"Sir,—I believe you may remember that we have for a long time suspected that most of Reichenbach's Dispatches were dictated by some people here. About two days ago a Paper fell into my hands," realized quietly for a consideration, "containing an Account of money charged to the 'Brothers Jourdan and Lautiers,' Merchants here, by their Correspondent in London, for sending Letters from," properly in or through, "your City to Reichenbach.

[7] *Trace* of one, Copy of *Answer* from Queen Caroline to what seems to have been one, Answer rather of dissuasive tenor, is in State Paper Office: *Prussian Dispatches*, vol. xl., dateless; probably some months later in 1730.

"Jourdan and Lautiers's London Correspondents are Mr. Thomas Greenhill, in Little Bell Alley, and Mr. John Motteux, in St. Mary Axe. Mr. Guerin, my agent, knows them very well, having paid them several little bills on my account." Better ask Mr. Guerin. "I know not through the hands of which of those Merchants the above-mentioned Letters have passed, but you have ways enough to find it out, if you think it worth while. I make no manner of doubt but Grumkow and his party make use of this conveyance to (*sic*) their instructions to Reichenbach. In the Account which I have seen, 'eighteen pence' is charged for carrying each Letter to Reichenbach: the charge in general is for 'Thirty-two Letters,' and refers to a former Account," so that they must have been long at it. "I am, with the greatest truth,

"DUBOURGAY."

Here is a trail which Tilson will have no difficulty in running down. I forget whether it was in Bell Alley or St. Mary Axe that the nest was found, but found it soon was, and the due springes were set, and game came steadily dropping in—Letters to and Letters from—which, when once his Britannic Majesty had, with reluctance, given warrant to open and decipher them, threw light on Prussian affairs, and yielded fine sport and speculation in the Britannic Majesty's Apartment on an evening.

This is no other than the celebrated "Cipher Correspondence between Grumkow and Reichenbach:" Grumkow covertly instructing his slave Reichenbach what the London news shall be; Reichenbach answering him, To hear is to obey! Correspondence much noised of in the modern Prussian Books, and which was, no doubt, very wonderful to Tilson and Company; capable of being turned to uses, they thought. The reader shall see specimens by-and-by; and he will find it unimportant enough, and unspeakably stupid to him. It does show Grumkow as the extreme of subtle fowlers, and how the dirty-fingered Seckendorf and he cooked their bird-lime; but to us that is not new, though at St. James's it was. Perhaps uses may lie in it there? At all events, it is a pretty topic in Queen Caroline's apartment on an evening; and the little Majesty and she, with various laughters and reflections, can discern a little how a poor King of Prussia is befooled by his servants, and in what way a fierce Bear is led about by the nose, and dances to Grumkow's piping. Poor soul, much of his late raging and growling, perhaps it was

25th Jan., 1730.

only Grumkow's, and not his! Does not hate us, he, perhaps, but only Grumkow through him? This doleful enchantment, and that the Royal Wild Bear only dances to tunes, ought to be held in mind when we want any thing with him. Those, amid the teheeings, are reflections that can not escape Queen Caroline and her little George, while the Prussian Express, unknown to them, is on the road.

Wilhelmina to be married out of hand. Crisis Second: England shall have said No.

The Prussian Express, Queen Sophie's Courier to England, made his best speed; but he depends on the winds for even arriving there, and then he depends on the chances for an answer there; an uncertain Courier as to time, and it was not in the power of speed to keep pace with Friedrich Wilhelm's impatience. "No answer yet?" growls Friedrich Wilhelm before a fortnight is gone. "No answer?" and January has not ended till a new Deputation of the same Three Gentlemen, Finckenstein, Borck, Grumkow, again waits on the Queen, for whom there is now this other message. "Wednesday, 25th January, 1730," so Dubourgay dates it; so likewise Wilhelmina, right for once: "a day I shall never forget," adds she.

Finckenstein and Borck, merciful persons, and always of the English party, were again profoundly sorry. Borck has a blaze of temper in him withal: we hear he apprised Grumkow at one point of the dialogue that he, Grumkow, was a "scoundrel"—so Dubourgay calls it—which was one undeniable truth offered there that day. But what can any thing profit? The Message is: "Whatever the answer now be from England, I will have nothing to do with it. Negative, procrastinative, affirmative, to me it shall be zero. You, Madam, have to choose for Wilhelmina between Weissenfels and Schwedt, otherwise I myself will choose, and upon you and her will alight Oranienburg, outer darkness, and just penalties of mutiny against the Authority set over you by God and men. Weissenfels or Schwedt: choose straightway." This is the King's message by these Three.

"You can inform the King," replied her Majesty,[8] "that he

[8] Wilhelmina, i., 188.

will never make me consent to render my Daughter miserable, and that, so long as a breath of life (*un souffle de vie*) remains in me, I will not permit her to take either the one or the other of those persons." Is that enough? "For you, sir," added her Majesty, turning to Grumkow, "for you, Sir, who are the author of my misfortunes, may my curse fall upon you and your house! You have this day killed me; but I doubt not Heaven will hear my prayer and avenge my wrongs."[9] And herewith to a bed of sickness, as the one refuge left!

Her Majesty does now, in fact, take to bed at Berlin; "fallen very ill," it would appear, which gives some pause to Friedrich Wilhelm till he ascertain. "Poorly for certain," report the Doctors, even Friedrich Wilhelm's Doctor. The humane Doctors have silently given one another the hint, for Berlin is one tempest of whispers about her Majesty's domestic sorrows. "Poorly, for interesting reasons; perhaps be worse before she is better, your Majesty!" "Hmph!" thinks Friedrich Wilhelm out at Potsdam. And then the treacherous Ramen reports that it is all shamming, and his Majesty, a Bear, though a loving one, is driven into wrath again, and so wavers from side to side.

It is certain the Queen held faster or looser by her bed of sickness as a main refuge in these emergencies, the last shift of oppressed womankind, sanctioned by Female Parliament in this instance. "Has had a miscarriage!" writes Dubourgay, from Berlin gossip, at the beginning of the business. Nay, at one time she became really ill to a dangerous length, and his Majesty did not at first believe it, and then was like to break his heart, poor Bear, and pardoned Wilhelmina and even Fritz, at the Mother's request, till symptoms mended again.[10] *Jarnibleu*, Herr Seckendorf, "Grumkow serves us honorably (*dienet ehrlich*)," does not he? Ambiguous bed of sickness, a refuge in time of trouble, did not quite terminate till May next, when her Majesty's time came; a fine young Prince the result,[11] and this mode of refuge in trouble ceased to be necessary.

[9] Dubourgay, 28th January, 1730; Wilhelmina, i., 188 (who suppresses the maledictory part).

[10] Wilhelmina, i., 207.

[11] 23d May, 1730, August Ferdinand, her last child.

Wilhelmina to be married out of hand. Crisis Third: Majesty himself will choose, then.

Directly on the back of that peremptory act of disobedience by the womankind on Wednesday last, Friedrich Wilhelm came to Berlin himself. He stormfully reproached his Queen, regardless of the sick-bed; intimated the infallible certainty that Wilhelmina would wed without delay, and that either Weissenfels or Schwedt would be the man. And this said, he straightway walked out to put the same in execution.

Walked, namely, to the Mother Margravine of Schwedt, the lady in high colors, Old Dessauer's Sister, and proposed to her that Wilhelmina should marry her Son. "The supreme wish of my life, your Majesty," replied she of the high colors; "but, against the Princess's own will, how can I accept such happiness? Alas! your Majesty, I never can," and flatly refused his Majesty on those terms, a thing Wilhelmina will ever gratefully remember of her.[12]

So that the King is now reduced to Weissenfels, and returns still more indignant to her Majesty's apartment. Weissenfels, however, it shall be; and frightful rumors go that he is written to, that he is privately coming, and that there will be no remedy.[13] Wilhelmina, formerly almost too florid, is gone to a shadow, "her waist hardly half an ell," worn down by these agitations. The Prince and she, if the King see either of them, it is safer to run, or squat behind screens.

How Friedrich, Prince of Baireuth, came to be the Man, after all.

In this high wind of extremity, the King now on the spot and in such temper, Borck privately advises "that her Majesty bend a little; pretend to give up the English connection, and propose a third party to get rid of Weissenfels." "What third party, then?" "Well, there is young Brandenburg-Culmbach, for example, Heir-Apparent of Baireuth; Friedrich, a handsome enough young Prince, just coming home from the Grand Tour, we hear; will have a fine Territory when his Father dies;

[12] Wilhelmina, i., 197. [13] Ib.

age is suitable; old kinship with the House; all money-quarrels settled eight or ten years ago: why not him?" "Excellent!" said her Majesty, and does suggest him to the King in the next Schwedt-Weissenfels onslaught. Friedrich Wilhelm grumbles an assent, "Well, then; but I will be passive, observe; not a *groschen* of Dowry, for one thing!"

And this is the first appearance of the young Margraf Friedrich, Heir-Apparent of Baireuth, who comes in as a hypothetic figure at this last stage, and will carry off the fair prize, as is well known; still only doing the Grand Tour; little dreaming of the high fortune about to drop into his mouth. So many wooers, "four Kings" among them, suing in vain; him, without suing, the Fates appoint to be the man.

Not a bad young fellow at all, though no king. Wilhelmina, we shall find, takes charmingly to him, like a good female soul, regretless of the Four Kings; finds her own safe little island there the prettiest in the world, after such perils of drowning in stormy seas. Of his Brandenburg genealogy, degree of cousinship to Queen Caroline of England, and to the lately-wedded young gentleman of Anspach, Queen Caroline's Nephew, we shall say nothing farther, having already spoken of it, and even drawn an abstruse Diagram of it[14] sufficient for the most genealogical reader. But in regard to that of the peremptory "not a *groschen* of Dowry" from Friedrich Wilhelm (which was a bark after all, and proved the reverse of a bite from his Majesty), there may a word of explanation be permissible.

The Ancestor of this Baireuth Prince Friedrich—as readers knew once, but doubtless have forgotten again—was a Younger Son, and for six generations so it stood; not till the Father of this Friedrich was of good age, and only within these few years, did the Elder branch die out, and the Younger, in the person of said Father, succeed to Baireuth. Friedrich's Grandfather, as all these progenitors had done, lived poorly, like Cadets, on appanages and makeshifts.

So that the young Prince's Father, George Friedrich, present incumbent, as we may call him, of Baireuth, found himself—with a couple of Brothers he has, whom also we may transient-

[14] Anteà, vol. i., p. 290, 291.

ly see by-and-by—in very straitened circumstances in their young years. *Their* Father, son of younger sons as we saw, was himself poor, and he had Fourteen of them as family. Now, in old King Friedrich I.'s time, it became apparent, as the then reigning Margraf of Baireuth's children all died soon after birth, that one of these necessitous Fourteen was likely to succeed in Baireuth if they could hold out. Old King Friedrich thereupon said, "You have chances of succession; true enough, but nobody knows what will become of that. Sell your chance to me, who am ultimate Heir of all: I will give you a round sum—the little 'Domain of Weverlingen' in the Halberstadt Country, and say 'Half a Million Thalers;' there you can live comfortably, and support your Fourteen Children." "Done," said the necessitous Cousin: went to Weverlingen accordingly, and there lived the rest of his days till 1708, leaving his necessitous Fourteen, or about ten of them that were alive and growing up, still all minors, and necessitous enough.

The young men, George Friedrich at the top of them, kept silence in Weverlingen, and conformed to Papa, having nothing to live upon elsewhere. But they had their own thoughts, especially as their Cousin of Baireuth was more and more likely to die childless. And at length, being in the Kaiser's service as soldiers some of them, and having made what interest was feasible, they, early in Friedrich Wilhelm's reign, burst out; that is to say, appealed to the *Reichshofrath* (Imperial Aulic Council at Vienna, chief Court of the Empire in such cases), openly protesting there that their Papa had no power to make such a bargain, selling their birthright for immediate pottage; and that, in brief, they would not stand by it at all, and summoned Friedrich Wilhelm to show cause why they should.

Long lawsuit in consequence, lengthy law pleadings, and much parchment and wiggery in that German Triple Elixir of Chancery, little to the joy of Friedrich Wilhelm. Friedrich Wilhelm, from the first, was fairness itself: "Pay me back the money, and let it be in all points as you say," answered Friedrich Wilhelm from the first. Alas! the money was eaten; how could the money be paid back? The Reichshofrath dubitatively shook its wig for years: "Bargain bad in Law, but Money clearly re-

payable: the Money was and is good; what shall be done about the Money?" At length, in 1722, Friedrich Wilhelm, of himself, settled with this present Margraf, then Heir-Presumptive, how, by steady slow installments, it could be possible, from the revenues of Baireuth, thriftly administered, to pay back that Half Million and odd Thalers; and the now Margraf, ever since his accession in 1726, has been annually doing it, so that there is, at this time, nothing but composed kinship and friendship between the two Courts, the little and the big; only Friedrich Wilhelm, especially with his will crossed in this matter of the Baireuth Marriage, thinks to himself, "Throw more money into such a gulf? The 600,000 Thalers had better be got out first!" and says he will give no Dowry at all, nor take any charge, not so much as give away the Bride, but be passive in the matter.

Queen Sophie, delighted to conquer Grumkow at any rate, is charmed with this notion of Baireuth, and for a moment forgets all other considerations: Should England prove slack and fail, what a resource will Baireuth be compared with Weissenfels! And Wilhelmina entering, her Majesty breaks forth into admiration over the victory, or half victory just gained: What a husband for you this, my dear, in comparison! And as Wilhelmina can not quite join in the rapture on a sudden, and can not even consent, unless Papa too give his real countenance to the match, Mamma flies out upon the poor young Lady:[15] "Take the Grand Turk or the Great Mogul, then," said the Queen, "and follow your own caprice! I should not have brought so many sorrows on myself had I known you better. Follow the King's bidding, then; it is your own affair. I will no longer trouble myself about your concerns; and spare me, please, the sorrow of your odious presence, for I can not stand it!" Wilhelmina wished to reply, but the answer was "Silence! Go, I tell you!" "And I retired all in tears."

"All in tears." The Double Marriage drifting furiously this long while in such a sea as never was, and breakers now close alee, have the desperate crew fallen to staving in the liquor casks, and quarreling with one another? Evident one thing is, her

[15] Wilhelmina, i., 201.

Majesty can not be considered a perfectly wise Mother! We shall see what her behavior is when Wilhelmina actually weds this respectable young Prince. Ungrateful creature, to wish Papa's consent as well as mine! that is the maternal feeling at this moment; and Wilhelmina weeps bitterly, as one of the unluckiest of young Ladies.

Nay, her Brother himself, who is sick of this permanent hurricane, and would fain see the end of it at any price, takes Mamma's part, and Wilhelmina and he come to high words on the matter. This was the unkindest cut of all; but, of course, this healed in a day. Poor Prince, he has his own allowance of insults, disgraces, blows; has just been found out in some plan, or suspicion of a plan; found out to be in debt at least, and been half-miraculously pardoned, and, except in flight, he still sees no deliverance ahead. Five days ago, 22d January, 1730, there came out a Cabinet Order (summary Act of Parliament, so to speak) against "lending money to Princes of the Blood, were it even to the Prince Royal." A crime and misdemeanor that shall now be, and Forfeiture of the Money is only part of the penalty, according to this Cabinet Order. Rumor is, the Crown-Prince had purchased a vehicle and appurtenances at Leipzig, and was for running off. Certainty is, he was discovered to have borrowed 1000 Thalers from a certain moneyed man at Berlin (money made from French scrip in Mississippi Law's time), which debt Friedrich Wilhelm instantly paid. "Your whole debt, then, is that? Tell me the whole!" "My whole debt," answered the Prince, who durst not own to about 9000 other Thalers (£1500) he has borrowed from other quarters first and last. Friedrich Wilhelm saw, perhaps, some premonition of flight or of desperate measures in this business, and was unexpectedly mild: paid the 1000 Thalers instantly, adding the Cabinet Order against future contingencies.[16] The Prince was in this humor when he took Mamma's side, and redoubled Wilhelmina's grief.

[16] Ranke, i., 296; Förster, &c.

Double Marriage, on the edge of shipwreck, flies off a kind of Carrier Pigeon, or Noah's Dove, to England, with cry for Help.

Faithful Mamsell Bülow consoles the Princess: "Wait; I have news that will put her Majesty in fine humor!" And she really proved as good as her word. Her news is, Dubourgay and Knyphausen, in this extremity of pinch, have decided to send off, not letters merely, but a speaking Messenger to the English Court—one Dr. Villa, some kind of "English Chaplain" here,[17] whose chief trade is that he teaches Wilhelmina English; Rev. Dr. Villa, who honors Wilhelmina as he ought, shall be the man; is to go instantly; will explain what the fatal pass we are reduced to is, and whether Princess Wilhelmina is the fright some represent her there or not.

Her Majesty is overjoyed to hear it: who would not be? Her Majesty "writes Letters" of the due vehemency, thinks Wilhelmina—dare not write at all, says Dubourgay—but loads Villa with presents, with advices; with her whole heart speeds him under way. "Dismissed, turned off for some fault or other, or perhaps because the Princess knows enough of English?" so the rumor goes in Villa's Berlin circle.

"The Chaplain set out with his dispatches," says Wilhelmina, who does not name him, but is rather eloquent upon his errand, "loaded with presents from the Queen. On taking leave of me he wept warm tears. He said, 'saluting in the English fashion'—I hope with bended knee, and the maiden's fingers at his lips—'He would deny his Country if it did not do its duty on this occasion,'" and so hastened forth on his errand. Like a Carrier Pigeon sent in extremity—like Noah's Dove in the Deluge, may he revisit our perishing Ark with Olive in his bill!

[17] Wilhelmina, i., 203; Dubourgay's Dispatch, 28th January, 1730.

BOOK VII.

FEARFUL SHIPWRECK OF THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE PROJECT.

February—November, 1730.

CHAPTER I.

ENGLAND SENDS THE EXCELLENCY HOTHAM TO BERLIN.

THINGS, therefore, are got to a dead lock at Berlin: rebellious Womankind peremptorily refuse Weissenfels, and take to a bed of sickness; inexpugnable there for the moment. Baireuth is but a weak middle term, and there are disagreements on it. Answer from England, affirmative or even negative, we have yet none. Promptly affirmative, that might still avail, and be an honorable outcome. Perhaps better pause till that arrive and declare itself? Friedrich Wilhelm knows nothing of the Villa mission, of the urgencies that have been used in England; but, in present circumstances, he can pause for their answer.

Majesty, and Crown-Prince with him, make a run to Dresden.

To outward appearance, Friedrich Wilhelm, having written that message to Baireuth, seems easier in mind; quiet with the Queen, though dangerous for exploding if Wilhelmina and the Prince come in view. Wilhelmina mostly squats; Prince, who has to be in view, gets slaps and strokes "daily (*journellement*)," says the Princess—or almost daily. For the rest, it is evident enough, Weissenfels, if not got passed through the Female Parliament, is thrown out on the second reading, and so is at least *finished*. Ought we not to make a run to Dresden, therefore, and apprise the Polish Majesty?

Short run to Dresden is appointed for February 18th,[1] and the Prince Royal, perhaps suspected of meditating something, and safer in his Father's company than elsewhere, is to go. Wil-

[1] Fassmann, p. 404.

helmina had taken leave of him night of the 17th, in her Majesty's Apartment, and was in the act of undressing for bed, when—judge of a young Princess's terror and surprise—

"There stepped into the ante-room," visible in the half-light there, a most handsome little Cavalier, dressed, not succinctly as Colonel of the Potsdam Giants, but "in magnificent French style. I gave a shriek, not knowing who it was, and hid myself behind a screen. Madame de Sonsfeld, my Governess, not less frightened than myself, ran out" to see what audacious person, at such undue hour, it could be. "But she returned next moment accompanying the Cavalier, who was laughing heartily, and whom I recognized for my brother. His dress so altered him he seemed a different person. He was in the best humor possible.

"'I am come to bid you farewell once more, my dear Sister,' said he, 'and as I know the friendship you have for me, I will not keep you ignorant of my designs. I go, and do not come back. I can not endure the usage I suffer; my patience is driven to an end. It is a favorable opportunity for flinging off that odious yoke. I will glide out of Dresden, and get across to England, where I do not doubt I shall work out your deliverance too when I am got thither. So I beg you calm yourself. We shall soon meet again in places where joy shall succeed our tears, and where we shall have the happiness to see ourselves in peace, and free from these persecutions.'"[2]

Wilhelmina stood stupefied in silence for some moments; argued long with her Brother; finally got him to renounce those wild plans, or at least postpone them, and give her his word that he would attempt nothing on the present occasion.

This small Dresden Excursion of February, 1730, passed, accordingly, without accident. It was but the prelude to a much grander Visit now agreed upon between the neighboring Majesties, for there is a grand thing in the wind; something truly sublime, of the scenic-military kind, which has not yet got a name, but shall soon have a world-wide one—"Camp of Mühlberg," "Camp of Radewitz," or however to be named—which his Polish Majesty will hold in those Saxon parts in a month or two: a thing that will astonish all the world, we may hope, and where the King and Prince of Prussia are to attend as chief guests.

It was during this brief absence in February, or directly after Friedrich Wilhelm had returned, that Queen Sophie had that

[2] Wilhelmina, i., 205.

fit of real sickness we spoke of. Scarcely was his Majesty got home, when the Queen, rather ambiguous in her sicknesses of late, fell really and dangerously ill, so that Friedrich Wilhelm, at last recognizing it for real, came hurrying in from Potsdam; wept loud and abundantly, poor man; declared in private "he would not survive his Feckin;" and for her sake solemnly pardoned Wilhelmina, and even Fritz, till the symptoms mended.[3]

How Villa was received in England.

Meanwhile Dr. Villa, in England, has sped not ill. Villa's eloquence of truth; the Grumkow-Reichenbach Correspondence in St. Mary Axe—these two things produce their effect. These on the one hand, and then, on the other, certain questionable aspects of Fleury after that fine Soissons Catastrophe to the Kaiser, and certain interior quarrels in the English Ministry, partly grounded thereon: "On the whole, why should not we detach Friedrich Wilhelm from the Kaiser, if we could, and comply with a Royal Sister?" think they at St. James's.

Political men take some interest in the question: "Why neglect your Prince of Wales?" grumbles the Public. "It is a solid Protestant match, eligible for Prince Fred and us!" "Why bother with the Kaiser and his German puddles?" asks Walpole. "Once detach Prussia from him, the Kaiser will perhaps sit still, and leave the world and us free of his Pragmatics, and his Sanctions, and Appanages." "Quit of him? German puddles?" answers Townshend dubitatively, who has gained favor at head-quarters by going deeply into said puddles, and is not so ardent for the Prussian match, and, indeed, is generally getting into quarrel with Walpole and Queen Caroline.[4] These things are all favorable to Dr. Villa.

In fact, there is one of those political tempests (dreadful to the tea-pot, were it not experienced in them) going on in England at this time—what we call a Change of Ministry—daily crisis laboring toward fulfillment, or brewing itself ripe. Townshend and Walpole have had (how many weeks ago Coxe does not tell us) that meeting in Colonel Selwyn's which ended in their clutching at Swords, nay, almost at coat-collars:[5] hon-

[3] Wilhelmina, i., 306. [4] Coxe, i., 332–339. [5] Ib., p. 335.

orable Brothers-in-Law; but the good sister who used to reconcile them is now dead. Their quarrels, growing for some years past, are coming to a head. "When the firm used to be Townshend and Walpole, all was well; when it had to become Walpole and Townshend, all was not well," said Walpole afterward.

Things had already gone so far that Townshend brought Chesterfield over from the Hague last Autumn—a Baron de Montesquieu, with the *Esprit des Lois* in his head, sailed with Lord Chesterfield on that occasion, and is now in England "for two years"—but Chesterfield could not be made Secretary, industrious Duke of Newcastle stuck so close by that office, and by the skirts of Walpole. Chesterfield and Townshend *versus* Walpole, Colonel Stanhope (Harrington), and the Pelhams: the Prussian match is a card in that game, and Dr. Villa's eloquence of truth is not lost on Queen Caroline, who, in a private way, manages, as always, to rule pretty supreme in it.

There lies in the State Paper Office,[6] without date or signature, a loose, detached bit of writing, in scholastic style, but brief and to the purpose, which is evidently the Memorial of Villa, but as it teaches us nothing that we do not already know, it need not be inserted here. The man, we can perceive farther, continued useful in those Official quarters, answering questions about Prussia, helping in the St. Mary Axe decipherings, and in other small ways for some time longer, after which he vanishes again from all record, whether to teach English farther, or live on some modicum of pension granted, no man knows. Poor old Dove, let out upon the Deluge in serge gown, he did bring back a bit of olive, so to speak; had the presage but held, as it did in Noah's case!

In a word, the English Sovereignties and Ministries have determined that an Envoy Extraordinary (one Hotham, they think of), with the due solemnity, be sent straightway to Berlin, to treat of those interesting matters, and officially put the question there, whom Dubourgay is instructed to announce to his Prussian Majesty with salutation from this Court; as Dubourgay does straightway, with a great deal of pleasure.[7] How welcome to his Majesty we need not say.

[6] Close by Dispatch (Prussian): "London, 8th Feb. (O.S.), 1729-30."

[7] Dispatches: London, 8th February; Berlin, 2d March, 1730.

1st March, 1730.

And, indeed, after such an announcement (1st March, 1730, the day of it), they fell into cheerful dialogue, and the Brigadier had some frank conversation with his Majesty about the "Arbitration Commission," then sitting at Brunswick, and European affairs in general—conversation which is carefully preserved for us in the Brigadier's Dispatch of the morrow. It never was intrinsically of much moment, and is now fallen very obsolete and altogether of none, but, as a glance at first hand into the dim old thoughts of Friedrich Wilhelm, the reader may take it with him:

"The King said next that, though we made little noise, yet he knew well our design was to kindle a fire in other parts of Lower Germany. To which I answered, that if his Majesty would give me favorable hearing, I could easily persuade him of the peaceable intentions of our Allies. 'Well,' says he, 'the Emperor will abandon the Netherlands, and who will be master of them? I see the day when you will make France so powerful that it will be difficult to bring them to reason again.' *Dubourgay:* 'If the Emperor abandoned the Netherlands, they would be governed by their own Magistrates, and defended by their own Militia. As to the French, we are too well persuaded of the benefit of our Allies to—' Upon which the King of Prussia said, 'It appeared plainly we had a mind to dispose as we pleased of Kingdoms and provinces in Italy, so that probably our next thought would be to do the same in Germany.' *Dubourgay:* 'The allotments made in favor of Don Carlos have been made with the consent of the Emperor and the whole Empire. We could not suffer a longer interruption of our Commerce with Spain for the sake of the small difference between the Treaty of Seville and the Quadruple Alliance in regard to the Garrison'"—to the introducing of Spanish Garrisons at once into Parma and Piacenza, which was the special thunderbolt of the late Soissons catastrophe, or Treaty of Seville. "'Well, then,' says his Prussian Majesty, 'you must allow, then, there *is* an infraction of the Quadruple Alliance, and that the Emperor will make war!' 'I hope not,' said I; 'but if so, a Ten-years War, in conjunction with the Allies of Seville, never would be so bad as the interruption of our Commerce with Old and New Spain for one year.'

"The King of Prussia's notion about our *disposing of Provinces in Germany*," adds Dubourgay, "is, I believe, an insinuation of Seckendorf, who, I doubt not, has made him believe we intended to do so with respect to Berg and Jülich."

Very probably; but Hotham is getting under weigh, hopeful

to spoil that game. Prussian Majesty, we see, is not insensible to so much honor, and brightens into hopefulness and fine humor in consequence. What radiancy spread over the Queen's side of the House we need not say. The Tobacco Parliament is like to have a hard task. Friedrich Wilhelm privately is well inclined to have his Daughter married, with such outlooks, if it can be done. The marriage of the Crown-Prince into such a family would also be very welcome, only—only—There are considerations on that side; there are reasons; still more, there are whims, feelings of the mind toward an unloved Heir-Apparent: upon these latter chiefly lie the hopes of Seckendorf and the Tobacco Parliament.

What the Tobacco Parliament's specific insinuations and deliberations were in this alarming interim, no Hansard gives us a hint. Faint and timid they needed at first to be, such unfavorable winds having risen, blowing off at a sad rate the smoke of that abstruse Institution. "*Jarni-bleu!*" snuffles the Feldzeugmeister to himself. But "*Si Deus est nobiscum*," as Grumkow exclaims once to his beautiful Reichenbach, or *Nosti* as he calls him in their slang or cipher language, "if God is with us, who can prevail against us?" For the Grumkow can quote Scripture, nay, solaces himself with it, which is a feat beyond what the Devil is competent to.

Excellency Hotham arrives in Berlin.

The Special Envoy to be sent to Berlin on this interesting occasion is a dignified Yorkshire Baronet, Sir Charles Hotham, "Colonel of the Horse Grenadiers;" he has some post at Court, too, and is still in his best years. His Wife is Chesterfield's Sister; he is, withal, a kind of soldier as we see—man of many sabre-tashes, at least, and acquainted with Cavalry Drill as well as the practices of Gold-sticks; his Father was a General Officer in the Peterborough Spanish Wars. These are his eligibilities, recommending him at Berlin, and to Official men at home. Family is old enough; Hothams of Scarborough in the East Riding; old as *Wilhelmus Bastardus*, and subsists to our own day. Note, however, this Sir Charles Hotham is not the lineal *Son* of the Hothams who lost their heads in the Civil War, nor

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the lineal *Father* of the Lords Hotham that now are; he is, so to speak, *Welsh-Nephew* of the former, and *Welsh-Uncle* of the latter. For the rest, a handsome figure, prompt in French, and much the gentleman. So far has Villa sped.

Hotham got to Berlin on Sunday, 2d April, 1730. He had lingered a little, waiting to gather up some skirts of that Reichenbach-Grumkow Correspondence, and have them ready to show in the proper Quarter; for that is one of the chief arrows in his quiver. But here he is at last, and on Monday he is introduced at Charlottenburg to the Prussian Majesty, and finds an abundant welcome to himself and his preliminaries. "Marriage into that fine high Country (*magnifike Land*) will be welcome to my Daughter, I believe, as flowers in May; to me also how can it be other than welcome! 'Farther instructions,' you say? Yes, surely, and terms honorable on both sides. Only say nothing of it; I had rather tell the girl myself."[8] To that frank purport spoke his Majesty, and invites the Excellency Hotham to stay dinner.

Great dinner at Charlottenburg accordingly, Monday, 3d April, 1730; the two English Excellencies Hotham and Dubourgay, then General Borck, Knyphausen, Grumkow, Seckendorf, and others, "where," says Hotham, giving Dispatch about it, "we all got immoderately drunk;" of which dinner there is sordid narrative from Grumkow to his *Nosti* (to his Reichenbach, in cant speech) still visible through St. Mary Axe, were it worth much attention from us. Passages of wit, loaded with allusion, flew round the table: "A German ducat is change for an English half-guinea," and the like sprightly things. Nay, at one time, Hotham's back being turned, they openly drink—his Majesty, in a state of exhilaration, having blabbed the secret—"To the health of Wilhelmina, Princess of Wales!" upon which the whole Palace of Charlottenburg now bursts into tripudiation, the very valets cutting capers, making somersets, and rushing off with the news to Berlin; observable, only, that Hotham and Dubourgay sat silent in the tripudiation, with faces diplomatically grave. Several points to be settled first; no hallooing till we are out of the wood.

[8] Ranke, i., 284.

News came to Berlin Schloss, doubtless at full gallop, which would only take a quarter of an hour. This is Wilhelmina's experience of it. Afternoon of Monday, April 30, in the Schloss of Berlin, toward sunset, some ornamental seam in one's hand:

"I was sitting quiet in my Apartment, busy with work, and some one reading to me, when the Queen's Ladies rushed in, with a torrent of domestics in the rear, who all bawled out, putting one knee to the ground, 'They were come to salute the Princess of Wales.' I fairly believed these poor people had lost their wits; they would not cease overwhelming me with noise and tumult, their joy was so great they knew not what they did. When the farce had lasted some time, they at last told me"—what our readers know. What the demure Wilhelmina professes she cared next to nothing about. "I was so little moved by it that I answered, going on with my work, 'Is that all?' which greatly surprised them. A while afterward my Sister and several Ladies came to congratulate me. I was much loved, and I felt more delighted at the proofs each gave me of that than at what occasioned them. In the evening I went to the Queen's. You may readily conceive her joy. On my first entrance, she called me 'her dear Princess of Wales,' and addressed Madame de Sonsfeld as 'Milady.' This latter took the liberty of hinting to her that it would be better to keep quiet; that the King, having yet given no notice of this business, might be provoked at such demonstration, and that the least trifle could still ruin all her hopes. The Countess Finckenstein joining her remonstrances to Sonsfeld's, the Queen, though with regret, promised to moderate herself."[9]

This is the effulgent flaming point of the long-agitated English Match, which we have so often caught in a bitterly smoking condition. "The King, indeed, spoke nothing of it to us, on his return to Berlin in a day or two," says Wilhelmina, "which we thought strange." But every body considered it certain, nothing but the details left to settle. "Hotham had daily conferences with the King." "Every post brought letters from the Prince of Wales," of which Wilhelmina saw several: this for one specimen, general purport of the whole: "I conjure you, my dear Hotham, get these negotiations finished! I am madly in love (*amoureux comme un fou*), and my impatience is unequaled.[10] Wilhelmina thought these sentiments "very romantic" on the part of Prince Fred, "who had never seen me, knew me only by repute," and answered his romances and him with tiffs of laughter in a prettily fleering manner.

[9] Wilhelmina, i., 215.

[10] Ib., i., 218.

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Effulgent flame-point, which was of very brief duration indeed, and which sank soon into bitterer smoke than ever, down almost to the choking state. There are now six weeks of Diplomatic History at the Court of Berlin, which end far otherwise than they began—weeks well-nigh indecipherable, so distracted are they by black art and abstruse activities above ground and below, and so distractedly recorded for us—of which, if it be humanly possible, we must try to convey some faint notion to mankind.

CHAPTER II.

LANGUAGE OF BIRDS: EXCELLENCY HOTHAM PROVES UNAVAILING.

ALREADY, next morning after that grand Dinner at Charlottenburg, Friedrich Wilhelm, awakening with his due headache, thought, and was heard saying, He had gone too far! Those gloomy looks of Hotham and Dubourgay on the occasion, they are a sad memento that our joyance was premature. The English mean the Double Marriage, and Friedrich Wilhelm is not ready, and never fairly was, for more than the Single. "Wilhelmina Princess of Wales—yes, with all my heart; but Friedrich to an English Princess—Hm, na," and in a day more,[1] plainly "No." And there it finally rests, or, if rocked about, always settles there again.

And why No? Truly, as regarded Crown-Prince Friedrich's Marriage, the question had its real difficulties, and then, still more, it had its imaginary; and the subterranean activities were busy. The witnesses, contemporaneous and other, assign Three reasons, which the Tobacco Parliament and Friedrich Wilhelm's lively fancy could insist upon till they became irrefragable:

First, his rooted discontent with the Crown-Prince, some even say his jealousy of the Crown-Prince's talents, render it unpleasant to think of promoting him in any way. *Second*, natural German loyalty, enlivened by the hope of Jülich and Berg, attaching Friedrich Wilhelm to the Kaiser's side of things, repels him

[1] "Instruction to his Ministers, 5th April," cited by Ranke, i., 285 n.

with a kind of horror from the Anti-Kaiser or French-English side. "Marry my Daughter, if you like; I shall be glad to salute her as Princess of Wales; but no union in your Treaty of Seville operations: in politics go your own road, if that is it, while I go mine; no tying of us, by Double or other Marriages, to go one road." *Third*, the magnificence of those English. "Regardless of expense," insinuates the Tobacco Parliament; "they will send their grand Princess hither, with no end of money—brought up in grandeur to look down on the like of us. She can dazzle, she can purchase: in the end, may there not be a Crown-Prince Party, capable of extinguishing your Majesty here in your own Court, and making Prussia a bit of England, all eyes being turned to such sumptuous Princess and her Crown-Prince, Heir-Apparent, or 'Rising Sun,' as we may call him?"

These really are three weighty, almost dreadful considerations to a poetic-tempered King and Smoking Parliament, out of which there is no refuge, except, indeed, this plain fourth one: "No hurry about Fritz's marriage;[2] he is but eighteen gone, evidently too young for housekeeping. Thirty is a good time for marrying. 'There is, thank God, no lack of royal lineage; I have two other Princes'—and another just at hand, if I knew it."

To all which there is to be added that ever-recurring, invincible gravitation toward the Kaiser, and also toward Jülich and Berg by means of him, well acted on by the Tobacco Parliament for the space of those six weeks; during which, accordingly, almost from the first day after that Hotham Dinner of April 3d, the answer of the royal mind, with superficial fluctuations, always is, "Wilhelmina at once, if you choose; likely enough we might agree about Crown-Prince Friedrich too, if once all were settled; but of the Double Marriage, at this present time, *höre nit*,[3] I will have nothing to say." And as the English answer steadily, "Both or none!" meaning indeed to draw Prussia away from the Kaiser's leading-strings, and out of his present enchanted condition under the two Black Artists he has about him, the Negotiation sinks again into a mere smoking and extinct or plainly extinguishing state.

[2] Friedrich Wilhelm to Reichenbach (13th May), *infrà*.

[3] Ranke, i., 285 n.

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The Grumkow-*Nosti* Cipher Correspondence might be reckoned as another efficient cause, though, in fact, it was only a big concomitant symptom, much depended on by both parties, and much disappointing both. In the way of persuading or perverting Friedrich Wilhelm's judgment about England, this deep-laid piece of machinery does not seem to have done much, if any thing, and Hotham, who with the English Court had calculated on it (on their detection of it) as the grand means of blowing Grumkow out of the field, produced a far opposite result on trying, as we shall see! That was a bit of heavy ordnance which disappointed every body. Seized by the enemy before it could do any mischief; enemy turned it round on the inventor; fired it off on the inventor, and—it exploded through the touch-hole, singeing some people's whiskers—nothing more!

A Peep into the Nosti-Grumkow Correspondence caught up in St. Mary Axe.

Would the reader wish to look into this Nosti-Grumkow Correspondence at all? I advise him not. Good part of it still lies in the Paper Office here,[4] likely to be published by the Prussian Dryasdust in coming time; but a more sordid mass of eavesdroppings, kitchen ashes, and floor-sweepings, collected and interchanged by a pair of treacherous Flunkeys (big bullying Flunkey and little, trembling, cringing one, Grumkow and Reichenbach), was never got together out of a gentleman's household. To no idlest reader, armed even with barnacles, and holding mouth and nose, can the stirring up of such a dust-bin be long tolerable. But the amazing problem was this Editor's, doomed to spell the event into clearness if he could, and put dates, physiognomy, and outline to it, by the help of such Flunkey Sanscrit! That Nosti-Grumkow Correspondence, as we now have it in the Paper Office, interpretable only by acres of British Dispatches—by incondite, dateless, helpless Prussian Books ("printed Blotches of Human Stupor," as Smelfungus calls them), how gladly would one return them all to St. Mary Axe, there to lie through Eternity! It is like holding dialogue with a

[4] Prussian Dispatches, vols. xl. xli.: in a fragmentary state; so much of it as they had caught up and tried to make use of—far too much.

Rookery, asking your way (perhaps in flight for life, as was partly my own case) by colloquy with successive or even simultaneous Rookeries. Reader, have you tried such a thing? An adventure never to be spoken of again when once *done!*

Wilhelmina pretends to give quotations[5] from this subterranean Grumkow-Reichenbach Correspondence, but hers are only extracts from some description or remembrance; hardly one word is close to the original, though here and there some outline or shadow of a real passage is traceable. What fractional elements, capable of gaining some vestige of meaning when laid together in their cosmic order, I could pick from the circumambient immensity not cosmic, are here for the reader's behoof. Let him skip if, like myself, he is weary, for the substance of the story is elsewhere given. Or perhaps he has the curiosity to know the speech of birds? With abridgment, by occasional change of phrase—above all, by immense omission, here, in specimen, is something like what the Rookery says to poor Friedrich Wilhelm and us, through St. Mary Axe and the Copyists in the Foreign Office. Friedrich Wilhelm reads it (Hotham gives him reading of it) some weeks hence; we not till generations afterward. I abridge to the utmost; will mark in *single* commas what is not Abridgment but exact translation, with rigorous attention to dates, and my best fidelity to any meaning there may be:

To Nosti (the so-called Excellenz Reichenbach) *in London:*

Grumkow from Berlin *loquitur*, Reichenbach listening with both his ears (words caught up in St. Mary Axe):

Berlin, 3*d March*, 1730. "The time has now come when Reichenbach must play his game. Let him write that the heads of the Opposition, who play Austria as a card in Parliament, 'are in consternation, Walpole having hinted to them that he was about to make friends with the King of Prussia;' 'that by means of certain Ministers at Berlin, and by other subterranean channels (*autres soûterrains*), his Prussian Majesty had been brought to a disposition of that kind'" (Knyphausen, Borck, and others will be much obliged to Reichenbach for so writing!); "that Reichenbach knows they intend sending a Minister to Berlin, but is certain enough, as perhaps they are, his Prussian Majesty will

[5] Wilhelmina, i., 233–235.

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not let himself be lured or caught in the trap; but that the very rumor of its being possible for him to change" from Austria, "would be an infinite gain to the English Ministry"—salvation of them, in fact, in the Parliamentary cock-pit; "that they had already given out, in the way of rumor, how sure they were of the Court of Berlin whenever it came to the point; that Reichenbach had tried to learn from 73* what the real result from Berlin was, and did not think it much, though the Walpole people," all hanging so perilously upon Prussia for their existence, "'affected a great gayety, and, indeed, felt what a gain it was even to have renewed the Negotiation with his Prussian Majesty.'" Here is a King likely to get himself illuminated at first hand upon English affairs by Ministers lying abroad for him, and lying at home!

"'And so the King,' concludes Grumkow, 'will think Reichenbach is a witch (*sorcier*) to be so well informed about all that, and will redouble the good opinion he has of Reichenbach. And so, if Reichenbach second my ideas, we will pack Borck and Knyphausen about their business, and will do the King faithful service,'" having, some of us, our private £500 a year from Austria for doing it. "'The King perceives only too well that the Queen's sickness is but sham (*momerie*): judge of the effect that has! I am yours entirely (*tout à vous*). I wait in great impatience to hear your news upon all this; for I inform you accurately how the land lies here, so that it only depends upon yourself to shine, and to pass for a miracle of just insight'"—"*sorcier*," or witch at guessing mysteries, Grumkow calls it again. He continues in another Missive:

Berlin, 7th March. (Let us give the original for a line or two): "'Queen Sophie will soon rise from her bed of sickness were this marriage done; *La Mère du Prince Royal affecte toujours d'être bien mal; mais dès que l'affaire entre le Prince de Galles et la Princesse Royale sera faite, on la verra bientôt sur pied.*'" "It will behoove that Reichenbach signify to the Prince Royal's Father that all this affair has been concocted at Berlin with Borck, and by 71* with Knyphausen and 103.* That they never lose sight of an alliance with the English Princess and the Prince of Prussia, and flatter themselves the Prince Royal of Prussia will accompany the Princess Royal," Wilhelmina, "on *her* marriage there." "In a word, that all turns on this latter point," marriage of the *Prince* Royal as well, and "that Villa has given so favorable a description of this Prince, that the English Princess will have him at what price soever. Nosti can also allege the Affair of 100"—whom we at last decipher to be *Lord Harrington*, once Colonel Stanhope of Soissons, of the Madrid Embassy, of the Descent on Vigo; a distinguished new Lord, with whom Newcastle hopes to shove out

* An Indecipherable.

* An Indecipherable.

Townshend—"Lord Harrington and the division among the Ministers:" great question, Shall the firm be Townshend and Walpole, or Walpole and Townshend? just going on; brewing toward decision, in which the Prussian Double Marriage is really a kind of card, and may by Nosti be represented as a trump card.

"The whole Town" of Berlin "said this Villa was dismissed by order of the King, for he taught the eldest Princess English; but I see well it was Borck, 107,* Knyphausen, and Dubourgay that dispatched him, to give a true picture of the situation here. And if Nosti has written to his Majesty to the same effect as he does to his Friend" (Dispatch to Majesty has not yet come under Friend's eye) "on the Queen of England's views about the Prince Royal of Prussia, it will answer marvelously (*cela vient à merveille*). I have apprised Seckendorf of all that Nosti writes to me. 'For the rest, Nosti may perfectly assure himself that the King will never abandon Reichenbach, and if the Prince Royal,'" sudden Fate interfering, "'had the reins in his hand—in that case, Seckendorf promises to Reichenbach, on the part of the Kaiser, all, or more than all he can lose by the accession of the Prince. Monsieur Reichenbach may depend upon that.'"[6]

Slave Reichenbach at London, when this missive comes to hand, is busy copying scandal according to former instructions for behoof of his Prussian Majesty and my Bashaw Grumkow; for example:

To the Herr Grumkow at Berlin.

Excellenz Reichenbach *loquitur*—snatched in St. Mary Axe.

London, 10th March, 1730. * * "Reichenbach has told his Prussian Majesty to-day by a Courier who is to pass through Brussels" (Austrian Kinsky's Courier, no doubt), "what amours the Prince of Wales," dissolute Fred, "has on hand at present with actresses and opera-girls. The King of Prussia will undoubtedly be astonished. The affair merits some attention at present," especially from an Excellenz like me.

[*Missive* (body of important Grumkow Instructions just read by us) *comes to hand.*]

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* An Indecipherable.

[6] Prussian Dispatches, vol. xl. The second of these two Letters is copied, we perceive, by *Villa*, who transmits it to Hotham's Secretary at Berlin, with great hopes from it. Letter "unsigned," adds Villa (*point signée*). First was transmitted by Townshend. Following are transmitted by &c., &c. It is in that way they have got into the State Paper Office—as *Inclosures* in the various Dispatches that carried them out to Berlin to serve as Diplomatic Ammunition there.

April, 1730.

London, 14*th March*, 1730. "'Reichenbach will write by the first Ordinary' (so they name Post in those days) 'all that Grumkow orders. Reichenbach sees well they mean to play the deuce here (*jouent le diable à quatre ici*); but Reichenbach will tell his Prussian Majesty what Grumkow finds fit.' Good Excellenz Reichenbach 'flatters himself the King will remain firm, and not let his enemies deceive him. If Grumkow and Seckendorf have opportunity, they may tell his Prussian Majesty that the whole design of this Court is to render his Country a Province dependent on England. When once the Princess Royal of England shall be wedded to the Prince Royal of Prussia, the English, by that means, will form such a party at Berlin that they will altogether tie his Prussian Majesty's hands.' A comfortable piece of news to his Prussian Majesty in Tobacco Parliament. 'Reichenbach will assuredly be vigilant; depend on his answering Grumkow always by the first post.'"

Continues—turning his rook-bill toward Majesty now. Same date (14th March), same time, place, and bird:

To his Prussian Majesty (from Excellenz Reichenbach).

* * * "'P.S. I had closed this Letter when a person of confidence came in' (the fact being, my Grumkow's Missive of Instructions came in, or, figuratively speaking, my Grumkow himself), 'and undertook to give me, in a few days, a thorough insight into the intrigues which are concealed under the sending of this new Minister,' Hotham, 'to Berlin; which, and how they have been concocted, he says, it will astonish me to hear. Of all this I shall immediately inform your Majesty, in a letter of my own hand, being ever eager to serve your Majesty alone.'"

Hotham is now fairly gone, weeks ago; concluded to be now in Berlin—to the horror of both rooks. Here is a croak from *Nosti:*

To the Herr Grumkow at Berlin.

London, *April*, 1730. * * "Hotham is no such conjuror as they fancy in Berlin; singular enough, how these English are given to undervalue the Germans, while we in Germany overvalue them" (*avons une idée trop vaste*, they *trop petite*). "'There is, for instance, Lord Chesterfield, passes here for a fair enough kind of man (*bon homme*), and is a favorite with the King'" (not with Walpole or the Queen, if Nosti knew it); "'but nobody thinks him such a prodigy as you all do in Germany,'" which latter bit of Germanism is an undoubted fact; curious enough to the English, and to the Germans that now read in extinct Books.

Hotham, as we said, got to Berlin on the 2d of April. From

Berlin comes thereupon, at great length, sordid description, by Grumkow, of that initiatory Hotham Dinner, April Third, with fearful details of the blazing favor Hotham is in, which his Majesty (when Hotham hands it to him in due time) will read with painful interest, as Reichenbach now does, but which to us is all mere puddle, omissible in this place.

To which sad Strophe there straightway follows due Antistrophe, Reichenbach croaking responsive; and we are to note, the rooks always speak in the third person, and by ambiguous periphrasis; never once say "I" or "You," unless forced by this Editor, for brevity's sake, to do it. Reichenbach from his perch thus hoarsely chants:

To the Herr Grumkow at Berlin.

London, 11*th April*. "'Reichenbach *est coup-de-foudré*—is struck by lightning to hear these Berlin news,'" and expresses, in the style of a whipped dog, his sorrows, uncertainties, and terrors on the occasion. "Struck with lightning. Feel myself quite ill, and not in a condition to write much to-day. It requires another head than mine to veer round so often (*changer si souvent de système*). In fine, *Nosti est au bout de son latin*" (is at his wit's end, poor devil). "Both Majesties have spoken openly of the favorable news from Berlin; funds rose in consequence. New Minister" (Walpole come to the top of the Firm, Townshend soon to withdraw, impatient of the bottom) "is all-powerful now: *O tempora! O mores!*" "I receive universal congratulations, and have to smile" in a ghastly manner. "The King and Queen despise me. I put myself in their way last Levee, bowing to the ground, but they did not even condescend to look. '*Notre grand petit-maître*,' little George, the Olympian Jove of these parts, passed on as if I had not been there. 'Chesterfield, they say, is to go, in great pomp, as Embassador Extraordinary, and fetch the Princess over. And'"—Alas! in short, once I was hap-hap-happy, but now I'm *meeserable*!

London, 14*th April*. "Slave Reichenbach can not any longer write secret Letters to his Prussian Majesty according to the old strain, of your prescribing, but must stand by his vacant Official Dispatches: the scene being entirely changed, he also must change his manner of writing"—poor knave. "He will have to inform his Majesty, however, by-and-by, though it is not safe at present"—for example—"'That his Britannic Majesty is becoming from day to day more hated by all the world, and that the Prince of Wales is no longer liked by the Public, as at first, because he begins to give himself airs, and takes altogether the manners of his Britannic Majesty—that is to say, of a puppy (*petit-maître*); let my Amiable'" (Grumkow) "'be aware of that.'"

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Yes, let him be aware of that, to his comfort, and still more, and all readers along with him, of what follows:

"'Reichenbach likewise, with great confidence, informs the Greatest Confidant he has in the world'" (same amiable Grumkow) "'that he has discovered within this day or two'" a tremendous fact, known to our readers some time ago, "'That the Prince Royal of Prussia has given his written assurances to the Queen here, never to marry any body in the world except the Princess Amelia of England, happen what will'" (Prussian Majesty will read this with a terrible interest! Much nearer to him than it is to us). "'In consideration of which Promise the Queen of England is understood,'" falsely, "'to have answered that they should at present ask only the Princess Royal of Prussia for their Prince of Wales,'" and let the Double Marriage *be*, seemingly, as his Prussian Majesty wishes it. "'Monsieur de Reichenbach did not speak of this to his Prussian Majesty, feeling it too dangerous just now.

"'Lord Townshend is still at his place in the country'" (Rainham in Norfolk), "'but it is said he will soon come to Town, having heard the great news that they had already got his Prussian Majesty by the nose. Reichenbach forgets if he already told Grumkow that the rumor runs, Lord Chesterfield, in quality of Embassador to Berlin, is to bring the Princess Wilhelmina over hither:'" you did already, poor confused wretch; unusually bewildered, and under frightful eclipse at present.

Continues after four days:

April 18th. * * "Lord Stratford" (to me an unknown Lordship) "and Heads of Opposition would like to ascertain what Hotham's offer to the King of Prussia *is*."

Truly yes: they mean to ask in Parliament (as poor gamblers in that Cockpit are wont), "'And why did not you make the offer sooner, then? Friendship with his Prussian Majesty last year would have saved the whole of that large Waterspout about the Meadows of Clamei! Nay, need we, a few months ago, have spent such loads of gold subsidizing those Hessians and Danes against him? The treasures of this Country go a strange road, Mr. Speaker! What is the use of our industries and riches?'" Heavens, yes, what! But we continue to excerpt and interpret:

Reichenbach "has said nothing of this to his Prussian Majesty, Reichenbach has not; too dangerous in our present down-pressed state, though amazingly exact always in news, and attached to his Prussian Majesty as mortal seldom was. Need he fear their new Hotham, then? Does not fear Hotham, not he him, being a man so careful of truth in his news. Dare not, however, now send any intelligence about the Royal Family here, Prussian Majesty having ordered him not to

write gossip like a spiteful woman. What is he to do? Instruct him, O my Amiable!

"Know for the rest, and be aware of it, O Amiable! that Queen Caroline here is of opinion the Amiable Grumkow should be conciliated, and that Queen Sophie and Hotham are understood to have been trying it. Do not abandon me, O Amiable! nay, I know you will not, you and Seckendorf, never, though I am a poor man.

"Have found out a curious story, *histoire fort curieux*, about one of Fred's amourettes"—story which this Editor, in the name of the whole human species, will totally suppress, and sweep into the cesspool, to herald Reichenbach thither; except only that this corollary by the Duchess of Kendal may be appended to the thing:

"Duchess of Kendal"—Hop-pole *Emerita*, now gone to devotion, whom we know, piously turns up her eyes at such doings—"thinks the Princess Wilhelmina will have a bad life of it with Fred, and that she 'will need the wisdom of Solomon to get on here.' Not a good bargain, this Prince Fred and his Sister. A dissolute fellow he, not liked by the Public" (I should hope). "'Then, as to Princess Amelia, she, who was always haughty, begins to give herself airs upon the Prince Royal of Prussia; she is as ill-tempered as her Father, and still more given to backbiting (*plus railleuse*), and will greatly displease the Potsdam Majesty.'"

These are cheering thoughts. "But what is to become of Nosti? Faithful to his Grumkow, to his Seckendorf—to his pair of sheep-stealers, poor dog. But if trouble rise—O, at least do not hang *me*, ye incomparable pair!"

The Hotham Dispatches.

Slave Nosti's terrors, could he see behind the scenes, are without foundation. The tremendous Hotham Negotiation, all ablaze at that Charlottenburg Dinner, is sunk low enough into the smoking state, threatening to go out altogether. Smoke there may still be, perceptible vestiges of smoke, which, indeed, for a long time fitfully continued; but at the time while Nosti, quaking in every joint of him, writes these terrors, Hotham perceives that his errand is vain; that properly there has as good as extinction supervened. April 3d was the flame-point, which lasted in its brightness only for a few days or hours. April is not gone, or half gone, when the flaming has quite ceased, and the use of the bellows, never so judicious, is becoming desperate; and long before the end of May, no *red* is to be seen in the affair at all, and the very bellows are laid down.

12th April, 1730.

Here are the epochs, riddled out of such a mass of extinct rubbish as human nature seldom had to deal with—here are certain Extracts, in a greatly condensed state, from the authentic voluminous *Hotham* Dispatches and Responses, which may conveniently interrupt the Nosti Babblement at this point.

To my Lord Townshend at London:

Excellency Hotham *loquitur* (in a greatly condensed form).

Berlin, 12*th April*, 1730. * * "Of one or two noteworthy points I have to apprise your Lordship. So soon as his Majesty was *sober*, he found that he had gone too far at that grand Dinner of Monday 3d, and was in very bad humor in consequence. Crown-Prince has written from Potsdam to his Sister, 'No doubt I am left here lest the English wind get at me (*de peur que le vent anglais ne me touchât*).' Saw King at Parade, who was a little vague; 'is giving matters his consideration.' Majesty has said to Borck and Knyphausen, 'If they want the Double Marriage, and to detach me from Kaiser, let them propose something about Jülich and Berg.' Sits the wind in that quarter? King has said since to one Marschall, a Private Secretary who is in our interest, 'I hate my Son, and my Son hates me; we are best asunder: let them make him *Statthalter* (Vice-regent) of Hanover, with his Princess!' Commission might be made out in the Princess Amelia's name; proper conditions fixed, and so on: Knyphausen suggests it could be done. Knyphausen is true to us; but he stands alone" (not alone, but can not much help); "does not even stir in the *Nosti* or *St. Mary Axe* Affair as yet."

Prince Friedrich to be *Statthalter* in Hanover with his English Princess? That would save the expense of an Establishment for him at home. That has been suggested by the Knyphausen or English party, and no doubt it looked flattering to his Prussian Majesty for moments. This may be called Epoch first after that grand Charlottenburg Dinner.

Then as to the *Nosti* Affair, in which Knyphausen "does not stir as yet"—the fact is, it was only put into Knyphausen's hands the day before *yesterday*, as we soon discover, and Knyphausen is not so sure about it as some are! That Hotham Dispatch is of Wednesday, 12th April. And not till yesterday could Guy Dickens report performance of the other important thing. Captain Guy Dickens, a brisk, handy military man, Secretary to Dubourgay this good while past, "has duly received from Head-

quarters the successive *Nosti-Grumkow* Documents, caught up in St. Mary Axe; has now delivered them to Knyphausen, to be laid before his Prussian Majesty in a good hour, and would fain (Tuesday, April 11th) hope some result from this step." Not for almost a month does Hotham himself say any thing of it to the Prussian Majesty, good hour for Knyphausen not having come. But now, in regard to that Hanover Statthaltership, hear Townshend—condensed, but not nearly so much so, my Lord being a succinct man who sticks creditably to the point:

To the Excellency Hotham at Berlin (from Lord Townshend).

London, 27*th April*. "Yes, you shall have the Hanover Vice-regency. We will set up the Crown-Prince Friedrich in Hanover as desired, but will give the Commission to our own Princess, that being more convenient for several reasons: Crown-Prince, furthermore, must promise to come over to England when we require him; *item*, may repay us our expenses hereafter. As to Marriage Portions, we will give none with our Princess, nor ask any with theirs. Both marriages or none." And so enough.

Alas! nothing came of this, Prussian Majesty, in spite of thrift, perceiving that for several reasons it would not do. Meanwhile Grumkow, we learn from a secret source,[7] has been considerably courted by Hotham and her Prussian Majesty, Queen Caroline having signified from England that they ought to gain that knave —what price did he charge for himself? But this also proves quite unavailing; never came to *pricing*. And so, hear Hotham once more:

To Lord Townshend at London (from Excellency Hotham).

Berlin, 18*th April*. * * "Grumkow is a thorn in my side: one would like to do him some service in return. 'Can not you stop an *Original* Letter of his' (we have only deciphered Copies as yet) to that Reichenbach or *Nosti*, 'strong enough to break his back?'" They will try. Hotham continues in next Dispatch:

Berlin, 22*d April*. "Dined with the King again; Crown-Prince was present: dreadfully dejected, 'at which one can not help being moved, there is something so engaging in the Prince, and every body says so much good of him.' Hear Hotham! who again, three days after, says of our Fritz: 'If I am not much mistaken this young Prince will one

[7] *Nosti*, suprà (18th April), p. 120; infrà, p. 125.

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day make a very considerable figure.' Wish we could manage the marriage, but this Grumkow, this—" Can not they contrive to send an *Original* strong enough?

Alas! from the same secret source we learn, within a week, that Grumkow's back is very strong; the Tobacco Parliament in full blast again, and Seckendorf's Couriers galloping to Vienna with the best of news. Nay, his Majesty looks expressly "sour upon Hotham," or does not look at all; will not even speak when he sees him—for a reason we shall hear.[8] Can it be thought that any liberality in use of the bellows or other fire implements will now avail with his Majesty?

Second and last Peep into the Nosti-Grumkow Correspondence caught up in St. Mary Axe.

But at this point let our Two Rooks recommence a little: Nosti, on the 18th, we left quaking in every joint of him; and good news was almost at the door, had afflicted Nosti known it. Grumkow's strain (suppressed by us here), all this while, is in general, almost ever since the blaze of that Hotham Dinner went off into repentant headache: "Pshaw, don't fear!" Nay, after a fortnight or so, it is again, "Steady! we are all right." Tobacco Parliament and the Royal Imagination making such progress. This is still but the third week since that grand Dinner at Charlottenburg:

To the Excellenz Reichenbach at London (from Grumkow).

Berlin, 22d April. "'King wants to get rid of the Princess'" Wilhelmina, "'who is grown lean, ugly, with pimples on her face (*qui est devenue maigre, laide, couperosée*'"[9]—dog! will nobody horsewhip that lie out of him?)—"'judge what a treat that will be to a Prince of Wales who has his amourettes!'" All is right, Nosti, is it not?

Berlin, 25th April. "King declared to Seckendorf yesterday again he might write to the Kaiser, that while he lived, nothing should ever part his Majesty from the Kaiser and his Cause; that the French dare not attack Luxembourg as is threatened, and if they do—! Upon which Seckendorf dispatched a Courier to Vienna.

"As to Hotham, he explains himself upon nothing"—stalks about with

[8] Ib. (29th April).

[9] This is one of the sentences Wilhelmina has got hold of (Wilhelmina, i., 234).

his nose in the air as if there were nothing farther to be explained. "I spoke yesterday of the Single Match, Wilhelmina and Prince of Wales; King answered, even of the Single Match, Devil fly away with it!" or a still coarser phrase.

"'Meanwhile the Queen, though at the end of her eighth month, is cheery as a fish in water,'[10] and always forms grand projects of totally ruining Seckendorf by Knyphausen's and other help.' Hotham yesterday, glancing at Nosti, no doubt, said to the *Sieur de Potsdam*" (cant phrase for the King), "'That great Princes were very unlucky to have ministers that durst not show themselves in good society; for the result was, they sent nothing but false news and rumors picked up in coffee-houses.'"

"Coffee-houses?" answers Reichenbach by-and-by: "'Reichenbach is in English society of the first distinction, and receives visits from Lords and Dukes. This all the world knows'"—to be nothing like the case, as Townshend too has occasionally mentioned.

At any rate, continues Grumkow, "The Queen's Husband said, aside, to Nosti's Friend, 'I see he is glancing at Reichenbach; but he won't make much of that (cynically speaking, *ne fera que de l'eau clair*).' Hotham is by no means a man of brilliant mind, and his manners are rough; but Ginkel," the Dutchman, "is cleverer (*plus souple*), and much better liked by Nosti's Master."

ANTISTROPHE soon follows; London Raven is himself again—Nosti *loquitur:*

London, 25th April. * * "King has written to me, I *am* to report to him any talk there may be in the Court here about his Majesty! My Amiable and his Seckendorf, need they ask if Nosti will, and in a way to give *them* pleasure?" * *

STROPHE (allegro by the Berlin Raven or Rook, who has not yet heard the above)—Grumkow *loquitur:*

Berlin, 29th April. * * "Wrong not to write entertaining news of the English Court as heretofore. King likes it.

"What you say of the Prince Royal of Prussia's writing to the Queen of England is very curious, and you did well to say nothing of it to the Father, the thing being of extreme delicacy, and the proof difficult. But it seems likely, and I insinuated something of it to his Majesty the day before yesterday" (27th April, 1730, therefore? One momentary glance of Hansard into the Tobacco Parliament), "as of a thing I had learned from a spy" (such my pretense, O Nosti)—spy "who is the

[10] Wilhelmina has this, too, in a disfigured state (i., 233).

2d May, 1730.

intimate friend of Knyphausen, and plays traitor: you may fancy that it struck terribly." Yes! "And his Majesty has looked sour upon Hotham ever since, and passed above an hour in colloquy with Seckendorf and me, in sight both of English Hotham and Dutch Ginkel, without speaking to them.

"It was true enough what Nosti heard of the Queen's fair speeches, and Hotham's, to the Friend of Nosti. But it is all ended: the Queen's, weeks ago, being in vain; Hotham, too, after some civilities, seems now indifferent. '*Enfin*' ("*a*fin" he always writes it, copying the indistinct gurgle of his own horse-dialect)—'*Afin filouterie tout pure*' (whole of it thimblerig on their part).

"Admirable story, that of Prince Fred's amourette" (sent to the cesspool by us, herald of Reichenbach thither): "let his Majesty know it, by all means. What the Duchess of Kendal" (lean, tall female in expensive brocades, with gilt prayer-books, visible in the body to Nosti at that time), "what the Duchess of Kendal says to you is perfectly just, and, as the Princess Wilhelmina is very ill looking" (*laide*—how dare you say so, dog?), "I believe she will have a bad life of it, the Prince of Wales being accustomed to daintier meats. Yes, truly, she will, as the Duchess says, 'need to be wiser than Solomon' to conciliate the humors down there (*là bas*) with the genius of his Prussian Majesty and Queen. 'As for your Princess Amelia, depend upon it, while the Commandant of Potsdam lives, she will never get hold of the Prince Royal, though he is so furiously taken with the Britannic Majesties.'"

[Continues, in answer to a Nosti "Caw! Caw!" which we omit.]

Berlin, 2d May. "Wish you had not told the King so positively that the English say it shall be Double Match or none. Hotham said to the Swedish Embassador, 'Reichenbach, walking in the dark, would give himself a fine knock on the nose (*aurait un furieux pied de nez*) when,' or *if*, 'the thing was done quite otherwise.' Have a caution what you write."

Pooh! pooh! Hotham must have said "if," not "when." Swede is quite astray! And, indeed, we will here leave off and shut down this magazine of rubbish, right glad to wash ourselves wholly from it (in three waters) forevermore. Possibly enough the Prussian Dryasdust will one day print it *in extenso*, and with that lucidity of comment and arrangement which are peculiar to him: exasperated readers will then see whether I have used them *ill* or not, according to the opportunity there was. Here, at any rate, my reader shall be free of it. Indeed, he may perceive the negotiation was by this time come to a safe point,

the Nosti-Grumkows triumphant, and the interest of the matter mainly out. Farther transient anxieties this amiable couple had—traceable in that last short croak from Grumkow—lest the English might consent to that of the "Single Marriage in the mean time" (which the English never did, or meant to do). For example, this other screech of Nosti, which shall be his final last screech:

London, 12*th May*. "Lord Townshend alarmingly hinted to me, Better have done with your Grumkow and Seckendorf speculations: the ill-intentioned are perfectly sure to be found out at the end of the account, and their tools will get ruined along with them. Nosti endeavored to talk big in reply; but he shakes in his shoes nevertheless, and with a heart full of distraction exclaims now, Save yourselves, save me! If Hotham speak of the Single Marriage only, it is certain the Prince Royal must mean to run away," and so make it a Double one in time."

Yes, indeed! But these were transient terrors. The day is our own, my Grumkow; yes, our own, my Nosti; and so our Colloquy of Rookeries shall be suppressible henceforth.

His Majesty gets sight of the St. Mary Axe Documents, but nothing follows from it.

We have only to add what Hotham reports (Berlin, May 6th), that he "has had an interview with his Majesty, spoken of the St. Mary Axe affair, Knyphausen having found a moment to lay it before his Majesty." So that the above Excerpts from St. Mary Axe (all but the last two)—the above, and many more suppressed by us, are in his Majesty's hands, and he is busy studying them; will, it is likely, produce them in an amazed Tobacco Parliament one of these evenings!

What the emotions of the royal breast were during the perusal of this extraordinary dialogue of birds which has come to him through St. Mary Axe? Manifold, probably; manifold, questionable; but not tragical, or not immediately so. Certainly it is definable as the paltriest babble; no treason visible in it, or constructive treason; but it painfully indicates, were his Majesty candid, that his Majesty is subject to spies in his own House; nay, that certain parties do seem to fancy they have got his Majesty by the nose, and are piping tunes with an

eye to his dancing thereto. This is a painful thought, which, I believe, does much agitate his Majesty now and afterward. A painful thought or suspicion, rising sometimes (in that temperament of his) to the pitch of the horrible. I believe it occasionally, ever henceforth, keeps haunting the highly poetic temperament of his Majesty, nor ever quits him again at all, stalking always, now and then, through the vacant chambers of his mind in what we may call the night season (or time of solitude and hypochondriacal reflection)—though in busy times again (in daylight, so to speak) he impatiently casts it from him. Poor Majesty!

But figure Grumkow, figure the Tobacco Parliament when Majesty laid these Papers on the Table! A *Hansard* of that night would be worth reading. There is thunderous note of interrogation on his Majesty's face—what a glimmer in the hard, puckery eyes of Feldzeugmeister Seckendorf, "*Jarni-bleu!*" No doubt, an excessively astonished Parliament. Nothing but brass of face will now serve the principal Honorable Gentleman there; but in that, happily, he is not wanting.

Of course, Grumkow denies the Letters point blank. Mere forgeries, these, of the English Court, plotting to ruin your Majesty's faithful servant, and bring in other servants *they* will like better! May have written to Reichenbach, nay, indeed, has, this or that trifling thing; but those Copyists in St. Mary Axe, "deciphering"—garbling, manufacturing, till they make a romance of it—alas! your Majesty. Nay, at any rate, what are the Letters? Grumkow can plead that they are the foolishest, insignificant rubbish of Court gossip, not tending any bad road, if they have a tendency. That they are adapted to the nature of the beast, and of the situation—this he will carefully abstain from remarking.

We have no *Hansard* of this Session; all is conjecture and tobacco-smoke. What we know is, not the least effect, except an internal trouble, was produced on the royal mind by the St. Mary Axe Discovery. Some Question there might well be, inarticulately as yet, of Grumkow's fidelity, at least of his discretion; seeds of suspicion as to Grumkow which may sprout up by-and-by; resolution to keep one's eye on Grumkow. But the

first practical fruit of the matter is, fierce jealousy that the English and their clique do really wish to interfere in our ministerial appointments, so that, for the present, Grumkow is firmer in his place than ever. And privately, we need not doubt, the matter continues painful to his Majesty.

One thing is certain, precisely a week after, his Majesty—much fluctuating in mind evidently, for the document "has been changed three or four times within forty-eight hours"—presents his final answer to Hotham, which runs to this effect ("outrageous," as Hotham defines it):

"1°. For Hanover and your great liberality on that score, much obliged; but, upon reconsideration, think it will *not* do. 2°. Marriage *first*, Prince of Wales to Wilhelmina—consent with pleasure. 3°. Marriage *second*, Crown-Prince Friedrich with your Amelia—for that also we are extremely wishful, and trust it will one day take effect; but first these Seville-Treaty matters and differences between the Kaiser and allied English and French will require to be pulled straight; that done, we will treat about the terms of Marriage *second*. One indispensable will be, That the English guarantee our Succession in Jülich and Berg."[11]

"Outrageous" indeed! Crown-Prince sends along with this a loving message by Hotham, of earnestly deprecating tenor, to the Britannic Majesty; "begs his Britannic Majesty not to reject the King's Proposals, whatever they may be—this for poor Sister Wilhelmina's sake. 'For though he, the Crown-Prince, was determined to lose his life sooner than marry any body but the Princess Amelia, yet, if this Negotiation were broken off, his Father would go to extremities to force him and his poor Sister into other engagements.'" Which, alas! what can it avail with the Britannic Majesty in regard to such outrageous Propositions from the Prussian?

Britannic Majesty's Ministry, as always, answers by return of Courier: "*May* 22*d*. Both Marriages or none. Seville has no concern with *both* more than with one; *ditto* Jülich and Berg; of which latter, indeed, we know nothing—nor (*aside to Hotham*) mean to know."[12] Whereby Hotham perceives that it is as good to throw away the bellows, and consider the matter

[11] Hotham's Dispatch, 13th May, 1730.

[12] Dispatch, Whitehall, 11th May (22d N.S.).

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extinct. Hotham makes ready for an Excursion into Saxony, to a thing called *Camp of Radewitz*, or *Encampment at Radewitz*, a Military Spectacle of never-imagined magnificence, to be given by August the Strong there, whither all the world is crowding, and considers any Business he had at Berlin to be as good as done.

Evidently Friedrich Wilhelm has not been much wrought upon by the St. Mary Axe Documents! One week they have been revolving in the royal mind, part of a week in the Smoking Parliament (we know not what day they were laid on the table there, but it must have been a grand occurrence within those walls!), and this already (May 13th) is the result arrived at: Propositions, changed three or four times within forty-eight hours, and definable at last as "outrageous," which induce Hotham to lay down the bellows and prepare to go his ways. Our St. Mary Axe Discovery seems to have no effect at all!

One other public result there is from it, and as yet one only: Reichenbach, "from certain causes thereto moving Us (*aus gewissen Uns dazu bewegenden Gründen*)," gets a formal Letter of Recall—ostensible Letter, dated Berlin, 13th May, and signed Friedrich Wilhelm, which the English may read for their comfort. Only that along with this, of the same date and signature, intended for Reichenbach's comfort, the same Leather Bag brings a Private Letter (which Dickens or another has contrived to get sight of and copy), apprising Reichenbach that, *un*ostensibly, his proceedings are approved of; that he is to continue at his post till farther orders, all the same, "and keep watch on these Marriages, about which there is such debating in the world (*wovon in der Welt so viel debattirt wird*), things being in the same state as half a year ago. That is to say, I am ready for my Daughter's Marriage with the Prince of Wales; but for my Son, he is too young yet; *und hat es damit keine Eile, weil ich Gottlob noch zwei Söhne hab* (nor is there any haste, as I have, thank God, two other sons"—and a third coming, if I knew it)—"besides, one indispensable condition will be, that the English guarantee Jülich and Berg," which, perhaps, they are not in the least hurry for, either!

What does the English Court think of that? Dated "Ber-

lin, 13th May:" it is the same day when his Majesty's matured Proposals, "changed thrice or oftener within the forty-eight hours," were handed to Hotham for transmission to his Court. An interesting Leather Bag, this Ordinary from Berlin. Reichenbach, we observe, will get his share of it some ten days after that alarming rebuke from Townshend, and it will relieve the poor wretch from his worst terrors. "Go on with your eavesdroppings as before, you alarmed wretch!" There does one Degenfeld by-and-by, a man of better quality (and on special haste, as we shall see), come and supersede poor Nosti, and send him home: there they give Nosti some exiguous Pension, with hint to disappear forevermore, which he does, leaving only these St. Mary Axe Documents for his Lifemark in the History of Mankind.

What the English Answer to his Majesty's Proposals of Berlin, May 13th, was, we have already seen, dated "London, 22d May," probably few hours after the Courier arrived. Hotham, well anticipating what it would be, had already, as we phrased it, "laid down the bellows," left the Negotiation as essentially extinct, and was preparing for the "Camp at Radewitz," Britannic Majesty being anxious to hear what Friedrich Wilhelm and August the Strong have on hand there.

"The King of Prussia's unsteadiness and want of resolution," writes Hotham (Berlin, 20th May), "will hinder him from being either very useful to his friends or very formidable to his enemies." And from the same place, just about quitting it for Radewitz, he writes again, exactly a week after ("Berlin, 27th May"), to inclose Copy of a remarkable Letter—remarkable to us also, but which, he knows and we, can not influence the English Answer now close at hand. Here is the copied Letter —copied in Guy Dickens's hand, from which we translate, and also will give the original French in this instance, for behoof of the curious:

To his Excellency the Chevalier Hotham.

[Potsdam, End of May, 1730.]

"*Monsieur,—Je crois que c'est de la dernière importance que je vous écrive; et je suis assez triste d'avoir des choses à vous dire que je devrois cacher à toute la terre: mais il faut franchir ce mauvais*

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pas là; et vous comptant de mes amis, je me resouds plus facilement à vous le dire. C'est que je suis traité d'une manière inouie du Roi, et que je sais qu'à présent ils se trament de terribles choses contre moi, touchant certaines Lettres que j'ai écrites l'hiver passé, dont je crois que vous serez informé. Enfin pour vous parler franchement, la vraie raison que le Roi a de ne vouloir point donner les mains à ce Mariage est, qu'il me veut toujours tenir sur un bas pied, et me faire enrager toute sa vie, quand l'envie lui en prend; ainsi il ne l'accordera jamais. Si l'on consent de votre côté que cette Princesse soit aussi traitée ainsi, vous pouvez comprendre aisément que je serai fort triste de rendre malheureuse une personne que j'estime, et de rester toujours dans le même état où je suis. Pour moi donc je crois qu'il vaudroit mieux finir le Mariage de ma Sœur ainsi auparavant, et ne point demander au Roi seulement des assurances sur mon sujet, d'autant plus que sa parole n'y fait rien: suffit que je reitère les promesses que j'ai déjà fait au Roi mon Oncle, de ne prendre jamais d'autre épouse que sa seconde fille la Princesse Amélie. Je suis une personne de parole, qui pourra faire reussir ce que j'avance, pourvu que l'on se fie à moi. Je vous le promets, et à présent vous pouvez en avertir votre Cour; et je saurai tenir ma promesse. Je suis toujours tout à vous, FRÉDÉRIC."[13]

"Monsieur,—I believe it is of the last importance that I should write to you, and I am very sad to have things to say which I ought to conceal from all the earth. But one must take that bad leap, and, reckoning you among my friends, I the more easily resolve to open myself to you.

"The case is this: I am treated in an unheard-of manner by the King, and I know there are terrible things in preparation against me, touching certain Letters which I wrote last winter, of which, I believe, you are informed. In a word, to speak frankly to you, the real secret reason why the King will not consent to this Marriage is that he wishes to keep me on a low footing constantly, and to have the power of driving me mad, whenever the whim takes him, throughout his life; thus he never will give his consent. If it were possible that you, on your side, could consent that your Princess too should be exposed to such treatment, you may well comprehend that I should be very sad to bring misery on a Person whom I esteem, and to remain always in the same state as now.

"For my own part, therefore, I believe it would be better to conclude my Sister's Marriage in the first place, and not even to ask from the

[13] State Paper Office: Prussian Dispatches, vol. xli. (inclosed in Sir Charles Hotham's Dispatch, Berlin, 27th-16th May, 1730).

King any assurances in regard to mine, the rather as his word has nothing to do with it. It is enough that I here reiterate the promises which I have already made to the King my Uncle, never to take another wife than his second Daughter, the Princess Amelia. I am a person of my word, and shall be able to bring about what I set forth, provided there is trust put in me. I promise it to you, and now you may give your Court notice of it, and I shall manage to keep my promise. I remain yours always.'"

The Crown-Prince, for Wilhelmina's sake and every body's, is extremely anxious they should agree to the Single Marriage in the interim; but the English Court—perhaps for no deep reason, perhaps chiefly because little George had the whim of standing grandly immovable upon his first offer—never would hear of that, which was an angry thought to the Crown-Prince in after times, as we sometimes notice.

Here, to the like effect, is another Fragment from his Royal Highness, copied in the Dickens hand, and inclosed in the same Dispatch from Hotham, giving us a glance into the inner workshop of his Royal Highness, and his hidden assiduities and endeavorings at that time:

"'. . . *Vous pouvez croire que je ferai tout ce que je peux pour faire reussir mon plan; mais l'on n'en remarquera rien en dehors; que l'on m'en laisse agir en suite, je ferai bien moi seul reussir le reste. Je finis là par vous assurer encore, Monsieur, que je suis tout à vous.*—FRÉDÉRIC, PRINCE R.'"

"'. . . You may believe I will exert all my resources to succeed in my plan, but there will be no outward sign visible: leave me to act in this way; I will myself successfully bring it through. I end by again assuring you, Monsieur, that I am yours always.'"

Which again produces no effect, the English Answer being steadily, "Both Marriages or none."

And this, then, is what the Hotham mission is come to? Good Dubourgay is home, recalled about a month ago "for the sake of his health"[14]—good old gentleman, never to be heard of in Diplomatic History more. Dubourgay went in the first days of May, and the month is not out when Hotham is off to the Camp of Radewitz, leaving his Negotiation, as it were, extinct.

[14] Townshend's polite Dispatch to him, Whitehall, 21st April, 1730.

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To the visible regret of the Berlin public generally; to the grievous disappointment of Queen Sophie, of the Crown-Prince and some others, not to speak of Wilhelmina's feelings, which are unknown to us.

Regretful Berlin, Wilhelmina and Mamma among the others, had, by accident, in these dejected circumstances, a strange Sign from the Heavens provided them one night, if we may be permitted to notice it here. Monday, 29th May; and poor Queen Sophie, we observe withal, is in the hands of the *Monthly Nurse* since Tuesday last![15]

St. Peter's Church in Berlin has an Accident.

Monday, 29th May, 1730, Friedrich Wilhelm and the Crown-Prince and Party were at Potsdam, so far on their way toward Radewitz. All is peaceable at Potsdam that night; but it was a night of wild phenomena at Berlin, or rather of one wild phenomenon, the "Burning of the *Sanct Peter's Kirche*," which held the whole City awake and in terror for its life. Dim Fassmann becomes unusually luminous on this affair (probably an eye-witness to it, poor old soul), and enables us to fish up one old Night of Berlin City and its vanished populations into clear view again, if we like.

For two years back Berlin had been diligently building a *non plus ultra* of Steeples to that fine Church of St. Peter's. Highest Steeple of them all—one of the Steeples of the World, in a manner, and Berlin was now near ending it. Tower or shaft has been complete some time, interior fittings going on, and is just about to get its ultimate apex, a "Crown Royal" set on it by way of finis; for his Majesty, the great Ædile, was much concerned in the thing, and had given materials, multifarious helps. Three incomparable Bells, especially, were his gift; melodious old Bells, of distinguished tone, "bigger than the Great Bell of Erfurt," than Tom of Lincoln—or, as brief popular rumor has it, the biggest Bells in the world, at least of such a *tone*. These Bells are hung, silent but ready in their upper chamber of the Tower, and the gigantic Crown or apex is to go on; then will

[15] "Prince Ferdinand" (her last child, Father of him whose fate lay at Jena seventy-six years afterward), "born 23d May, 1730."

the basket-work of scaffolding be peeled away, and the Steeple stretch, high and grand, into the air, for ages it is hoped.

Far otherwise. On Monday Evening, between eight and nine, there gathered thunder over Berlin; wild tumult of the elements; thunderbolt "thrice in swift succession" struck the unfinished Steeple, in the "hood" of which men thereupon noticed a light, as of a star, or sparkle of the sun, and straightway, in spite of the rain-torrents, there burst out blazes of flame. Blazes unquenchable, grand, yet perilous to behold. The fire-drums beat, the alarm-bells clanged, and ceased not, all Berlin struggling there all night in vain. Such volumes of smoke—"the heavens were black as if you had hung them with mortcloth;" such roaring cataracts of flame, "you could have picked up a copper doit at the distance of 800 yards." "Hiss—s—s!" What hissing far aloft is that? That is the incomparable big Bells melting. There they vanish, their fine tones never to be tried more, and ooze through the red-hot ruin, "Hush—sh—sht!" the last sound heard from them. And the Stem for holding that immense Crown-royal—it is a bar and bars of iron, "weighing sixteen hundred weight," down it comes thundering, crashing through the belly of St. Peter's, the fall of it like an earthquake all round. And still the fire-drums beat, and from all surviving Steeples of Berlin goes the clangor of alarm; "none but the very young children can have slept that night," says our vigilant old friend.

Wind was awake, too, kindling the neighboring streets, storming toward the Powder Magazine, where labor innumerable Artillerymen, "busy with hides from the tan-pits, with stable-dung, and other material;" speed to them, we will say! Forty dwelling-houses went, but not the Powder Magazine; not Berlin utterly (so to speak) by the Powder Magazine. On the morrow St. Peter's neighborhood lay black, but still inwardly burning; not for three days more could the ruins be completely quenched.

That was the news for Friedrich Wilhelm, before sunrise, on the point of his departure for Mühlberg and King August's scenic exhibitions. "*Hm!* but we must go, all the same. We will rebuild it," said he. And truly he did so. And the polite King August, sorry to hear of the Peterskirche, "gave him excellent

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sandstone from the quarries of Pirna," says Fassmann; "great blocks came boating down the Elbe" from that notable Saxon-Switzerland Country, notable to readers here in time coming, and are to be found, as ashlar, in the modern St. Peter's at Berlin; a fact which the reader, till Pirna be better known to him, may remember if he likes.[16]

And now let us to Radewitz without delay.

CHAPTER III.

CAMP OF RADEWITZ.

THE Camp of Mühlberg, called more properly the Camp of Radewitz, toward which Friedrich Wilhelm, with English Hotham and many dignitaries are now gone, was one of the sublimest scenic military exhibitions in the history of the world, leaving all manner of imitation tournaments, modern "tin tournaments," out of sight, and perhaps equaling the Field of the Cloth of Gold, or Barbarossa's Maintz Tournament in ancient times. It lasted for a month, regardless of expense—June month of the year 1730—and from far and wide the idle of mankind ran by the thousand to see it. Shall the thing be abolished utterly—as perhaps were proper, had not our Crown-Prince been there, with eyes very open to it, and yet with thoughts very shut—or shall some flying trace of the big Zero be given? Riddling or screening certain cart-loads of heavy old German printed rubbish[1] to omit the Hotham Dispatches, we obtain the following shovelful of authentic particulars, perhaps not quite insupportable to existing mankind.

[16] Fassmann, p. 406–409.

[1] Chiefly the terrible compilation called *Helden- Staats- und Lebens-Geschichte des &c. Friedrichs des Andern* (History Heroical, Political, and Biographical of Friedrich the Second), Frankfurt and Leipzig, 1758–1760, vol. i., first *half*, p. 171–210. There are Ten thick and thin Half-volumes, and perhaps more. One of the most hideous imbroglios ever published under the name of Book—without vestige of Index, and on paper that has no margin and can not stand ink—yet with many curious articles stuffed blindly into the awful belly of it, like jewels into a rag-sack, or into *ten* rag-sacks all in one, with far more authenticity than you could expect in such case. Let us call it, for brevity, *Helden-Geschichte* in future references.

The exact size of the Camp of Radewitz I nowhere find measured; but, to judge on the map,* it must have covered, with its appendages, some ten or twelve square miles of ground. All on the Elbe, right bank of the Elbe; Town of Mühlberg, chief Town of the District, lying some ten miles northwest; then, not much beyond it, Torgau; and then famed Wittenberg, all on the northwest, farther down the River; and on the other side, Meissen with its Potteries not far to the southeast of you, up the River, on the Dresden hand. Nay, perhaps many of my readers have seen the place, and not known, in their touring expeditions, which are now blinder than ever, and done by steam, without even eyesight, not to say intelligence. Precisely where the railway from Leipzig to Dresden crosses the Elbe—there, if you happen to have daylight, is a flat, rather clayey country, dirty-greenish, as if depastured partly by geese, with a big, full River Elbe sweeping through it; banks barish for a mile or two; River itself swift, sleek, and of flint color; not unpleasant to behold, thus far on its journey from the Bohemian Giant Mountains seaward; precisely there, when you have crossed the bridge, is the southmost corner of August the Strong's Encampment—vanished now like the last flock of geese that soiled and nibbled these localities; and, without knowing it, you are actually upon memorable ground.

Actually, we may well say, apart from August and his fooleries; for here also it was, on the ground now under your eye, that Kurfürst Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, having been surprised one day before at public worship in the above-mentioned Town of Mühlberg, and completely beaten by Kaiser Karl the Fifth and his Spaniards and Duke of Alba, did, on Monday, 25th April, 1547, ride forth as Prisoner to meet the said Kaiser, and had the worst reception from him, poor man. "Take pity on me, O God! This is what it is come to?" the magnanimous beaten Kurfürst was heard murmuring as he rode. At sight of the Kaiser he dismounted, pulled off his iron-plaited gloves, knelt, and was for humbly taking the Kaiser's hand to kiss it. Kaiser would not; Kaiser looked thunderous tornado on him, with hands rigidly in the vertical direction. The magnanimous Kurfürst arose

* Map at p. 146.

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therefore; doffed his hat: "Great-mightiest (*grossmächtigster*) all-gracious Kaiser, I am your Majesty's prisoner," said he, confining himself to the historical. "I *am* Kaiser now, then?" answered the sullen Tornado, with a black brow and hanging under jaw. "I request my imprisonment may be prince-like," said the poor Prince. "It shall be as your deserts have been!" "I am in your power; you will do your pleasure on me," answered the other; and was led away to hard durance and peril of life for five years to come, his Cousin Moritz having expertly jockeyed his Electoral dignities and territories from him in the interim,[2] as was told above, long since.

Expert Cousin Moritz; in virtue of which same Moritz, or rather, perhaps, in *vice* of him, August the Strong is even now Elector of Saxony; Papist, Pseudo-Papist Apostate King of Poland, and Non-plus-ultra of "gluttonous Royal Flunkeys," doomed to do these fooleries on God's Earth for a time. For the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, in ways little dreamed of by the flunkey judgment, to the sixth generation and farther. Truly enough this is memorable ground, little as King August thinks of it; little as the idle tourists think, or the depasturing geese, who happen to be there.

The ten square miles have been industriously prepared for many months past; shaved, swept by the best engineer science; every village of it thoroughly cleaned, at least: the villages all let lodgings at a Californian rate; in one village, Moritz by name,* is the slaughter-house, killing oxen night and day; and the bake-house, with 160 mealy bakers who never rest; in another village, Ströhme, is the play-house of the region; in another, Glaubitz, the post-office: nothing could excel the arrangements; much superior, I should judge, to those for the Siege of Troy, and other world-great enterprises. Worthy really of admiration, had the business *not* been Zero. Foreign Courts, European Diplomacy at large, wondered much what cunning scheme lay hidden here. No scheme at all, nor purpose, on the part of poor August, only that of amusing himself, and astonishing the flunkeys of Creation, regardless of expense. Three tempo-

[2] De Wette: *Kurzgefasste Lebens-Geschichte der Herzoge zu Sachsen* (Weimar, 1770), p. 1–33–73.

* Map at p. 146.

rary Bridges—three besides the regular ferry of the country—cross the Elbe; for the high officers, dames, damosels, and lordships of degree, and thousandfold spectators, lodge on both sides of the Elbe; three Bridges, one of pontoons, one of wood-rafts, one of barrels, immensely long, made for the occasion. The whole Saxon Army, horse and foot, with their artillery, all in beautiful bran-new uniforms and equipments, lies beautifully encamped in tents and wooden huts near by Zeithayn, its rear to the Elbe; this is the "*Armee-Lager* (Camp of the Army)" in our old rubbish Books. Northward of which—with the Heath of Görisch still well beyond, and bluish to you in the farther North—rises, on favorable ground, a high "Pavilion" elaborately built, elaborately painted and gilded, with balcony stages round it, from which the whole ground, and every thing done in it, is surveyable to spectators of rank.

Eastward again, or from the Pavilion southeastward, at the right flank of the Army, where again rises a kind of Height, hard by Radewitz, favorable for survey—there, built of sublime silk tents, or solid well-painted carpentry, the general color of which is bright green, with gilt knobs and gilt gratings all about, is the "*Haupt-Lager*," Head-quarters, Main *Lager*, Heart of all the *Lagers*, where his Prussian Majesty and his Polish ditto, with their respective suites, are lodged—Kinglike wholly, in extensive green palaces ready gilt and furnished; such drawing-rooms, such bed-rooms, "with floors of dyed wicker-work;" the gilt mirrors, pictures, musical clocks—not even the fine bathing-tubs for his Prussian Majesty have been forgotten. Never did man or flunkey see the like. Such immense successful apparatus without and within; no end of military valetaille, chiefly "janizaries" in Turk costume; improvised flower-gardens even, and walks of yellow sand—the whole Hill of Radewitz made into a flower-garden in that way. Nay, in the Army *Lager* too, many of the Captains have made little improvised flower-gardens, in that Camp of theirs, up and down. For other Captains not of a poetical turn, there are billiards, coffee-houses, and plenty of excellent beer and other liquor. But the mountains of cavalry hay, that stand guarded by patrols in the rearward places, and the granaries of cavalry oats, are not to be

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told. Eastward, from their open porticoes and precincts, with imitation "janizaries" pacing silent lower down, the Two Majesties oversee the Army at discretion; can survey all things, even when dining, which they do daily like very kings! Fritz is lodged there; has a magnificent bed: poor young fellow, he alone now makes the business of any meaning to us. He is curious enough to see the phenomena, military and other, but oppressed with black care: "My Amelia is not here, and the tyrant Father is—tyrannous with his ratan: ye gods!"

We could insist much on the notable people that were there, for the lists of them are given. Many high Lordships, some of whom will meet us again. Weissenfels, Wilhelmina's unfavored lover, how busy is he, commanding gallantly (in the terrific Sham-Battle) against Wackerbarth; General Wackerbarth, whose house we saw burned on a Dresden visit not so long ago. Old Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau is there, the Old Dessauer, with four of his Princes; instructed in soldiering, left without other instruction; without even writing, unless they can pick it up for themselves. Likely young fellows too, with a good stroke of work in them, of battle in them, when called for. Young Anspach, lately wedded, comes, in what state he can, poor youth; lodges with the Prussian Majesty, his Father-in-law; should keep rather quiet, his share of wisdom being small. Seckendorf with his Grumkow, they also are here in the train of Friedrich Wilhelm. Grumkow shoves the bottle with their Polish and Prussian Majesties; in jolly hours, things go very high there. I observe they call King August "*le Patron*," the Captain, or "Patroon," a fine jollity dwelling in that Man of Sin. Or does the reader notice Holstein-Beck, Prussian Major General; Prince of Holstein-Beck, a solid, dull man, capable of liquor among other things; not wiser than he should be; sold all his Appanage or Princeship, for example, and bought plate with it, wherefore they call him ever since "Holstein-*Vaisselle* (Holstein *Plate*)" instead of Holstein-Beck.[3] His next Brother, here likewise I should think, being Major General in the Saxon service, is still more foolish. He, poor soul, is just about to marry the Orzelska, incomparable Princess known to us, who had been her

[3] Büsching's *Beyträge*, iv., 109.

Father's mistress; marriage, as was natural, went asunder again (1733) after a couple of years. But mark especially that middle-aged heavy gentleman, Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst, Prussian Commandant of Stettin. Not over rich (would not even be rich if he came to be reigning Duke, as he will do); attentive at his post in those parts ever since the Siege of Stralsund time; has done his orders, fortified Stettin to perfection; solid, heavy, taciturn man, of whom there is nothing notable but this only, that last year his Wife brought him a little Daughter, Catharine the name of her. His Wife is a foolish, restless dame, high-born and penniless; let her nurse well this little Catharine; little Catharine will become abundantly distinguished in a thirty years hence; Empress of all the Russians, that little girl; the Fates have so appointed it, mocking the prophecies of men! Here, too, is our poor unmentionable Duke of Mecklenburg; poor soul, he has left his quarrels with the Ritterschaft for a week or two, and is here breathing the air of the Elbe Heaths. His wild Russian Wife, wild Peter's Niece and more, we are relieved to know, is dead; for her ways and Peter's have been very strange! To this unmentionable Duke of Mecklenburg she has left one Daughter, a Princess Elizabeth Catharine, who will be called Prince *Anne* one day—whose fortunes in the world may turn out to be tragical. Potential heiress of all the Russias, that little Elizabeth or Anne. Heiress by her wily Aunt, Anne of Curland—Anne with the swollen cheek, whom Moritz, capable of many things, and of being *Maréchal de Saxe* by-and-by, could not manage to fall in love with there, and who has now just quitted Curland and become Czarina[4]—if Aunt Anne with the big cheek should die childless, as is likely, this little Niece were Heiress. *Was thut's*, What matter!

In the train of King August are likewise splendors of a sort, if we had time for them: Dukes of Sachsen-Gotha, Dukes of Meiningen, most of the Dukes that put Sachsen to their name —Sachsen-Weimar for one, who is Grandfather of Goethe's Friend, if not otherwise distinguished. The Lubomirskis, Czartoryskis, and others of Polish breed shall be considered as foreign to us, and go unnoticed. Nor are high Dames wanting, as we

[4] Peter II., her Cousin-german, died January, 1730 (Manustein's *Russia*).

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see; vast flights of airy, bright-hued womankind, Crown-Princess at the head of them, who lodges in Tiefenau with her Crown-Prince, and, though plain looking, and not of the sweetest temper, is a very high Lady indeed—Niece of the present Kaiser Karl, Daughter of the late Kaiser, Joseph of blessed memory—for which reason August never yet will sign the Pragmatic Sanction, his Crown-Prince having hereby rights of his own in opposition thereto. She is young; to her is Tiefenau, northward, on the edge of the Görisch Heath, probably the choicest mansion in these circuits, given up; also she is Lady of "the Bucentaur," frigate equal to Cleopatra's galley in a manner, and commands, so to speak, by land and water. Supreme Lady she, of this sublime world-foolery, regardless of expense; so has the gallantry of August ordered it. Our Friedrich and she will meet again on occasions not like this. What the other Princesses and Countesses present on this occasion were to Crown-Prince Friedrich, except a general flower-bed of human nature, ask not, nor even whether the Orzelska was so much as here. The Orzelska will be married some two months hence[5] to a Holstein-Beck; not to Holstein *Plate*, but to his Brother, the unfortunate Saxon Major General, a man surely not of nice tastes in regard to marriage, and I would recommend him to keep his light Wife at home on such occasions. They parted, as we said, in a year or two, mutually indignant, and the Orzelska went to Avignon, to Venice and elsewhither, and settled into Catholic devotion in cheap countries of agreeable climate.[6]

Crown-Prince Friedrich, doubtless, looking at this flower-bed of human nature, and the reward of happy daring paid by Beauty, has vivid images of Princess Amelia and her Viceregency of Hanover—bright Princess and Viceregency, divided from him by bottomless gulfs, which need such a swim as that of Leander across the material Hellespont was but a trifle to! In which of the villages Hotham and Dickens lodged I did not learn or inquire, nor are there copious Dispatches chronicling these sublime phenomena from day to day for behoof of St. James's, oth-

[5] 10th August, 1730 (Sir T. Robinson: Dispatch from Dresden, in State Paper Office).

[6] See Pöllnitz (*Memoirs*, &c.), whoever is curious about her.

er than entirely inane to us at this time. But one thing we do learn from them: our Crown-Prince, escaping the paternal vigilance, was secretly in consultation with Dickens, or with Hotham through Dickens, and this in the most tragic humor on his side. In such effulgences of luxury and scenic grandeur, how sad an attendant is Black Care—nay, foul misusage, not to be borne by human nature! Accurate Professor Ranke has read somewhere—does not comfortably say where, nor comfortably give the least date—this passage, or what authorizes him to write it. "In that Pleasure-Camp of Mühlberg, where the eyes of so many strangers were directed to him, the Crown-Prince was treated like a disobedient boy, and one time even with strokes (*körperlich misshandelt*), to make him feel he was only considered as such. The enraged King, who never weighed the consequences of his words, added mockery to his manual outrage. He said, 'Had I been treated so by my Father, I would have blown my brains out; but this fellow has no honor; he takes all that comes!'"[7] *Einmal körperlich misshandelt.* Why did not the Professor give us time, occasion, circumstances, and name of some eye-witness? For the fact, which stands reported in the like fashion in all manner of Histories, we shall otherwise find to be abundantly certain, and it produced conspicuous definite results. It is, as it were, the one fact still worth human remembrance in this expensive Radewitz and its fooleries, and is itself left in that vague inert state—irremediable at present.

Beaten like a slave, while lodged, while figuring about like a royal highness in this sumptuous manner! It appears clearly the poor Prince did hereupon, in spite of his word given to Wilhelmina, make up his mind to run. Ingenious Ranke, forgetting again to date, knows from the Archives that Friedrich went shortly afterward to call on Graf von Hoym one day. Speaking to Graf von Hoym, who is Saxon First Minister and Factotum of the arrangements here, he took occasion cursorily to ask, Could not a glimpse of Leipzig, among all these fine things, be had? Order for horses to or at Leipzig for "a couple of Officers" (Lieutenant Keith and self)—quietly, without fuss of

[7] Ranke: *Neun Bücher Preussischer Geschichte* (Berlin, 1847), i., 297.

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passes and the like, Herr Graf? The Herr Graf glances into it with eyes which have a twinkle in them—*Schwerlich*, Royal Highness. They are very strict about passes. Do not try it, Royal Highness![8] And Friedrich did desist in that direction, poor youth, but tried it the more in others. Very busy, in deep secrecy, corresponding with Lieutenant Katte at Berlin, consulting tragically with Captain Guy Dickens here. Whether any hint or whisper came to the Prussian Majesty from Graf von Hoym? Lieutenant Keith was shortly after sent to Wesel to mind his soldiering there, far down the Rhine Country, in the Garrison of Wesel;[9] better there than colleaguing with a Fritz, and suggesting to him idle truantcies or worse.

With Katte at Berlin the desperate Prince has concocted another scheme of Flight, this Hoym one being impossible; scheme executable by Katte and him, were this Radewitz once over. And as for his consultations with Guy Dickens, the result of them is, Captain Dickens, on the 16th of June, with eyes brisk enough and lips well shut, sets out from Radewitz express for London. This is what I read as abstract of *Hotham's Dispatch*, 16th June, 1730, which Dickens is to deliver with all caution at St. James's: "Crown-Prince has communicated to Dickens his plan of escape; 'could no longer bear the outrages of his Father.' Is to attend his Father to Anspach shortly" (*Journey to the Reich*, of which we shall hear anon), "and they are to take a turn to Stuttgard, which latter is not very far from Strasburg, on the French side of the Rhine. To Strasburg he will make his escape, stay six weeks or a couple of months (that his Mother may not be suspected), and will then proceed to England. Hopes England will take such measures as to save his Sister from ruin." These are his fixed resolutions. What will England do in such abstruse case? Captain Dickens speeds silently with his Dispatch; will find Lord Harrington, not Townshend any more;[10] will copiously open his lips to Harrington on

[8] Ranke, *ib.*; Förster, i., 365, and more especially iii., 4 (Seckendorf's Narrative there).

[9] Wilhelmina told us lately (suprà, p. 115), Keith *had* been sent to Wesel; but she has misdated as usual.

[10] Resigned, 15th May, 1730: Dispatch to Hotham. as farewell, of that date.

matters Prussian: a brisk military man, in the prime of his years, who might do as Prussian Envoy himself, if nothing great were going on? Harrington's final response will take some deliberating.

Hotham, meanwhile, resumes his report, as we too must do, of the Scenic Exhibitions; and, we can well fancy, is getting weary of it, wishing to be home rather, "as his business here seems ended."[11] One day he mentions a rumor (inane high rumors being prevalent in such a case)—"rumor circulated here, to which I do not give the slightest credit, that the Prince Royal of Prussia is to have one of the Archduchesses," perhaps Maria Theresa herself! which might, indeed, have saved immensities of trouble to the whole world, as well as to the Pair in question, and have made a very different History for Germany and the rest of us. Fancy it! But for many reasons, change of religion, had there been no other, it was an impossible notion. "Maybe," thinks Hotham, "that the Court of Vienna throws out this bait to continue the King's delusion," or a snuffle from Seckendorf, without the Court, may have given it currency in so inane an element as Radewitz.

Of the terrific Sham-Battles, conducted by Weissenfels on one side and Wackerbarth on the other; of the charges of cavalry, play of artillery, threatening to end in a very doomsday round the Pavilion, and the Ladies and the Royalties assembled on the balconies there (who always go to dinner safe when victory has declared itself), I shall say nothing; nor of that supreme "attack on the intrenchments:" blowing up of the very Bridges; cavalry posted in the woods; host doing its very uttermost against host, with unheard-of expenditure of gunpowder and learned manœuvre, in which "the Fleet" (of shallops on the Elbe, rigged mostly in silk) took part, and the Bucentaur with all its cannon. Words fail on such occasions. I will mention only that assiduous King August had arranged every thing like the King of Play-house Managers; was seen, early in the morning, "driving his own curricle" all about in vigilant supervision and inspection; crossed the Tub-Bridge, or perhaps the Float-Bridge

[11] Preceding Dispatch (of 16th June).

24th June, 1730.

(not yet blown up), "in a *Wurstwagen*," giving himself (what proved well-founded) the assurance of success for this great day; and finally that, on the morrow, there occurred an illumination and display of fire-works, the like of which is probably still a desideratum.

For the Bucentaur and Fleet were all hung with colored lamplets; Head-quarters (*Haupt-Lager*) and Army-*Lager* ditto ditto, gleaming upward with their golden light into the silver of the Summer Twilight; and all this is still nothing to the scene there is across the Elbe, on our southeast corner. You behold that Palace of the Genii—wings, turrets, main body, battlements: it is "a gigantic wooden frame, on which two hundred carpenters have been busy for above six months," ever since Christmas last—two hundred carpenters, and how many painters I can not say; but they have smeared "six thousand yards of linen canvas," which is now nailed up, hung with lamps, begirt with fire-works; no end of rocket-serpents, catharine-wheels —with cannon and field-music, near and far, to correspond—and is now (evening of the 24th June, 1730) shining to men and gods. Pinnacles, turrets, tablatures tipped with various fires and emblems, all is there—symbolic Painting, six hundred yards of it, glowing with inner light, and legible to the very owls! Arms now piled useless; Pax, with her Appurtenances; Mars resting (in that canvas) on trophies of laurel honorably won; and there is an Inscription, done in lamplets, every letter taller than a man, were you close upon it, "*Sic fulta manebit* (Thus supported it will stand)," the *it* being either *Pax* (Peace) or *Domus* (the Genii Palace itself), as your weak judgment may lead you to interpret delicate allusions—every letter bigger than a man; it may be read almost at Wittenberg, I should think; flaming, as *pica* written on the sky, from the Steeple-tops there. *Thus supported it will stand;* and pious mortals murmur, "Hope so, I am sure!" And the cannons fire almost without ceasing; and the field-music, guided by telegraphs, bursts over all the scene at due moments; and the catharine-wheels fly hissing; and the Bucentaur and silk Brigantines glide about like living flambeaus—and, in fact, you must fancy such a sight. King August, tired to the bone, and seeing all successful, retired about

midnight. Friedrich Wilhelm stood till the finale, Saxon Crown-Prince and he, "in a window of the highest house in Promnitz;" our young Fritz and the Margraf of Anspach, they also, in a neighboring window,[12] stood till the finale—two in the morning, when the very Sun was not far from rising.

Or is not the ultimate closing day perhaps still notabler—a day of universal eating? Debauchee King August had a touch of genuine human good-humor in him, poor devil, and had the best of stomachs. Eighty oxen, fat as Christmas, were slain and roasted—subsidiary viands I do not count—that all the world might have one good dinner. The soldiers, divided into proper sections, had cut trenches, raised flat mounds, laid planks, and so, by trenching and planking, had made at once table and seat—wood well secured on turf. At the end of every table rose a high triglyph, two strong wooden posts with lintel; on the lintel stood spiked the ox's head, ox's hide hanging beneath it as drapery; and on the two sides of the two posts hung free the four roasted quarters of said ox, from which the common man joyfully helped himself. Three measures of beer he had, and two of wine, which, unless the measures were miraculously small, we may take to be abundance. Thus they, in two long rows, 30,000 of them by the tale, dine joyfully *sub dio*. The two Majesties and two Crown-Princes rode through the ranks as dinner went on —"King of Prussia forever!" and caps into the air. At length they retire to their own *Haupt-quartier*, where, themselves dining, they can still see the soldiers dine, or at least drink their three measures and two. Dine, yea, dine abundantly; let all mortals have one good dinner!

Royal dinner is not yet done when a new miracle appears on

[12] 24th-25th June: *Helden-Geschichte* (above spoken of), i., 200.

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the field—the largest Cake ever baked by the Sons of Adam. Drawn into the Head-quarter about an hour ago, on a wooden frame, with tent over it, by a team of eight horses; tent curtaining it guarded by Cadets: now the tent is struck and off—saw mortals ever the like? It is fourteen ells (*kleine Ellen*) long, by six broad, and at the centre half an ell thick. Baked by machinery; how otherwise could peel or roller act on such a Cake? There are five thousand eggs in it; thirty-six bushels (Berlin measure) of sound flour; one tun of milk, one tun of yeast, one ditto of butter: crackers, gingerbread-nuts, for fillet or trimming, run all round. Plainly the Prince of Cakes! A Carpenter with gigantic knife, handle of it resting on his shoulder—Head of the Board of Works giving word of command—enters the Cake by incision; cuts it up by plan, by successive signal from the Board of Works. What high person would not keep for himself, to say nothing of eating, some fraction of such a Nonpareil? There is cut and come again for all. Carpenter advances, by main trench and by side trenches, steadily to word of command.

I mention, as another trait of the poor devil of an August, full of good-humor after all, that he and his Royalties and big Lordships having dined, he gave the still groaning table, with all its dishes, to be scrambled for "by the janizaries"—Janizaries, Imitation Turk valetaille, who speedily made clearance, many a bit of precious Meissen porcelain going far down in society by that means.

Royal dinner done, the Colonel and Officers of every regiment, ranked in high order, with weapons drawn, preceded by their respective bands of music, came marching up the Hill, to pay their particular respects to the Majesty of Prussia. Majesty of Prussia promised them his favor, everlasting, as requested; drank a glass of wine to each party (steady, your Majesty!), who all responded by glasses of wine, and threw the glasses aloft with shouts; sixty pieces of artillery speaking the while, and the bands of music breathing their sweetest till it was done, and his Majesty still steady on his feet. He could stand a great deal of wine.

And now? Well, the Cake is not done; many cubic yards of cake are still left, and the very corporals can do no more;

let the Army scramble! Army whipped it away in no time. And now—alas! now—the time *is* come for parting. It is ended; all things end. Not for about an hour could the *Herrschaften* (Lordships and minor Sovereignties) fairly tear themselves away, under wailing music, and with the due emotion.

The Prussian Royalties and select few took boat down the River on the morrow, toward Lichtenburg Hunting Palace, for one day's slaughtering of game. They slaughtered there about one thousand living creatures, all driven into heaps for them—"six hundred of red game" (of the stag species), "four hundred black," or of the boar ditto. They left all these creatures dead; dined immensely; then did go, sorrowfully sated; Crown-Prince Friedrich in his own carriage in the rear; Papa in his, preceding by a few minutes; all the wood horns, or French horns, wailing sad adieu, and hurried toward Berlin through the ambrosial night.[13]

And so it is all ended. And August the Strong—what shall we say of August? History must admit that he attains the maximum in several things. Maximum of physical strength: can break horse-shoes, nay, half crowns with finger and thumb. Maximum of sumptuosity: really a polite creature; no man of his means so regardless of expense. Maximum of Bastards, Three hundred and fifty-four of them: probably no mortal ever exceeded that quantity. Lastly, he has baked the biggest Bannock on record; Cake with 5000 eggs in it and a tun of butter. These things History must concede to him. Poor devil, he was full of good-humor too, and had the best of stomachs. His amputated great toe does not mend: out upon it, the world itself is all so amputated, and not like mending! August the Strong, dilapidated at fifty-three, is fast verging toward a less expensive country, and in three years hence will be lodged gratis, and need no cook or flunkey of either sex.

"This Camp of Radewitz," says Smelfungus, one of my Antecessors, finishing his long narrative of it, "this Camp is Nothing; and after all this expense of King August's and mine, it flies away like a dream. But alas! were the Congresses of Cambray and Soissons, was the life-long diplomacy of Kaiser Karl, or the History of torpid moribund Eu-

[13] 28th June, 1730: *Helden-Geschichte*, i., 205.

28th June, 1730.

rope in those days, much of a Something? The Pragmatic Sanction, with all its protocoling, has fled, like the temporary Play-house of King August erected there in the village of Strömen. Much talk, noise, and imaginary interest about both; but both literally have become zero, *were* always zero. As well talk about the one as the other." Then why not *silence* about both, my Friend Smelfungus? He answers: "That truly is the thing to be aimed at; and if we *had* once got our own out of both, let both be consumed with fire, and remain a handful of inarticulate black ashes forevermore." Heavens, will I, of all men, object!

Smelfungus says elsewhere:

"The moral to be derived, perhaps the chief moral visible at present, from all this Section of melancholy History is, Modern Diplomacy is nothing; mind well your own affairs, leave those of your neighbors well alone. The Pragmatic Sanction, breaking Fritz's, Friedrich Wilhelm's, Sophie's, Wilhelmina's, English Amelia's, and I know not how many private hearts, and distracting with vain terrors and hopes the general soul of Europe for five-and-twenty years, fell at once into dust and vapor, and went wholly toward limbo on the storm-winds, doing nothing for or against any mortal. Friedrich Wilhelm's 80,000 well-drilled troops remained very actual with their firelocks and iron ramrods, and did a thing or two, there being a Captain over them. Friedrich Wilhelm's Directorium, well-drilled Prussian Downing Street, every man steady at his duty, and no wind to be wasted where silence was better, did likewise very authentically remain, and still remains. Nothing of genuine and human that Friedrich Wilhelm did but remained and remains an inheritance, not the smallest item of *it* lost or losable; and the rude foolish Boor-King (singular enough!) is found to be the only one that has gained by the game."

CHAPTER IV.

EXCELLENCY HOTHAM QUITS BERLIN IN HASTE.

WHILE the Camp at Radewitz is dissolving itself in this manner in the last days of June, Captain Guy Dickens, the oracles at Windsor having given him their response as to Prince Friedrich's wild project, is getting under way for Berlin again, whither also Hotham has returned, to wait for Dickens's arrival, and directly thereupon come home. Dickens is henceforth to do the British Diplomacy here, any Diplomacy there can well be;

Dickens once installed, Hotham will, right gladly, wash his hands of this Negotiation, which he considers to be as good as dead for some good while past. First, however, he has one unexpected adventure to go through in Berlin, of most unexpected celebrity in the world: this once succinctly set forth, History will dismiss him to the shades of private life.

Guy Dickens, arriving, we can guess, about the 8th or 9th of July, brings two important Documents with him to Berlin: *First*, the English response (in the shape of "Instructions" to himself, which may be ostensible in the proper quarter) in regard to the Crown-Prince's project of flight into England—Response which is no other than might have been expected in the circumstances: "Britannic Majesty sorry extremely for the Crown-Prince's situation; ready to do any thing in reason to alleviate it. Better wait, however; Prussian Majesty will surely perhaps relent a little; then, also, the affairs of Europe are in a ticklish state. Better wait. As to that of taking temporary refuge in France, Britannic Majesty thinks that will require a mature deliberation (*mûre délibération*). Not even time now for inquiry of the French Court how they would take it, which his Britannic Majesty thinks an indispensable preliminary," and so terminates. The meaning, we perceive, is in sum: "Hm, you won't, surely? Don't; at least Don't yet!" But Dryasdust, and any readers who have patience, can here take the Original Paper, which is written in French (or French of Stratford at the Bow), probably that the Crown-Prince, if needful, might himself read it one of these days:

"*Monsieur Guy Dickens pourrait donner au Prince les assurances les plus fortes de la compassion que le Roi a du triste état où il se trouve, et du désir sincère de Sa Majesté de concourir par tout ce qui dépendra d'elle à l'en tirer. M. Guy Dickens pourrait lui communiquer en même tems les Instructions données à Monsieur Hotham*" (our Answer to the Outrageous propositions, which amounts to nothing, and may be spared the reader), "*et lui marquer qu'on avait lieu d'espérer que Sa Majesté Prussienne ne refuserait pas au moins de s'expliquer un peu plus en détail qu'elle n'a fait jusqu'ici. Qu'en attendant les suites que cette negociation pourrait avoir, Sa Majesté était d'avis que le Prince ferait bien de différer un peu l'exécution de son dessein connu: Que la situation où les affaires de l'Europe se trou-*

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vaient dans ce moment critique ne paraissait pas propre à l'exécution d'un dessein de cette nature: Que pour ce qui est de l'intention où le Prince a témoigné être, de se retirer en France, Sa Majesté croit qu'elle demande une mûre délibération, et que le peu de tems qui reste ne promet pas même qu'on puisse s'informer de ce que la Cour de France pourrait penser là-dessus; dont Sa Majesté trouvait cependant absolument nécessaire de s'assurer, avant de pouvoir conseiller à un Prince qui lui est si cher de se retirer en ce pays là."[1]

This is Document *First*—of no concernment to Hotham at this stage, but only to us and our Crown-Prince. Document *Second* would at one time have much interested Hotham: it is no other than a Grumkow Original seized at St. Mary Axe, such as Hotham once solicited, "strong enough to break Grumkow's back." No matter; he presents it as bidden. On introducing Dickens as successor, Monday, 10th July, he puts the Document into his Prussian Majesty's hand, and—the result was most unexpected! Here is Hotham's Dispatch to Lord Harrington, which it will be our briefest method to give, with some minimum of needful explanation intercalated here and there:

"*To the Lord Harrington* (from Sir Charles Hotham).

"Berlin, 30th June (11th July), 1730.

"My Lord,—Though the conduct of his Prussian Majesty has been such, for some time past, that one ought to be surprised at nothing he does, it is nevertheless with great concern that I now have to acquaint your Lordship with an extravagancy of his which happened yesterday," Monday, 10th July, 1730.

"The King of Prussia had appointed me to be with him about noon, with Captain Guy Dickens" (who has just returned from England, on what secret message your Lordship knows). "We both attended his Prussian Majesty, and I presented Captain Guy Dickens to him, who delivered his credentials, after which the King talked to us a quarter of an hour about indifferent matters. Seeing him in a very good humor, I took that opportunity of telling him, 'That as General Grumkow had denied his having held a Secret Correspondence with Reichenbach,

[1] Prussian Dispatches, vol. lxi.: No date or signature; bound up along with Harrington's Dispatch, "Windsor, 20th June" (1st July), "1730," on the morrow of which day we may fancy Captain Dickens took the road for Berlin again, where we auspiciously see him on Monday, 10th July, probably a night or two after his arrival.

or having written the Letters I had some time ago delivered to his Majesty, I was now ordered by the King my Master to put into his hands an Original Letter of General Grumkow—'"

Where is that Original Letter? ask some minute readers. Minute readers, the *ipsissimum corpus* of it is lost to mankind. Official Copy of it lies safe here in the State Paper Office (Prussian Dispatches, volume xli.; without date of its own, but *near* a Dispatch dated 20th June, 1730); has adjoined to it an Autograph jotting by George Second to the effect, "Yes, send it," and also some preliminary scribbles by Newcastle to the like purport. No date of its own, we say, though by internal evidence and light of *Fassmann*,[2] it is conclusively datable, "Berlin, 20th May," if any body cared to date it. The Letter mentions lightly that "pretended discovery" (the St. Mary Axe one, laid on the table of Tobacco Parliament 6th May or soon after), "innocent trifles all *I* wrote; hope you burned them, nevertheless, according to promise: yours to me I did burn as they came, and will defy the Devil to produce;" brags of his Majesty's fine spirits; and is, Jotting and all, as insignificant a Letter as any other portion of the "Rookery Colloquy," though its fate was a little more distinguished. Prussian Dryasdust is expected to give it a *Fac simile* one day; surely no British Under Secretary will exercise an unwise discretion, and forbid him that small pleasure!

"which was an undeniable proof of all the rest, and could not but convince his Prussian Majesty of them." Well?

"He took the Letter from me, cast his eye upon it, and, seeing it to be Grumkow's hand, said to me, with all the anger imaginable" (fancy the thunderburst!), "'*Messieurs, j'ai eu assez de ces choses là*;' threw the Letter upon the ground, and, immediately turning his back, went out of the room, and shut the door upon us,"

probably with a slam! And that is the naked truth concerning this celebrated Intercepted Letter. Majesty answered explosively, his poor heart being in a burdened and grieved condition, not unlike growing a haunted one, "I have had enough of that stuff before!" pitched the new specimen away, and stormily whirled out with a slam of the door. That he stamped with

[2] p. 404.

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his foot is guessable. That he "lifted his foot, as if to kick the Hon. English Excellency,"[3] which the English Excellency never could have stood, but must have died on the spot—of this, though several Books have copied it from Wilhelmina, there is no vestige of evidence; and the case is bad enough without this.

"Your Lordship will easily imagine that Captain Guy Dickens and I were not a little astonished at this extraordinary behavior. I took up the Letter he had thrown upon the floor" (*ipsissimum corpus* of it lost to mankind, last seen going into Hotham's pocket in this manner), "and returning home, immediately wrote to his Prussian Majesty, of which a copy is here inclosed." Let us read that essential Piece—sound substance, in very stiff, indifferent French of Stratford, which may as well be made English at once:

"*To his Majesty the King of Prussia.*

"Sire,—It is with the liveliest grief that I find myself under the necessity, after what has passed to-day at the audience I had of your Majesty, where I neither did nor said any thing in regard to that Letter of Monsieur Grumkow's, or to putting it into your Majesty's hands, that was not by my Master's order—it is, I say, Sire, with the liveliest grief that I am obliged to inform your Majesty of the necessity there lies on me to dispatch a Courier to London to apprise the King my Master of an incident so surprising as the one that has just happened; for which reason I beg (*supplie*) your Majesty will be pleased to cause the necessary Orders for Post-horses to be furnished me, not only for the said Courier, but also for myself, since, after what has just happened, it is not proper for me to prolong my stay here (*faire un plus long séjour ici*). I have the honor to be your Majesty's &c., &c., &c.,

"CHARLES HOTHAM."

"About two hours afterward General Borck came to me, and told me He was in the utmost affliction for what had happened, and beseeched me to have a little patience, and that he hoped means would be found to make up the matter to me. Afterward he communicated to me, by word of mouth, the Answer the King of Prussia had given to the last Orders I had received by Captain Guy Dickens"—Orders, "Come home immediately," to which the "Answer" is conceivable.

"I told him that after the treatment I had received at noon, and the affront put upon the King my Master's character, I could no longer receive nor charge myself with any thing that came from his Prussian Majesty; that as to what related to me personally, it was very easily

[3] Wilhelmina, i., 228.

made up; but having done nothing but in obedience to the King my Master's orders, it belonged to him only to judge what satisfaction was due for the indignity offered to his character; wherefore I did not look upon myself as authorized to listen to any expedients till I knew his Majesty's pleasure upon the matter.

"In the evening, General Borck wrote a Letter to Captain Guy Dickens and two to me, the Copies of which are inclosed"—fear not, reader! "The purport of them was to desire that I would take no farther notice of what had happened, and that the King of Prussia desired I would come and dine with him next day"—Engaged otherwise, your Majesty, next day! "The Answer to these Letters I also inclose to your Lordship"—reader not to be troubled with it. "I excused myself from dining with the King of Prussia, not thinking myself at liberty to appear any more at Court till I received his Majesty's," my own King's, "commands; and told General Borck that I looked upon myself as indispensably obliged to acquaint the King my Master with every thing that had passed, it being to no purpose to think of concealing it, since the thing was already become public, and would soon be known in all the Courts of Europe.

"This, my Lord, is the true state of this unaccountable accident. You will see, by General Borck's Letter, that the King of Prussia, being now returned to his senses, is himself convinced of the extravagancy of this proceeding, and was very desirous of having it concealed, which was impossible, for the whole Town knew it an hour after it had happened.

"As to my own part, I am not a little concerned at this unfortunate incident. As it was impossible to foresee this fit of madness in the King of Prussia, there was no guarding against it; and after it had happened, I thought I could do no less than resent it in the manner I have done, without prostituting the character with which the King has been pleased to honor me. I hope, however, this affair will be attended with no ill consequences; for the King of Prussia himself is at present so ashamed of his behavior that he says he will order Count Degenfeld" (Graf von Degenfeld, going at a leisurely pace to remove *Nosti* from his perch among you)[4] "to hasten his journey to England, with orders to endeavor to make up the affair immediately.

"As I had already received the King's Orders by Captain Guy Dickens to return home forthwith, I thought, after what had happened, the sooner I left this place the better, and the rather because it might be proper I should make a report of it to his Majesty. I shall therefore set out a few hours after this Messenger, and will make all the expedition possible.

[4] Suprà, p. 130.

11th July, 1730.

"The King of Prussia sets out for Anspach on Saturday next"—11th July is Tuesday; Saturday next will be 15th July, which proves correct.[5] "I am, with the utmost respect, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant, CHARLES HOTHAM."[6]

No sooner was the door slammed to than his Majesty began to repent. At sight of the demand for Post-horses he repented bitterly; sent Borck to ask Hotham to dinner, with what success we have seen; sent Borck to negotiate, to correspond, to consult with Dickens, to do his utmost in pacifying Hotham: all which Correspondence exists, but is not worth giving. Borck's remonstrances are in rugged soldier-like style, full of earnestness and friendliness: Do not wreck upon trifles a noble interest we have in common; King is jealous about foreign interference with his Ministers, but meant nothing; I tell you it is nothing! Hotham is polite, good-tempered, but remains inflexible: With myself, on my own score, it were soon settled, or is already settled; but with the King my Master, no expedient but post-horses! The Diplomatist world of Berlin is in a fuss; Queen Sophie and "the Minister of Denmark," with other friendly Ministers, how busy! "All day," this day and the next, "they spent in comings and goings,"[7] advising Hotham to relent: Hotham could not relent. The Crown-Prince himself writes, urged by message from his Mother; Crown-Prince sends Katte off from Potsdam with this Billet[8] (if this be a correct copy to translate from):

"*To his Excellency Monsieur the Chevalier Hotham.*

"Potsdam, 11th July, 1730.

"Monsieur,—Having learned by M. de Leuvener," the Danish Minister, a judicious well-affected man, "what the King my Father's ultimate intentions are, I can not doubt but you will yield to his desires. Think, Monsieur, that my happiness and my Sister's depend on the resolution you shall take, and that your answer will mean the union or disunion forever of the two Houses! I flatter myself that it will be favorable, and that you will yield to my entreaties. I never shall forget such a service, but recognize it all my life by the most perfect esteem," with which I now am, *Tout à vous*, "FRÉDÉRIC."

This Billet Katte delivers; but to this also Hotham remains inexorable; polite, hopeful even: No harm will come; Degen-

[5] Fassmann, p. 410. [6] State Paper Office: Prussian Dispatches, vol. xli.
[7] Wilhelmina, i., 229, 230. [8] Ib., i., 230.

feld will go, I myself will help when at home; but for the present, no resource but post-horses! which they at last yield him, the very post-horses ready to weep.

And so Hotham, spirited, judicious English gentleman, rolls off homeward[9] a few hours after his Courier, and retires honorably into the shades of private life, steady there thenceforth. He has not been successful in Berlin: surely his Negotiation is now *out* in all manner of senses! Long ago (to use our former ignoble figure) he had "laid down the bellows, though there was still smoke traceable;" but now, by this Grumkow Letter, he has, as it were, struck the *poker* through the business, and that dangerous manœuvre, not proving successful, has been fatal and final. Queen Sophie and certain others may still flatter themselves, but it is evident that the Negotiation is at last complete. What may lie in Flight to England and rash desperate measures, which Queen Sophie trembles to think of, we do not know; but by regular negotiation this thing can never be.

It is darkly apprehended the Crown-Prince still meditates Flight; the maternal heart and Wilhelmina's are grieved to see Lieutenant Katte so much in his confidence; could wish him a wiser counselor in such predicaments and emergencies! Katte is greatly flattered by the Prince's confidence; even brags of it in society, with his foolish loose tongue. Poor youth, he is of dissolute ways; has plenty of "unwise intellect," little of the "wise" kind, and is still under the years of discretion. Toward Wilhelmina there is traceable in him something—something as of almost loving a bright particular star, or of thrice privately worshiping it for his own behoof. And Wilhelmina, during the late Radewitz time, when Mamma "gave four Apartments (or Royal Soirees) weekly," was severe upon him, and inaccessible in these Court Soirees. A rash young fool; carries a loose tongue; still worse, has a Miniature, recognizable as Wilhelmina, and would not give it up, either for the Queen's Majesty or me! "Thousand and thousand pardons, High Ladies both; my loose tongue shall be locked; but these two Miniatures, the Prince and Princess Royal, I copied them from two the Prince had lent

[9] "Wednesday," 12th (Dickens).

me and has got back; ask me not for these; never, oh, I can not ever!" Upon which Wilhelmina had to take a high attitude, and pass him speechless in the Soirees. The foolish fellow; and yet one is not heartily angry either; only reserved in the Soirees; and anxious about one's Brother in such hands.

Friedrich Wilhelm repents much that Hotham explosion; is heard saying that he will not again treat in person with any Envoy from foreign parts, being of too hot temper, but will leave his Ministers to do it.[10] To Queen Sophie he says coldly, "Wilhelmina's marriage, then, is off; an end to *it*. Abbess of Herford" (good Protestant refuge for unprovided Females of Quality, which is in our gift), "let her be Abbess there;" and writes to the then extant Abbess to make Wilhelmina "Coadjutress," or Heir-Apparent to that Chief Nunship! Nay, what is still more mortifying, my Brother says, "On the whole, I had better, had not I?" The cruel Brother; but, indeed, the desperate! for things are mounting to a pitch in this Household.

Queen Sophie's thoughts—they are not yet of surrender; that they will never be while a breath of life is left to Queen Sophie and her Project: we may fancy Queen Sophie's mood. Nor can his Majesty be in a sweet temper; his vexations lately have been many. First, England is now off, not off and on as formerly: that comfortable possibility, hanging in one's thoughts, is fairly gone; and now we have nothing but the Kaiser to depend on for Jülich and Berg, and the other elements of our salvation in this world! Then the St. Mary Axe discoveries, harassing shadows of suspicion that will rise from them, and the useemly Hotham catastrophe and one's own blame in it; Womankind and Household still virtually rebellious, and all things going awry; Majesty is in the worst humor; bullies and outrages his poor Crown-Prince almost worse than ever. There have been ratan-showers, hideous to think of, descending this very week[11] on the fine head, and far into the high heart of a Royal Young Man, who can not, in the name of manhood, endure, and must not, in the name of sonhood, resist, and vainly calls to all the gods to teach him *what* he shall do in this intolerable inextricable state of matters.

[10] Dickens's Dispatch, Berlin, 22d July (N. S.), 1730.
[11] Guy Dickens's Dispatch, 18th July, 1730.

Fate and these Two Black Artists have driven Friedrich Wilhelm nearly mad, and he, in turn, is driving every body so. He more than suspects Friedrich of an intention to fly, which is horrible to Friedrich Wilhelm, and yet he bullies him occasionally as a spiritless wretch for bearing such treatment. "Can not you renounce the Heir-Apparentship, then? Your little Brother is a fine youth. Give it up; and go, unmolested, to the—in fact, to the Devil: Can not you?" "If your Majesty, against the honor of my Mother, declare that I am not your eldest son: Yes, so; not otherwise, ever!" modestly but steadily persists the young man whenever this expedient is proposed to him, as perhaps it already sometimes is. Whereat the desperate father can only snort indignantly futile. A case growing nearly desperate —Desperate, yes, on all hands; unless one had the "high mast" above alluded to, with two pulleys and ropes, and could see a certain Pair of Scoundrels mount rapidly thither, what hope is there for any body? A violent crisis does not last, however; that is one certainty in it. Either these agonistic human beings, young and old, will all die, all go to Bedlam, with their intolerable woes, or else something of explosive nature will take place among them. The maddest boil, unless it kill you with its torments, does at length burst and become an abscess.

Of course Captain Dickens, the instant Hotham was gone, hastened privily to see the Crown-Prince; saw Katte and him "at the Gate of the Potsdam Palace at midnight,"[12] or in some other less romantic way; read the Windsor Paper of "*Instructions*" known to us, and preached from that text. No definite countenance from England, the reverse rather, your Highness sees; how can there be? Give it up, your Highness; at least delay it! Crown-Prince does not give it up a whit; whether he delays it, we shall see.

A busy week for the Crown-Prince and Katte, this of the Hotham Catastrophe, who have many consultations, the Journey to Anspach being on Saturday next. Crown-Prince has given him in keeping a writing-case with private letters; 1000 ducats of money, money raised by loan, by picking jewels off

[12] Wilhelmina; Ranke, i., 301.

15th July, 1730.

some miniatures of honor, and the like sore methods. Katte has his very coat, a gray topcoat or traveling roquelaure, in keeping; and their schemes are many. Off we must and will be, by some opportunity. Could not Katte get a "Recruiting Furlough," leave to go . 'o the *Reich* on that score, and join one there? Lieutenant Keith is at Wesel; ready, always ready. Into France, into Holland, England? If the English would not, there is war to be in Italy, say all the Newspapers; why not a campaign as Volunteers in Italy, till we saw how matters went? Any thing and all things are preferable to ignominy like this. No dog could endure it!

CHAPTER V.

JOURNEY TO THE REICH.

ON Saturday, the 15th of Ju , 1730, early in the morning, as his wont was, Friedrich Wilhelm, with a small train of official military persons, rolled off from Potsdam toward Leipzig on that same journey of his toward Anspach and the *Reich*. To Anspach, to see our poor young Daughter, lately married there; therefrom we can have a run into the Reich according to circumstances. In this wide route there lie many Courts and scenes which it might behoove us to look into—Courts needing to be encouraged to stand for the Kaiser's rights against those English, French, and intrusive Foreigners of the Seville Treaty. We may hope, at least, to ease our own heavy mind, and have the chaff somewhat blown out of it by this rushing through the open atmosphere. Such, so far as I can gather, were Friedrich Wilhelm's objects in this Journey, which turned out to be a more celebrated one than he expected. The authentic records of it are slight, the rumors about it have been many.[1] After painful sifting through the mountains of dust and ashes for a poor cinder of a fact here and there, our duty is to tell the English

[1] Förster (iii., 1–11) contains Seckendorf's Narrative as sent to Vienna; Preuss (iv., 470), a Prussian *Relatio ex Actis:* these are the only two *original* pieces which I have seen; Excerpts of others (correct doubtless, but not in a very distinct condition) occur in Ranke, i., 294–340.

reader, one good time, what certainties or available cinders have any where turned up.

Crown-Prince Friedrich, it has been decided, after some consultation, shall go with his Majesty. Better he go with us, to be under our own eyes, lest he run away, or do other mischief. Old General Buddenbrock, old Colonel Waldau, and Lieutenant Colonel Rochow travel in the same carriage with the Prince; are to keep a strict watch over him, one of them at least to be always by him. Old General Buddenbrock, a grim but human old military gentleman, who has been in all manner of wars: he fought at Steenkirk even, and in the Siege of Namur, under Dutch William; stood, through Malplaquet and much else, under Marlborough; did the Siege of Stralsund too, and descent on Rügen there, which was not his first acquaintance with Karl of Sweden; and is a favorite old friend of Friedrich Wilhelm's: a good old gentleman, though very strict—now hard on sixty. He is chief of the Three.

Old Waldau, not younger, though still only Colonel of Horse, likewise celebrates the Malplaquet anniversary; a Pomeranian man, and silent smoker in the Tabagie, well seen by the master there. To these two elderly authorities, Lieutenant Colonel Rochow, still only about forty, and probably sharper of eye, is adjoined as active partner. I conclude the Prince and Buddenbrock ride face forward; Buddenbrock can tell him about so many things, if he is conversible; about Dutch William; about Charles XII., whose Polish fights he witnessed, as an envoy from Berlin, long ago. A Colonel Kröcher, I find, is general manager of the Journey; and it does not escape notice that Friedrich, probably out of youthful curiosity, seems always very anxious to know, to the uttermost settled point, where our future stages are to be. His Royal Highness laid in a fair stock of District Maps, especially of the Rhine Countries, at Leipzig too,[2] and is assiduous in studying them, evidently very desirous to know the face of Germany, the Rhine Countries in particular?

Potsdam, Wittenberg, Leipzig, the wheels rush rapidly on,

[2] Förster, iii., 2.

stage succeeding stage, and early in the afternoon we are at Leipzig,* never looking out at Luther's vestiges, or Karl V.'s, or thinking about Luther, which thou and I, good English reader, would surely have done in crossing Wittenberg and the birthplace of Protestantism. At Leipzig we were thinking to have dined. At the Peter's Gate there—where at least fresh horses are, and a topographic Crown-Prince can send hastily to buy maps—a General Hopfgarten, Commandant of the Town, is out with the military honors; he has, as we privately know, an excellent dinner ready in the Pleissenburg Fortress yonder,[3] but he compliments to a dreadful extent—Harangues and compliments in no end of florid inflated tautologic ornamental balderdash, repeating and again repeating, What a never-imagined honor it is! in particular saying three times over, How the Majesty of Saxony, King August, had he known, would have wished for wings to fly hither! and bowing to the very ground, "as if, in the Polish manner, he wished to clasp your feet," said Friedrich Wilhelm afterward. I can fancy Friedrich Wilhelm somewhat startled. How, at the first mention of this idea of big August, with his lame foot, taking wing, and coming like a gigantic partridge, with lame foot and cocked hat, Friedrich Wilhelm grinned. How, at the second mention, and Polish threat of your feet, Friedrich Wilhelm, who hates all lies, and cares not for salutations in the market-place, jerks himself impatiently and saves his feet. At the third mention, clear it is, Friedrich Wilhelm utters the word "*Anspannen*, Horses!" and in very truth takes to the road again, hungry indeed, but still angrier, leaving Hopfgarten bent into the shape of a parabola, and his grand dinner cooling futile, in what tragic humor we can imagine. Why has no Prussian Painter done that scene? Let another Chodowiecky, when another comes, try whether he can not.[4]

Friedrich Wilhelm regretted the dinner, regretted to hurt the good man's feelings, but could stand it no longer. He rushes off for Meuselwitz, where Seckendorf, with at least silence, and some cold collation instead of dinner, is awaiting him. Twenty miles off is Meuselwitz; up the flat valley of the Pleisse River,

* Map, p. 198 *a*. [3] Fassmann, p. 410. [4] Ib., p. 411.

toward Altenburg, through a region memorable, were we not so hungry. Famed fights have had their arena here; Lützen, the top of its church steeple visible on your right, it is there where the great Gustavus fell two hundred years ago; on that wide champaign, a kind of Bull-ring of the Nations, how many fights have been and will be! Altenburg one does not see to-night; happy were we but at Meuselwitz, a few miles nearer, and had seen what dinner the old Feldzeugmeister has.

Dinner enough, we need not doubt. The old Feldzeugmeister has a big fine Schloss at Meuselwitz—his by unexpected inheritance—with uncommonly fine gardens; with a good old Wife, moreover, blithe though childless; and he is capable of "lighting more than one candle" when a King comes to visit him. Doubtless the man hurls his thrift into abeyance, and blazes out with conspicuous splendor on this occasion. A beautiful Castle indeed, this Meuselwitz of his, the towers of Altenburg visible in the distance; Altenburg, where Kunz von Kauffungen stole the two little Princes centuries ago—where we do not mean to pause at this time. On the morrow morning, unless they chose to stay over Sunday, which I can not affirm or deny, Seckendorf also has made his packages, and joins himself to Friedrich Wilhelm's august traveling party, doing here a portion of the long space (length of the Terrestrial Equator in all) which he is fated to accomplish in the way of riding with that Monarch.

From Meuselwitz, through Altenburg, Gera, Saalfeld, to Coburg, is our next day's journey: up one fork of the Leipzig Pleisse, then across the Leipzig Elster, these streams now dwindling to brooks, leading us up to the watershed, or central Hill-countries between the Mayn and Saale Rivers, where the same shower will run partly on this hand, northward, by the Elster, Pleisse, or other labyrinthic course, into the Saale, into the Elbe, and partly, on the other hand, will flow southward into the Mayn, and so, after endless windings in the Fir Mountains (*Fichtel-Gebirge*), get by Frankfurt into the Rhine at Maintz. Mayn takes the south end of your shower, Saale takes the north; or farther east yonder, shower will roll down into the same grand Elbe River by the Mulde (over which the Old Dessauer is minded to

build a new stone bridge; Wallenstein and others, as well as Time, have ruined many bridges there). That is the line of the primeval mountains, and their ever-flowing rain-courses in those parts.

At Gera, dim old Town—does not your Royal Highness well know the "Gera Bond (*Geraische Vertrag*)?" Duhan did not forget to inform you of that? It is the corner-stone of the House of Brandenburg's advancement in the world. Here, by your august ancestors, the Law of Primogeniture was settled, and much rubbish was annihilated in the House of Brandenburg: Eldest Son always to inherit the Electorate unbroken; after Anspach and Baireuth, no more appanages, upon any cause or pretext whatsoever; and these themselves to lapse irrevocable to the main or Electoral House, should they ever fall vacant again. Fine fruit of the decisive sense that was in the Hohenzollerns; of their fine talent for annihilating rubbish; which feat, if a man can do it, and keep doing it, will more than most others accelerate his course in this world. It was in this dim old Town of Gera, in the Year 1598, by him that had the twenty-three children, that the "*Gera Bond*" was brought to parchment. But indeed it was intrinsically only a renewal, more solemnly sanctioned, of Albert Achilles's *Haus-Ordnung* (House-Order), done in 1478, above a century earlier.

But see, we are under way again. His Prussian Majesty rushes forward without pause; will stop nowhere except where business demands; no Majesty of his day travels at such a speed. Orlamünde an hour hence—your Royal Highness has heard of Orlamünde and its famed Counts of a thousand years back, when Kaiser Redbeard was in the world, and the Junior Hohenzollern, tired of hawking, came down from the hills to Him? Orlamünde (Orla-*mouth*) is not far off, on our right; and this itself is the Orla—this pleasant streamlet we are now quitting, which has borne us company for some time; this too will get into the Saale, and be at Magdeburg, quite beyond the Dessauer's Bridge, early to-morrow. Ha! here at last is Saalfeld, Town and Schloss, and the incipient Saale itself—his Serene Highness Saalfeld-Coburg's little *Residenz;* probably his Majesty will call on him in passing? I have no doubt he does, and transacts the civilities needful.

Christian Ernst, whose Schloss this is, a gentleman of his Majesty's age (born 1683), married an amiable *Fräulein* not of quality, whom indeed the Kaiser has ennobled; he lives here, I think, courting the shades rather, and rules conjointly with his younger Brother, or Half-Brother, Franz Josias, who resides at Coburg: Dukes of Saalfeld-Coburg, such is their style, and in good part their possession, though it is well known to this traveling party and the world there has been a Lawsuit about Coburg this half century and more; and though somewhere about 200 "*Conclusa*,"[5] or Decrees of Aulic Council, have been given in favor of the Saalfelders, their rivals of Meiningen never end, nor will end yet for five years more to come, till, in 1735, "206 *Conclusa* being given," they do end, and leave the Saalfelders in peaceable possession, who continue so ever since to this day.[6] How long his Majesty paused in that Schloss of Saalfeld, or what he there did, or what he spake, except perhaps encourage Christian Ernst to stand by a Kaiser's Majesty against these French insolences, and the native German, Spanish, English derelictions of duty, we are left to the vaguest guess of fancy, and must get on to Coburg for the night.

At Coburg, in its snug valley, under the *Festung* or Hill Castle, where Martin Luther sat solitary during the Diet of Augsburg (Diet known to us, our old friend Margraf George of Anspach hypothetically "laying his head on the block" there, and the great Kaiser, Karl V., practically burning daylight, with pitiable spilling of wax, in the *Corpus Christi* procession there)[7]—where Martin Luther sat solitary, and wrote that celebrated Letter about "Crows holding *their* Parliament all round," and how "the Pillars of the world were never seen by any body, and yet the world is held up in these dumb continents of space"—at Coburg, we will not doubt, his Majesty found Franz Josias at home, and illuminated to receive him. Franz Josias, a hearty man of thirty-five, he too will stand by the Kaiser in these coming storms? With a weak contingent truly, perhaps some score or two of fighters; but many a little makes a mickle. I re-

[5] Michaelis, i., 518, 524; Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, vi., 2464; Oertel, t. 74; Hübner, t. 166.

[6] Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, iv., § *Prinzenraub*.

[7] Antea, vol. i., p. 184.

mark, however, two points, of a merely genealogical nature. First, that Franz Josias has, or rather is going to have, a younger Son,[8] who in some sixty years hence will become dreadfully celebrated in the streets of Paris as "Austrian Coburg"—the Austrian Coburg of Robespierre and Company. An immeasurable terror and portent—not much harm in him, either, when he actually comes, with nothing but the Duke of York and Dunkirk for accompaniment—to those Revolutionary French of 1792–4. This is point *first*. Point *second* is perhaps still more interesting—this, namely: that Franz Josias has an Eldest Son (boy of six when Friedrich Wilhelm makes his visit)—a GRANDSON'S GRANDSON of whom is, at this day, Prince of Wales among the English People, and to me a subject of intense reflection now and then!

From Coburg, Friedrich Wilhelm, after pause again unknown, rushed on to Bamberg, new scenes and ever new opening on the eyes of our young Hero and his Papa. The course is down the valley of the Itz, one of the many little valleys in the big slope of the Rodach; for the waters are now turned, and all streams and brooks are gurgling incessantly toward the Mayn—toward Frankfort, Maintz, and the Rhine, far enough from the Saale, Mulde, or the Old Dessauer's Bridge to-day; toward Rotterdam and the uttermost Dutch swamps to-day. Near upon Bamberg we cross the Mayn itself; Red Mayn and White conjoined, coming from Culmbach and Baireuth. Mark that, your Highness! A country of pleasant hills and vines; and in an hour hence, through thick fir woods—each side of your road horribly decked with gibbeted thieves swinging aloft[9]—you arrive at Bamberg, chief of Bishoprics, the venerable town, whose Bishop, famous in old times, is like an Archbishop, and "gets his pallium direct from the Pope"—much good may it do him. "Is bound, however, to give up his Territory if the Kaiser elect-

[8] Friedrich Josias: 1737–1815.

[9] Pöllnitz: *Memoirs and Letters* (English Translation, London, 1745), i., 209. Let me say again, this is a different Book from the "*Memoirs* of Pöllnitz;" and a still different from the *Memoiren*, or "Memoirs of Brandenburg *by* Pöllnitz:" such the excellence of nomenclature in that old fool!

ed is landless"—far enough from likely now. And so you are at last fairly in the Mayn Valley; River Mayn itself a little step to north; long course and many wide windings between you and Maintz or Frankfurt, not to speak of Rotterdam, and the ultimate Dutch swamps.

At Bamberg why should a Prussian Majesty linger except for picturesque or for mere baiting purposes? At Bamberg are certain fat Catholic Canons, in indolent opulent circumstances, and a couple of sublime Palaces without any Bishop in them at present. Nor indeed does one much want Papist Bishops, wherever they get their pallium; of them as well keep to windward, thinks his Majesty. And, indeed, there is no Bishop here. The present Bishop of Bamberg, Cardinal Sinzendorf by name, is a Kaiser's Minister of State; lives at Vienna, eveloped in red tape, as well as red hat and stockings, and needs no exhortation in the Kaiser's favor. Let us yoke again and go. Fir woods all round, and dead malefactors blackening in the wind: this latter point I know of the then Bamberg, and have explanation of it, namely, that the Cardinal Bishop, though a humane Catholic, is obliged to act so. His small Domain borders on some six or seven bigger sovereignties, and, being Ecclesiastical, is made a cesspool to the neighboring scoundrelism, which state of things this Cardinal has said shall cease. Young Friedrich may look, therefore, and old Friedrich Wilhelm and Suite, and make of it what they can.

"Bamberg, through Erlangen, to Nürnberg:" so runs the way. At Erlangen there loiters now, recruiting, a certain Rittmeister von Katte, cousin to our Potsdam Lieutenant and confidant; to him this transit of the Majesty and Crown-Prince must be an event like few in that stagnant place. French Refugees are in Erlangen, busy building new straight streets; no University as yet; nay, a high Dowager of Baireuth is in it, somewhat exuberant Lady (friend Weissenfels's Sister), on whom Friedrich Wilhelm must call in passing. This high Widow of Baireuth is not Mother of the present Heir-Apparent there, who will wed our Wilhelmina one day; ah! no, his Mother was "*divorced* for weighty reasons,"[10] and his Father yet lives in

[10] Hubner, t. 181.

the single state, a comparatively prosperous gentleman these four years last past; Successor, since four years past, of this Lady's Husband, who was his Cousin-german. Dreadfully poor before that, the present Margraf of Baireuth, as we once explained; but now things are looking up with him again, some jingle of money heard in the coffers of the man; and his eldest Prince, a fine young fellow, only apt to stammer a little when agitated, is at present doing the return part of the Grand Tour —coming home by Geneva, they say.

Rittmeister von Katte, I doubt not, witnesses this transit of the incognito Majesty, this call upon the exuberant Dowager, but can have little to say to it, he. I hope he is getting tall recruits here in the Reich; that will be the useful point for him. He is our Lieutenant Katte's Cousin, an elder and wiser man than the Lieutenant. A Reichsgraf's and Field-marshal's nephew, he ought to get advanced in his profession; and can hope to do so when he has deserved it, not sooner at all, in that thrice fortunate Country. Let the Rittmeister here keep himself well apart from what is *not* his business, and look out for tall men.

Bamberg is half-way-house between Coburg and Nürnberg: whole distance of Coburg and Nürnberg—say a hundred and odd miles—is only a fair day's driving for a rapid King; and at Nürnberg, surely, we must lodge for a night and portion of a day, if not for more. On the morrow, it is but a thirty-five miles drive to Anspach; pleasant in the summer evening, after all the sights in this old Nürnberg, "city of the Noricans (*Noricorum Burgum*)"—Trading Staple of the German world in old days, Toyshop of the German world in these new. Albert Dürer's and Hans Sach's City—mortals infinitely indifferent to Friedrich Wilhelm. But is it not the seed-ground of the Hohenzollerns, this Nürnberg, memorable above cities to a Prussian Majesty? Yes, here, in that old white Castle, now very peaceable, they dwelt, considerably liable to bickerings and mutinous heats, and needed all their skill and strength to keep matters straight. It is now upon Seven Hundred years since the Cadet of Hohenzollern gave his hawk the slip, patted his dog for the last time, and came down from the Rough Alp countries hitherward; and found favor, not unmerited, I fancy, with the great

Kaiser Redbeard, and the fair heiress of the Vohburgs, and, in fact, with the Earth and with the Heavens in some degree. A loyal, clever, and gallant kind of young fellow, if your Majesty will think? Much has grown and waned since that time; but the Hohenzollerns, ever since, are on the waxing hand, unless this accursed Treaty of Seville and these English Matches put a stop to them?

Alas! it is not likely Friedrich Wilhelm, in the hurry and grating whirl of things, had many poetic thoughts in him, or pious auroral memories from the Past Ages, instead of grumbly, dusty provocations from the present—his feeling, haste mainly, and need of getting through! The very Crown-Prince, I should guess, was as good as indifferent to this antique Cadet of the Hohenzollerns, and looked on Nürnberg and the old white Castle with little but *ennui;* the Princess of England, and black cares on her beautiful account and his own, possess him too exclusively. But, in truth, we do not even know what day they arrived or departed, much less what they did or felt in that old City. We know only that the pleasant little Town of Anspach, with its huge unfinished *Schloss*, lay five-and-thirty miles away, and that thither was the next and quasi-final bit of driving. Southwestward thirty-five miles, through fine summer hills and dales, climbing always gently on the southward hand; still drained by the Mayn River, by the Regnitz, and other tributaries of the Mayn: half way is Heilsbronn,[11] with its old Monastery, where the bones of our Hohenzollern Forefathers rest, and Albert Achilles's "skull, with no sutures visible." On the gloomy Church walls their memorials are still legible; as for the Monastery itself, Margraf George, our memorable Reformation friend, abolished that—purged the monks away, and put Schoolmasters in their stead, who were long of good renown in those parts, but have since gone to Erlangen, so to speak. The July sunset streaming over those old spires of Heilsbronn might awaken thoughts in a Prussian Majesty, were he not in such haste.

[11] Not Heilbronn, the well-known, much larger Town in Würtemberg, 80 or 100 miles to westward. Both names (which are applied to still other places) signify *Health-Well*, or even *Holy-Well*, these two words, *Healthy* and *Holy*, being the same in old Teutonic speech.

15th–31st July, 1730.

At Anspach, what a thrice hospitable youthfully joyful welcome from the young married couple there! Margravine Friderika is still not quite sixteen; "beautiful as Day," and rather foolish: fancy her joy at sight of Papa's Majesty and Brother Fritz; and how she dances about, and perhaps bakes "pastries of the finest Anspach flour!" Ah! *did* you send me Berlin sausages, then, you untrue Papa? Well, I will bake for you, won't I? Sarah herself not more loyally (whom we read of in *Genesis*), that time the Angels entered *her* tent in a hungry condition!

Anspach, as we hint, has an unfinished Palace, of a size that might better beseem Paris or London; Palace begun by former Margrafs, left off once and again for want of cash; stands there as a sad monument of several things, the young family living mean while in some solid comfortable wing or adjacent edifice of natural dimensions. They are so young, as we say, and not too wise. By-and-by they had a son, and then a second son, which latter came to manhood, to old age, and made some noise in the foolish part of the Newspapers, winding up finally at Hammersmith, as we often explain, and was the last of the Anspach-Baireuth Margraves. I have heard farther that Friderika did not want for temper, as the Hohenzollerns seldom do; that her Husband likewise had his own stock of it, rather scant of wisdom withal; and that their life was not quite symphonious always, especially cash being short. The Dowager Margravine, Markgraf's Mother, had governed with great prudence during her Son's minority. I think she is now, since the marriage, gone to reside at her *Wittwensitz* (Dowager-Seat) of Feuchtwang (twenty miles southwest of us), but may have come up to welcome the Majesties into these parts. Very beautiful, I hear; still almost young and charming, though there is a mortal malady upon her, which she knows of.[12] Here are certain Seckendorfs too—this is the Feldzeugmeister's native country—and there are resources for a Royal Traveling Party. How long the Royal Party staid at Anspach I do not know, nor what they did there, except that Crown-Prince Friedrich is said to have privately asked the young Margraf to lend him a pair of riding horses, and say nothing of it,

[12] Pöllnitz: *Memoirs and Letters*, i., 209 (date 29th September, 1729—needs *watching* before believing).

who, suspecting something wrong, was obliged to make protestations and refuse.

As to the Crown-Prince, there is no doubt but here at last things are actually coming to a crisis with him. To say truth, it has been the young man's fixed purpose ever since he entered on this Journey, nay, was ever since that ignominy in the Camp of Radewitz, to run away, and, indeed, all this while he has measures going on with Katte at Berlin of the now-or-never sort. Rash young creatures, neither of them twenty yet, not good at contriving measures. But what then? Human nature can not stand this always, and it is time there were an end of deliberating. Can we ever have such a chance again? What I find of certain concerning Friedrich while at Anspach is, that there comes by way of Erlangen, guided forward from that place by the Rittmeister von Katte, a certain messenger and message, which proved of deep importance to his Royal Highness. The messenger was Lieutenant Katte's servant, who has come express from Berlin hither. He inquired on the road, as he was bidden at Erlangen, of Master's Cousin, the experienced Rittmeister, Where his Royal Highness at present was, that he might deliver a Letter to him? The Master's Cousin, who answered naturally, "At Anspach," knew nothing, and naturally could get to know nothing, of what the message in this Letter was. But he judged from cross-questionings, added to dim whispering rumors he had heard, that it was questionable, probably in an extreme degree. Wherefore, along with his Cousin the Lieutenant's messenger to Anspach, the Rittmeister forwarded a Note of his own to Lieutenant Colonel Rochow of this purport: "As a friend, I warn you, have a watchful eye on your high charge!" and, for his own share, determined to let nothing escape him in his corner of the matter. This note to Rochow and the Berlin Letter for the Crown-Prince reach Anspach by the same hand, Lieutenant Katte's express, conscious of nothing, delivering them both. Rochow and the Rittmeister, though the poor Prince does not know it, are broad awake to all movements he and the rash Lieutenant may make.

Lieutenant Katte, in this Letter now arrived, complains "that he never yet can get recruiting furlough; whether it be by acci-

dent, or that Rochow has given my Colonel a hint, no furlough yet to be had; will, at worst, come without furlough, and in spite of all men and things, whenever wanted. Only—Wesel still, if I might advise!" This is the substance of Katte's message by express. Date must be the end of July, 1730; but neither date nor Letter is now any where producible, except from Hearsay.

Deeply pondering these things, what shall the poor Prince do? From Canstatt, close by Stuttgard, a Town on our homeward route—from Canstatt, where Katte was to "appear in disguise," had the furlough been got, one might have slipped away across the Hills. It is but eighty miles to Strasburg through the Kniebiss Pass, where the Murg, the Kinzig, and the intricate winding mountain streams and valleys start Rhineward: a labyrinthic rock and forest country, where pursuit or tracking were impossible. Near by Strasburg is Count Rothenburg's Chateau—good Rothenburg, long Minister in Berlin, who saw those *Profösse*, or Scavenger Executioners in French costume long since, and was always good to me: might not that be a method? Lieutenant Keith indeed is in Wesel, waiting only a signal. Suppose he went to the Hague, and took soundings there what welcome we should have? No, not till we have actually run; beware of making noise! The poor Prince is in unutterable perplexity; can only answer Katte by that Messenger of his, to the effect (date and Letter burned like the former), "Doubt is on every hand; doubt—and yet *certainty*. Will write again before undertaking any thing."

And there is no question he did write again, more than once —letters by the post, which his faithful Lieutenant Katte in Berlin received; one of which, however, stuck on the road; and this one—by some industry of postmasters spirited into vigilance, as is likeliest, though others say by mere misaddressing, by "want of *Berlin* on the address"—fell into the hands of vigilant *Rittmeister* Katte at Erlangen, who grew pale in reading it, and had to resolve on a painful thing. This was, I suppose, among the last letters of the series, and must have been dated, as I guess, about the 29th of July, 1730; but they are now all burned, huddled rapidly into annihilation, and one can not say!

Certain it is that the Royal Traveling Party left Anspach in a few days, to go southward still, "by the Œttingen Country toward Augsburg."[13] Feuchtwang (*Wet* Wang, not Dürrwang or *Dry* Wang) is the first stage: here lives the Dowager Margravine of Anspach: here the Prince does some inconceivably small fault, "lets a knife, which he is handing to or from the Serene Lady, fall,"[14] who, as she is weak, may suffer by the jingle, for which Friedrich Wilhelm bursts out on him like the Irish Rebellion, to the silent despair of the poor Prince. The poor Prince meditates desperate resolutions, but has to keep them strictly to himself.

Doubtless the Buddenbrock Trio, good old military gentlemen, would endeavor to speak comfort to him when they were on the road again. Here is Nördlingen, your Highness, where Bernhard of Weimar, for his over-haste, got so beaten in the Thirty Years War; would not wait till the Swedes were rightly gathered: what general, if he have re-enforcements at hand, would not wait for it? The waters now, you observe, run all into the Wörnitz—into the Donau: it is a famed war country this, known to me well in my young Eugene-Marlborough days! "Hm, Ha, yes," for the Prince is preoccupied with black cares, and thinks Blenheim and the Schellenberg businesses befell long since, and were perhaps simple to what he has now on hand. That Feuchtwang scene, it would appear, has brought him to a resolution. There is a young Page Keith of the party, Lieutenant Keith of Wesel's Brother; of this Page Keith, who is often busy about horses, he cautiously makes question, What help may be in him? A willing mind traceable in this poor lad, but his terrors great.

To Donauwörth from Anspach through Feuchtwang and Nördlingen is some seventy or eighty miles. At Donauwörth one surely ought to lodge, and see the Schellenberg on the morrow; nay, drive to the Field of Hochstädt (Blenheim, *Blindheim*), which is but a few miles farther up the River? Buddenbrock was there, and Anhalt-Dessau: for their very sake, were there nothing farther, one surely ought to go? Such was the probability, a visit

[13] Fassmann, p. 410.

[14] Ranke, i., 304 ("from a Letter the Prince had written to Katte").

to Blenheim field in passing. And surely, somewhere in those heart-rending masses of Historical Rubbish I did at last find express evanescent mention of the fact, but can not now say where, the exact record or conceivable image of which would have been a perceptible pleasure to us. Alas! in those dim dreary Books, all whirling dismal round one's soul, like vortices of dim Brandenburg sand, how should any thing human be searched out and mentioned to us; and a thousand things not human be searched out, and eternally suppressed from us, for the sake of that? I please myself figuring young Friedrich looking at the vestiges of Marlborough even in a preoccupied uncertain manner. Your Majesty, too, this is the very "Schellenberg (or *Jingle-Hill*)," this Hill we are now skirting, on highways, on swift wheels, which overhangs Donauwörth, our resting-place this hot July evening. Yes, your Majesty, here was a feat of storming done —pang, pang!—such a noise as never jingled on that Hill before: like Doomsday come; and a hero-head to rule the Doomsday, and turn it to heroic marching music. A very pretty feat of war, your Majesty! His Majesty well knows it; feat of his Marlborough's doing, famed every where for the twenty-six years last past; and will go to see the Schellenberg and its Lines. The great Duke is dead four years; sank sadly, eclipsed under tears of dotage of his own, and under human stupidity of other men's! But Buddenbrock is still living, Anhalt-Dessau and others of us are still alive a little while!

Hochstädt itself—Blenheim, as the English call it, meaning *Blindheim*, the other village on the Field—is but a short way up the River, well worth such a detour. By what way they drove to the field of honor and back from it I do not know. But there, northward toward the heights, is the little wood where Anhalt-Dessau stood at bay like a Molossian dog of consummate military knowledge, and saved the Fight in Eugene's quarter of it. That is visible enough, and worth looking at. Visible enough the rolling Donau, Marlborough's place; the narrow ground, the bordering Hills all green at this season; and down old Buddenbrock's cheek, and Anhalt's, there would roll an iron tear or two. Augsburg is but some thirty miles off, once we are across the Donau—by the Bridge of Donauwörth,

or the Ferry of Hochstädt—swift travelers in a long day, the last of July, are soon enough at Augsburg.

As for Friedrich, haunted and whipped onward by that scene at Feuchtwang, he is inwardly very busy during this latter part of the route. Probably there is some progress toward gaining Page Keith, Lieutenant Keith of Wesel's Brother; some hope that Page Keith, at the right moment, can be gained: the Lieutenant at Wesel is kept duly advised. To Lieutenant Katte at Berlin Friedrich now writes, I should judge from Donauwörth or Augsburg, "That he has had a scene at Feuchtwang; that he can stand it no longer. That Canstatt being given up, as Katte can not be there to go across the Kniebiss with us, we will endure till we are near enough the Rhine. Once in the Rhineland, in some quiet Town there, handy for Speyer, for French Landau"—say Sinzheim, last stage hitherward of Heidelberg, but this we do not write—"there might it not be? Be somewhere it shall and must! You, Katte, the instant you hear that we are off, speed you toward the Hague; ask for 'M. le Comte d'Alberville;' you will know that gentleman *when* you see him: Keith, our Wesel friend, will have taken the preliminary soundings; and I tell you, Count d'Alberville, or news of him, will be there. Bring the great-coat with you, and the other things, especially the 1000 gold ducats. Count d'Alberville at the Hague, if all have gone right; nay, if any thing go wrong, can not he, once across the Rhine, take refuge in the convents in those Catholic regions? Nobody, under the scapulary, will suspect such a heretic as him. Speed, silence, vigilance! And so adieu." A letter of such purport Friedrich did write, which Letter, moreover, the Lieutenant Katte received; it was not this, it was another, that stuck upon the road, and fell into the Rittmeister's hand. This is the young Prince's ultimate fixed project, brought to birth by that slight accident of dropping the knife at Feuchtwang,[15] and hanging heavy on his mind during this Augsburg drive. At Augsburg, furthermore, "he bought, in all privacy, red cloth of quantity to make a top-coat;" red, the gray being unattainable in Katte's hands —in all privacy, though the watchful Rochow had full knowledge of it, all the same.

[15] Ranke, i., 304.

CHAPTER VI.

JOURNEY HOMEWARD FROM THE REICH; CATASTROPHE ON JOURNEY HOMEWARD.

THE traveling Majesty of Prussia went diligently up and down, investigating ancient Augsburg; saw, I doubt not, the *Fuggerei*, or ancient Hospice of the Fuggers, who were once Weavers in those parts, and are now Princes, and were known to entertain Charles V. with fires of cinnamon, nay, with transient flames of Bank-bills on one old occasion; saw all the Fuggeries, I doubt not—the ancient Luther and Melanchthon relics, Diet-Halls, and notabilities of this renowned Free Town; perhaps remembered Margraf George, and loud-voiced Kurfürst Joachim with the Bottle-nose (our *direct* Ancestor, though mistaken in opinion on some points!), who were once so audible there.

One passing phenomenon we expressly know he saw—a human, not a historically important one. Driving through the streets from place to place, his Majesty came athwart some questionable quaint procession, ribbony, perhaps musical; Majesty questioned it: "A wedding procession, your Majesty!" "Will the Bride step out, then, and let us see how she is dressed?" "*Vom Herzen gern*—will have the honor." Bride stepped out, with blushes—handsome we will hope; Majesty surveyed her, on the streets of Augsburg, having a human heart in him; and (says Fassmann, as if with insidious insinuation) "is said to have made her a present." She went her way; fulfilled her destiny in an anonymous manner; Friedrich Wilhelm, loudly named in the world, did the like, and their two orbits never intersected again. Some forty-five miles south of Augsburg, up the Wertach River, more properly up the Mindel River, lies Mindelheim, once a name known in England and in Prussia; once the Duke of Marlborough's "Principality," given him by a grateful Kaiser Joseph—taken from him by a necessitous Kaiser Karl, Joseph's Brother that now is. I know not if his

Majesty remembers that transaction, now while in these localities, but know well, if he does, he must think it a shabby one.

On the same day, 1st August, 1730, we quit Augsburg; set out fairly homeward again. The route bends westward this time, toward Frankfurt-on-the-Mayn; there yachts are to be ready; and mere sailing thenceforth, gallantly down the Rhine stream—such a yacht voyage, in the summer weather, with no Tourists yet infesting it—to end, happily we will hope, at Wesel, in the review of regiments and other business. First stage, first pause, is to be at Ludwigsburg, and the wicked old Duke of Würtemberg's; thither first from Augsburg. We cross the Donau at Dillingen, at Günzberg, or I know not where, and by tomorrow's sunset, being rapid travelers, find ourselves at Ludwigsburg,—clear through Canstatt, Stuttgard, and certainly no Katte waiting there! Safe across the intermediate uplands, here are we fairly in the Neckar Country, in the Basin of the Rhine again, and old Duke Eberhard Ludwig of Würtemberg bidding us kindly welcome, poor old bewildered creature, who has become the talk of Germany in those times. Will English readers consent to a momentary glance into his affairs and him? Strange things are going on at Ludwigsburg; nay, the origin of Ludwigsburg, and that the Duke should be there and not at Stuttgard, is itself strange. Let us take this Excerpt, headed *Ludwigsburg in* 1730, and then hasten on:

Ludwigsburg in 1730.

"Duke Eberhard Ludwig, now an elderly gentleman of fifty-four, has distinguished himself in his long reign, not by political obliquities and obstinacies, though those also were not wanting, but by matrimonial and amatory, which have rendered him conspicuous to his fellow-creatures, and still keep him mentionable in History, briefly and for a sad reason. Duke Eberhard Ludwig was duly wedded to an irreproachable Princess of Baden-Durlach (Johanna Elizabeth) upward of thirty years ago, and he duly produced one Son in consequence, with other good results to himself and her. But in course of time Duke Eberhard Ludwig took to consorting with bad creatures; took, in fact, to swashing about at random in the pool of amatory iniquity, as if there had been no law known, or of the least validity, in that matter.

"Perceiving which, a certain young fellow, Grävenitz by name, who had come to him from the Mecklenburg regions by way of pushing for-

tune, and had got some pageship or the like here in Würtemberg, recollected that he had a young Sister at home, pretty and artful, who perhaps might do a stroke of work here. He sends for the young Sister; very pretty indeed, and a gentlewoman by birth, though penniless. He borrows clothes for her (by onerous contract with the haberdashers, it is said, being poor to a degree); he easily gets her introduced to the Ducal Soirees; bids her—She knows what to do? Right well did she know what; catches, with her piquant face, the dull eye of Eberhard Ludwig, kindles Eberhard Ludwig, and will not for something quench him. Not she at all; how can *she;* your Serene Highness, ask her not! A virtuous young lady, she, and come of a stainless Family! In brief, she hooks, she of all the fishes in the pool, this lumber of a Duke; enchants him, keeps him hooked, and has made such a pennyworth of him for the last twenty years and more as Germany can not match.[1] Her Brother Grävenitz, the page, has become Count Grävenitz, the prime minister, or chief of the Governing Cabal; she, Countess Grävenitz and Autocrat of Würtemberg. Loaded with wealth, with so-called honors, she and hers, there go they, flaunting sky-high; none else admitted to more than the liberty of breathing in silence in this Duchy; the poor Duke Eberhard Ludwig making no complaint; obedient as a child to the bidding of his Grävenitz. He is become a mere enchanted simulacrum of a Duke; bewitched under worse than Thessalian spells; without faculty of willing, except as she wills; his People and he the plaything of this Circe or Hecate that has got hold of him. So it has lasted for above twenty years. Grävenitz has become the wonder of Germany, and requires, on these bad grounds, a slight mention in Human History for some time to come. Certainly it is by the Grävenitz alone that Eberhard Ludwig is remembered; and yet, down since Ulrich with the Thumb,[2] which of those serene abstruse Beutelsbachers, always an abstruse obstinate set, has so fixed himself in your memory?

"Most persons in Würtemberg, for quiet's sake, have complied with the Grävenitz, though not without protest, and sometimes spoken protest. Thus the Right Reverend Osiander (let us name Osiander, Head of the Church in Würtemberg) flatly refused to have her name inserted in the Public Prayers: 'Is not she already prayed for?' said Osiander: 'Do we not say, *Deliver us from evil?*' said the indignant Protestant man. And there is one other person that never will comply with her: the lawful Wife of Eberhard Ludwig. Serene Lady, she has had a sad existence of it; the voice of her wrongs audible, to little purpose,

[1] Michaelis, iii., 440.

[2] Ulricus *Pollex* (right thumb bigger than left); died A.D. 1265 (Michaelis, iii., 262).

this long while, in Heaven and in Earth. But it is not in the power of reward or punishment to bend her female will in the essential point: 'Divorce, your Highness? When *I* am found guilty, yes. Till then, never, your Highness, never, never,' in steady *crescendo* tones; so that his Highness is glad to escape again, and drop the subject; on which the Serene Lady again falls silent. Grävenitz, in fact, hopes always to be wedded with the right hand, nay, were it only with the left hand; and this Serene Lady stands like a fateful monument irremovably in the way. The Serene Lady steadily inhabits her own wing of the Ducal House; would not exchange it for the Palace of Aladdin; looks out there upon the grand equipages, high doings, impure splendors of her Duke and his Grävenitz with a clear-eyed silence, which seems to say more eloquently than words, '*Mene, mene*, You are weighed!' In the Land of Würtemberg or under the Sun is no reward or punishment that can abate this silence. Speak of divorce, the answer is as above; leave divorce lying, there is silence looking forth clear-eyed from that particular wing of the Palace on things which the gods permit for a time.

"Clear-eyed silence, which, as there was no abating of it, grew at last intolerable to the two sinners. 'Let us remove,' said the Grävenitz, 'since her Serene Highness will not; build a new charming Palace —say at our Hunting Seat, among those pleasant Hills in the Waiblingen region—and take the Court out thither.' And they have done so in these late bad years, taken out with them, by degrees, all the Courtier Gentry, all the *Raths*, Government Boards, public businesses, and building new houses for them there[3]—founding, in fact, a second Capital for Würtemberg, with what distress, sulky misery, and disarrangement to Stuttgard and the old Capital readers can fancy. There it stands, that Ludwigsburg, the second Capital of Würtemberg, some ten or twenty miles from Stuttgard the first, a lasting memorial of Circe Grävenitz and her Ludwig. Has not she, by her incantations, made the stone houses dance out hither? It remains to this day a pleasant town, and occasional residence of sovereignty. *Waiblingen*, within an hour's ride, has got memorability on other grounds; what reader has not heard of *Ghibbelines*, meaning Waiblingens? And in another hour up the River you will come to Beutelsbach itself, where Ulrich with the Thumb had his abode (better luck to him), and generated this Lover of the

[3] "From 1727 to 1730" was this latter removal. A hunting-lodge, of Eberhard Ludwig's building, and named by him *Ludwigsburg*, stood here since 1705; nucleus of the subsequent palace, with its "Pheasantries," its "Favoritas," &c., &c. The place had originally been monastic (Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, vi., 1519).

Gravenitz, and much other nonsense loud now and then for the last four centuries in the world!

"There is something of abstruse in all these Beutelsbachers, from Ulrich with the Thumb downward: a mute ennui, an inexorable obstinacy, a certain streak of natural gloom which no illumination can abolish. Veracity of all kinds is great in them; sullen passive courage plenty of it; active courage rarer; articulate intellect defective; hence a strange, stiff perversity of conduct visible among them, often marring what wisdom they have: it is the royal stamp of Fate put upon these men; what are called fateful or fated men, such as are often seen on the top-places of the world, making an indifferent figure there. Something of this, I doubt not, is concerned in Eberhard Ludwig's fascination; and we shall see other instances farther down in this History.

"But so, for twenty years, the absurd Duke, transformed into a mere Porcus by his Circe in that scandalous miraculous manner, has lived, and so he still lives; and his serene Wife, equally obstinate, is living at Stuttgard, happily out of his sight now. One Son, a weakly man, who had one heir, but has now none, is her only comfort. His Wife is a Prussian Margravine (Friedrich Wilhelm's *Half-Aunt*), and cultivates Calvinism in the Lutheran Country: this Husband of hers, he too has an abstruse life, not likely to last. We need not doubt 'the Fates' are busy, and the evil demons, with those poor fellow-beings! Nay, it is said the Circe is becoming much of a Hecate now—if the bewitched Duke could see it. She is getting haggard beyond the power of rouge; her mind, any mind she has, more and more filled with spleen, malice, and the dregs of pride run sour. A disgusting creature, testifies one Ex-Official gentleman, once a Hofrath under her, but obliged to run for life, and invoke free press in his defense:[4] no end to the foul things she will say, of an unspeakable nature, about the very Duke her victim, testifies this Ex-Official: malicious as a witch, says he, and as ugly as one, in spite of paint—'*toujours un lavement à ses trousses*.' Good Heavens!"

But here is the august Prussian Traveling Party: shove aside your bewitchments and bewilderments; hang a decent screen over many things! Poor Eberhard Ludwig, who is infinitely the gentleman, bestirs himself a good deal to welcome old royal friends; nor do we hear that the least thing went awry during

[4] *Apologie de Monsieur Forstner de Breitembourg, &c.*, (Paris, 1716; or "à Londres, aux dépens de la Compagnie, 1745"); Spittler, *Geschichte Würtembergs* (Spittlers *Werke*, Stuttgard und Tübingen, 1828; vol. v.), 497–539. Michaelis, iii., 428–439, gives (in abstruse Chancery German) a Sequel to this fine affair of Forstner's.

this transit of the royalties. "Field of Blenheim, says your Majesty? Ah me!" for Eberhard Ludwig knows that ground; stood the World-Battle there, and so much has come and gone since then. Ah me! indeed.

Friedrich Wilhelm and he have met before this, and have much to tell one another; Treaty of Seville by no means their only topic. Nay, the flood of cordiality went so far, that at last Friedrich Wilhelm, the conscientious King, came upon the most intimate topics: Grävenitz; the Word of God; scandal to the Protestant Religion; no likely heir to your Dukedom; clear peril to your own soul. Is not her Serene Highness an unexceptionable Lady, heroic under sore woes; and your wedded Wife above all? *'M-na*, and might bring Heirs too: only forty come October. Ah! Duke; ah! Friend. *Avisez la fin*, Eberhard Ludwig; consider the end of it all; we are growing old fellows now! The Duke, I conceive, who was rather a fat little man, blushed blue, then red, and various colors; at length settling into steady pale, as it were, indicating anthracitic white heat, it is certain he said at length, with emphasis, "I will!" And he did so by-and-by. Friedrich Wilhelm sent a messenger to Stuttgard to do his reverence to the high injured Lady there, perhaps to show her afar off some ray of hope if she could endure. Eberhard Ludwig, raised to a white heat, perceives that, in fact, he is heartily tired of this Circe-Hecate; that, in fact, she has long been an intolerable nightmare to him, could he but have known it.

And his Royal Highness the Crown-Prince all this while? Well, yes, his Royal Highness has got a Court Tailor at Ludwigsburg; and, in all privacy (seen well by Rochow), has had the Augsburg red cloth cut into a fine upper wrappage, overcoat, or roquelaure for himself, intending to use the same before long. Thus they severally, the Father and the Son; these are their known acts at Ludwigsburg, that the Father persuaded Eberhard Ludwig of the Grävenitz enormity, and that the Son got his red top-coat ready. On Thursday, 3d of August (late in the afternoon, as I perceive), they, well entertained, depart toward Mannheim, Kur-Pfalz (Elector Palatine), old Karl Philip of the Pfalz's place; hope to be there on the morrow some time,

if all go well. Gloomy much enlightened Eberhard takes leave of them with abstruse but grateful feelings; will stand by the Kaiser, and dismiss that Grävenitz nightmare by the first opportunity.

As accordingly he did. Next Summer, going northward, specially to Berlin,[5] he left order that the Grävenitz was to be got out of his sight, safe stowed away, before his return; which by the proper officers, military certain of them, was accomplished—by fixed bayonets at last, and not without futile demur on the part of the Grävenitz. Poor Eberhard Ludwig, "he published in the pulpits that he was now minded to lead a better life"—had time now been left him. Same year, 1731, November being come, gloomy Eberhard Ludwig lost, not unexpectedly, his one Son; the one Grandson was gone long since. The serene steadfast Duchess now had her Duke again, what was left of him; but he was fallen into the sere and yellow leaf; in two years more he died childless,[6] and his younger Brother, Karl Alexander, an Austrian Feldmarschall of repute, succeeded in Würtemberg—with whom we may transiently meet in time coming; with whom, and perhaps less pleasantly with certain of his children, for they continue to this day, with the old abstruse element still too traceable in them.

Old Karl Philip, Kurfürst of the Pfalz, toward whom Friedrich Wilhelm is now driving, with intent to be there to-morrow evening, is not quite a stranger to readers here; and to Friedrich Wilhelm he is much the reverse, perhaps too much. This is he who ran away with poor Prince Sobieski's Bride from Berlin at starting in life; who fell upon his own poor Protestant Heidelbergers and their Church of the Holy Ghost (being himself Papist ever since that slap on the face to his ancestor), and who has been in many quarrels with Friedrich Wilhelm and others. A high expensive sovereign gentleman, this old Karl Philip; not, I should suppose, the pleasantest of men to lodge with. One apprehends he can not be peculiarly well disposed to Friedrich

[5] There for some three weeks, "till 9th June, 1731, with a suite of above fifty persons" (Fassmann, p. 421, 422).

[6] 31st October, 1733, Michaelis, iii., 441.

Wilhelm after that sad Heidelberg passage of fence twelve or eleven years ago, not to mention the inextricable Jülich and Berg business, which is a standing controversy between them.

Poor old Kurfürst, he is now within a year of seventy. He has had crosses and losses; terrible campaignings against the Turk in old times, and always such a stock of quarrels at home as must have been still worse to bear. A life of perpetual arguing, squabbling, and battling, one's neighbors being such an unreasonable set! Brabbles about Heidelberg Catechism and Church of the Holy Ghost, so that foreign Kings interfered, shaking their whips upon us. Then brabbles about boundaries; about inheritances, and detached properties very many—clearly mine, were the neighbors reasonable! In fact, this sovereign old gentleman has been in the Kaiser's courts, or even on the edge of fight, oftener than most other men, and it is as if that first adventure, of the Sobieski wedding turned topsy-turvy, had been symbolical of much that followed in his life.

We remember that unpleasant Heidelberg affair: how hopeful it once looked; fact *done*, Church of the Holy Ghost fairly ours; your *Corpus Evangelicorum* fallen quasi-dead; and nothing now for it but protocoling by diplomatists, pleading in the Diets by men in bombazeen, never like ending at all, when Friedrich Wilhelm did suddenly end it—suddenly locked up his own Catholic establishments and revenues, and quietly inexorable put the key in his own pocket; as it were, drew his own whip, with a "Will you whip *my* Jew?" and we had to cower out of the affair, Kaiser himself ordering us, in a most humiliated manner! Readers can judge whether Kur-Pfalz was likely to have a kindly note of Friedrich Wilhelm in that corner of his memory. The poor man felt so disgusted with Heidelberg, he quitted it soon after. He would not go to Düsseldorf (in the Berg and Jülich quarter), as his Forefathers used to do, but set up his abode at Mannheim, where he still is. Friedrich Wilhelm, who was far from meaning harm or insolence in the Heidelberg affair, hopes there is no grudge remaining. But so stand the facts: it is toward Mannheim, not toward Heidelberg, that we are now traveling! For the rest, this scheme of reprisals, or whipping your Jew if you whip mine, answered so well, Friedrich Wilhelm has

used it, or threatened to use, as the real method, ever since, where needful, and has saved thereby much bombazeen eloquence and confusion to mankind on several occasions.

But the worst between these two High Gentlemen is that Jülich and Berg controversy, which is a sore still running, and beyond reach of probable surgery. Old Karl Philip has no male Heir, and is like to be (what he indeed proved) the last of the *Neuburg* Electors Palatine. What trouble there rose with the first of them about that sad business, and how the then Brandenburger, much wrought upon, smote the then Neuburger across the very face, and drove him into Catholicism, we have not forgotten; how can we ever? It is one Hundred and sixteen years since that after-dinner-scene; and, O Heavens, what bickering, and brabbling, and confused negotiation there has been; lawyers' pens going almost continually ever since, shadowing out the mutual darkness of sovereignties; and from time to time the military implements brandishing themselves, though loth generally to draw blood! For a Hundred and sixteen years; but the Final Bargain, lying in parchment in the archives of both parties, and always acknowledged as final, was to this effect: "You, serene Neuburg, keep what you have got; we, serene Brandenburg, the like: Cleve, with detached pertinents, ours; Jülich and Berg, mainly yours. And let us live in perpetual amity on that footing. And, note only furthermore, when our Line fails, the whole of these fine Duchies shall be yours; if your Line fail, ours." That was the plain bargain, done solemnly in 1624, and again more solemnly, and brought to parchment with signature in 1666, as Friedrich Wilhelm knows too well. And now the very case is about to occur; this old man, childless at seventy, is the last of the Neuburgs. May not one reasonably pretend that a bargain should be kept?

"Tush!" answers old Karl Philip always: "Bargain?" And will not hear reason against himself on the subject, not even when the Kaiser asks him, as the Kaiser really did after that Wusterhausen Treaty, but could get only negatives. Karl Philip has no romantic ideas of justice or of old parchments tying up a man. Karl Philip had one Daughter by that dear Radzivil Princess, Sobieski's stolen Bride, and he never, by the dear Rad-

zivil or her dear successor,[7] had any son, or other daughter that lived to wed. One Daughter, we say; a first-born, extremely precious to him. Her he married to the young fortunate Sulzbach Cousin, Karl Joseph, Heir-Apparent of Sulzbach, who, by all laws, was to succeed in the Pfalz as well; Karl Philip thinking furthermore, "He and she, please Heaven, shall hold fast by Düsseldorf too, and that fine Jülich and Berg Territory, which is mine. Bargains?" Such was and is the old man's inflexible notion. Alas! this one Daughter died lately and her Husband lately,[8] again leaving only Daughters: will not this change the notion? Not a whit, though Friedrich Wilhelm may have fondly hoped it by possibility might. Not a whit. Karl Philip cherishes his little Granddaughter, now a child of nine, as he did her Mother and her Mother's Mother; hopes one day to see her wedded (as he did) to a new Heir-Apparent of the Pfalz and Sulzbach; and, for her behoof, will hold fast by Berg and Jülich, and part with no square inch of it for any parchment.

What is Friedrich Wilhelm to do? Seek justice for himself by his 80,000 men and the iron ramrods? Apparently he will not get it otherwise. He is loth to begin that terrible game. If indeed Europe do take fire, as is likely at Seville or elsewhere —But, in the mean while, how happy if negotiation would but serve! Alas! and if the Kaiser, England, Holland, and the others, could be brought to guarantee me—as indeed they should (to avoid a *casus belli*), and some of them have said they will! Friedrich Wilhelm tried this Jülich and Berg Problem by the pacific method all his life, strenuously, and without effect. Result perhaps was coming, nevertheless, at the distance of another hundred years! One thing I know: whatever rectitude and patience, whatever courage, perseverance, or other human virtue he has put into this or another matter, is not lost; not it nor any fraction of it, to Friedrich Wilhelm and his sons' sons, but will well avail him and them, if not soon, then later; if not in Berg and Jülich, then in some other quarter of the Universe, which is a wide Entity and a long-lived! Courage, your Majesty!

[7] See Buchholz, i., 61 n.

[8] She in 1728, he 1729: their eldest Daughter was born 1721 (Hübner, t. 140; Michaelis, ii., 101, 123).

3d Aug., 1730.

So stand matters as Friedrich Wilhelm journeys toward Mannheim: human politeness will have to cloak well, and keep well down, a good many prickly points in the visit ahead. Alas! poor Friedrich Wilhelm has got other matter to think of by the time we arrive in Mannheim.

Catastrophe on Journey Homeward.

The Royal Party, quitting Ludwigsburg on Thursday, 3d August, 1730, some hours after dinner, as I calculate it, had but a rather short journey before them—journey to a place called Sinzheim, some fifty or sixty miles, a long way short of Heidelberg, the King's purpose being to lodge in that dilapidated silent Town of Sinzheim, and leave both Heidelberg and Mannheim, with their civic noises, for the next day's work. Sinzheim, such was the program, as the Prince and others understood it; but by some accident, or on better calculation, it was otherwise decided in the royal mind: not at Sinzheim, intricate decayed old Town, shall we lodge to-night, but five or six miles short of it, in the naturally silent Village of Steinfurth, where good clean empty Barns are to be found—which latter is a favorite method of his Majesty, fond always of free air and the absence of fuss. Shake-downs, a temporary cooking apparatus, plenty of tobacco, and a tub to wash in—this is what man requires, and this, without difficulty, can be got. His Majesty's tastes are simple—simple, and yet good and human. Here is a small Royal Order which I read once, and ever since remember, though the reference is now blown away, and lost in those unindexed Sibylline Farragoes, the terror of human nature; let us copy it from memory till some deliverer arise with finger on page.[9] "At Magdeburg, on this Review Journey, have a dinner for me, under a certain Tree you know of, outside the ramparts"—Dinner of one sound portion solid, one ditto liquid, of the due quality; readied honestly—and to be eaten under a shady Tree; on the

[9] Probably in Rödenbeck's *Beyträge;* but long sad searching there and elsewhere proves unavailing at present. Historical Farragoes without *Index;* a hundred, or several hundred, blind sacks of Historical clippings, generally authentic too, if useless, and not the least scrap of *label* on them: are not these a handy article?

Review-ground itself, with the summer sky over one's head. Could Jupiter Tonans, had he been traveling on business in those parts, have done better with his dinner?

"At Sinzheim?" thinks his Royal Highness; and has spoken privily to the Page Keith. To glide out of their quarters there, in that waste, negligent old Town (where post-horses can be had), in the gray of the summer's dawn? Across the Rhine to Speyer is but three hours riding; thence to Landau, into France, into—Enough, Page Keith has undertaken to get horses, and the flight shall at last be. Husht! husht! To-morrow morning, before the sparrow wake, it is our determination to be upon the road!

Ruins of the Tower of Stauffen, *Hohen* or High *Stauffen*, where Kaiser Barbarossa lived once, young and ruddy, and was not yet a *Myth* "winking and nodding under the Hill at Salzburg"—yes, it is but a few miles to the left there, were this a deliberate touring party. But this is a rapid driving one; knows nothing about Stauffen, cares nothing. We can not fancy Friedrich remembered Barbarossa at all, or much regarded Heilbronn itself, the principal and only famous Town they pass this day. The St. Kilian's Church, your Highness, and big stone giant at the top of the steeple yonder—adventurous masons and slater people get upon the crown of his head sometimes, and stand waving flags.[10] The Town-house, too (*Rath-haus*), with its amazing old Clock? And Götz von Berlichingen, the Town-Councilors once had him in prison for one night in the "Götz's Tower" here; your Highness has heard of "Götz with the Iron Hand?" Berlichingens still live at Jaxthausen, farther down the Neckar Valley, in these parts, and show the old *Hand*, considerably rusted now. Heilbronn, the most famous City on the Neckar, and its old miraculous Holy Well? What cares his Highness! Weinsberg again, which is but a few miles to the right of us—there it was that the Besieged Wives did that astonishing feat 600 years ago, coming out, as the capitulation bore, "with their most valuable property," each brought her Husband on her back (were not the fact a little uncertain!), whereby the old Castle has to this day the name "*Weibertreue*, Faith-

[10] Buddäus, *Lexicon*, ii., § Heilbronn.

4th Aug., 1730.

fulness of Woman." Welf's Duchess, Husband on back, was at the head of those women; a Hohenzollern ancestor of yours, I think I have heard, was of the besieging party.[11] Alas! thinks his Royal Highness, is there not a flower of Welfdom now in England, and I, unluckiest of Hohenzollerns, still far away from her here! It is at Windsor, not in Weinsberg, or among the ruins of *Weibertreue* there, that his Highness wishes to be.

At Heilbronn our road branches off to the left, and we roll diligently toward Sinzheim, calculating to be there before nightfall. Whew! Something has gone awry at Sinzheim: no right lodging in the waste Inns there, or good clean Barns, of a promising character, are to be had nearer than there: we absolutely do not go to Sinzheim to-night; we are to stop at Steinfurth, a small quiet Hamlet with Barns, four or five miles short of that! This was a great disappointment to the Prince, and, some say, a highly momentous circumstance in his History;[12] however, he rallies in the course of the evening—speaks again to Page Keith. "Steinfurth" (*Stony-ford*, over the Brook here); "be it at Steinfurth, all the same!" Page Keith will manage to get horses for us here, no less. And Speyer and the Ferry of the Rhine are within three hours. Favor us, Silence and all ye good genii!

On Friday morning, 4th August, 1730, "usual hour of starting, 3 A.M.," not being yet come, the Royal Party lies asleep in two clean airy Barns, facing one another, in the Village of Steinfurth—Barns facing one another, with the Heidelberg Highway and Village Green asleep in front between them;[13] for it is little after two in the morning, the dawn hardly beginning to break.

[11] Siege is notorious enough, A.D. 1140: Köhler, *Reichshistoire*, p. 167, who does not mention the story of the women; Menzel (Wolfgang), *Geschichte der Deutschen*, p. 287, who takes no notice that it is a highly mythical story, supported only by the testimony of one poor Monk in Köln, vaguely chronicling fifty years after date, and at that good distance.

[12] "Might perhaps have succeeded at Sinzheim" (Seckendorf's *Relation of the Crown-Prince's Meditated Flight*, p. 2, addressed to Prince Eugene a few days afterward; given in *Förster*, iii., 1–13).

[13] Compare Wilhelmina, i., 259 (her Account of the Flight: "Heard it from my Brother," and report it loosely after a dozen years!).

Prince Friedrich with his Trio of Vigilance, Buddenbrock, Waldau, Rochow, lies in one Barn; Majesty, with his Seckendorf and party, is in the other, apparently all still locked in sleep? Not all: Prince Friedrich, for example, is awake; the Trio is indeed audibly asleep; unless others watch for them, their six eyes are closed. Friedrich cautiously rises; dresses; takes his money, his new red roquelaure, unbolts the Barn-door, and walks out. Trio of Vigilance is sound asleep, and knows nothing: alas! Trio of Vigilance, while its own six eyes are closed, has appointed another pair to watch.

Gummersbach the Valet comes to Rochow's bolster: "Hst, Herr Oberst Lieutenant, please awaken! Prince-Royal is up, has on his top-coat, and is gone out of doors!" Rochow starts to his habiliments, or perhaps has them ready on; in a minute or two Rochow is also forth into the gray of the morning; finds the young Prince actually on the Green there, in his red roquelaure, leaning pensively on one of the traveling carriages. "*Guten Morgen, Ihro Königliche Hoheit!*"[14] Fancy such a salutation to the young man! Page Keith, at this moment, comes with a pair of horses too: "Whither with the nags, Sirrah?" Rochow asked with some sharpness. Keith, seeing how it was, answered with some embarrassment, "Herr, they are mine and Kunz the Page's horses" (which I suppose is true); "ready at the usual hour!" Keith might add. "His Majesty does not go till five this morning; back to the stables!" beckoned Rochow; and, according to the best accounts, did not suspect any thing, or affected not to do so.

Page Keith returned, trembling in his saddle. Friedrich strolled toward the other Barn, at least to be out of Rochow's company. Seckendorf emerges from the other Barn, awake at the common hour: "How do you like his Royal Highness in the red roquelaure?" asks Rochow, as if nothing had happened. Was there ever such a Royal Highness, or young bright spirit chained in the Bear's Den in this manner? Our Steinfurth project has gone to water, and it is not to-day we shall get across the Rhine! Not to-day, nor any other day, on that errand, strong as our resolutions are, for new light, in a few hours

[14] Ranke, i., 305.

afterward, pours in upon the project, and human finesse or ulterior schemes avail nothing henceforth. "The Crown-Prince's meditated Flight" has tried itself, and failed. Here and so that long meditation *ends;* this at Steinfurth was all the overt act it could ever come to. In few hours more it will melt into air, and only the terrible consequences will remain!

By last night's arrangement, the Prince with his Trio was to set out an hour before his Father, which circumstance had helped Page Keith in his excuses. Naturally the Prince had now no wish to linger on the Green of Steinfurth in such a posture of affairs: "Toward Heidelberg, then; let us see the big Tun there: *allons!*" How the young Prince and his Trio did this day's journey; where he loitered, what he saw, said, or thought, we have no account; it is certain only that his Father, who set out from Steinfurth an hour after him, arrived in Mannheim several hours before him, and, in spite of Kurfürst Karl Philip's welcome, testified the liveliest inquietude on that unaccountable circumstance. Beautiful Rhine stream, thrice beautiful trim Mannheim—yes, all is beautiful indeed, your Serenity! But where can the Prince be? he kept ejaculating. And Karl Philip had to answer what he could. Of course, the Prince may be lingering about Heidelberg, looking at the big Tun and other miracles: "I had the pleasure to repair that world-famous Tub or Tun, as your Majesty knows, which had lain half burnt ever since Louis XIV. with his firebrand robberies lay upon us, and burnt the Pfalz in whole, small honor to him! I repaired the Tun;[15] it is probably the successfulest feat I did hitherto, and well worth looking at, had your Majesty had time!" "*Ja wohl;* but he came away an hour before me!" The polite Karl Philip at length sent off one of his own Equerries to ride toward Heidelberg, or even to Steinfurth if needful, and see what was become of the Prince. This Official person met the Prince,

[15] Köhler, *Münzbelustigungen* (viii., 418–424; 145–152), who gives a view of the world's wonder, lying horizontal, with stairs running up to it. Big Tuns of that kind were not uncommon in Germany, and had uses, if multiplex dues of wine were to be paid *in naturâ:* the Heidelberg, the biggest of them, is small to the Whitbread and Company, for porter's ale, in our time.

all in order, at no great distance, and brought him safe to Papa's presence again.

Why Papa was in such a fuss about this little circumstance? Truly there has something come to Papa's knowledge since he started, perhaps since he arrived at Mannheim. Page Keith, who rides always behind the King's coach, has ridden this day in an agony of remorse and terror, and at length (probably in Mannheim, once his Majesty is got to his Apartments, or now that he finds his Majesty so anxious there) has fallen on his knees, and with tears and obtestations made a clean breast. Page Keith has confessed that the Crown-Prince and he were to have been in Speyer, or farther, at this time of the day, flying rapidly into France. "God's Providence alone prevented it! Pardon, pardon: slay me, your Majesty; but there is the naked truth, and the whole of it, and I have nothing more to say!" Hereupon ensues dispatch of the Equerry; and hereupon, as we may conjecture, the Equerry's return with Fritz and the Trio is an unspeakable relief to Friedrich Wilhelm.

Friedrich Wilhelm now summons Buddenbrock and Company straightway; shows, in a suppressed volcanic manner, with questions and statements—obliged to *suppress* one's self in foreign hospitable Serene Houses—what atrocity of scandal and terror has been on the edge of happening; "And you three, Rochow, Waldau, Buddenbrock, mark it, you three are responsible, and shall answer, I now tell you, with your heads. Death the penalty, unless you bring *him* to our own Country again—'living or dead,'" added the Suppressed Volcano, in low metallic tone; and the sparkling eyes of him, the red tint, and rustling gestures make the words too credible to us."[16]

What Friedrich Wilhelm got to speak about with the old Kur-Pfalz during their serene passages of hospitality at Mannheim is not very clear to me; his Prussian Majesty is privately in such a desperate humor, and the old Kur-Pfalz privately so discrepant on all manner of points, especially on the Jülich and Berg point. They could talk freely about the old Turk Campaigns, Battle of Zentha,[17] and Prince Eugene; very freely

[16] Ranke, i., 307.

[17] 11th of September, 1697; Eugene's crowning feat; breaking of the

about the Heidelberg Tun. But it is known that old Karl Philip had his agents at the Congress of Soissons to secure that Berg and Jülich interest[1] for the Sulzbachs and him, directly in the teeth of Friedrich Wilhelm. How that may have gone since the Treaty of Seville broke out to astonish mankind, will be unsafe to talk about. For the rest, old Karl Philip has frankly adopted the Pragmatic Sanction; but then he has, likewise, privately made league with France to secure him in that Jülich and Berg matter, should the Kaiser break promise—league which may much obstruct said Sanction. Nay, privately he is casting glances on his Bavarian Cousin, elegant ambitious Karl Albert, Kurfüst of Baiern—are not we all from the same Wittelsbach stock, Cousins from of old?—and will undertake, for the same Jülich and Berg object, to secure Bavaria in *its* claims on the Austrian Heritages in defect of Heirs Male in Austria,[18] which runs directly in the throat of said Pragmatic Sanction, and engages to make it mere waste sheepskin, so to speak! Truly old Karl Philip has his abstruse outlooks this way, that way; most abstruse politics altogether; and, in fact, we had better speak of the Battle of Zentha and the Heidelberg Tun while this Visit lasts.

On the morrow, Saturday, August 5th, certain Frenchmen from the Garrison of Landau come across to pay their court and dine, which race of men Friedrich Wilhelm does not love, and now less than ever, gloomily suspicious they may be come on parricide Fritz's score—you Rochow and Company keep an eye! By night and by day, an eye upon him! Friedrich Wilhelm was no doubt glad to get away on the morrow afternoon, fairly out into the Berg-Strasse, into the summer breezes and umbrageous woods, with all his pertinents still safe about him, rushing toward Darmstadt through the Sunday stillness, where he will arrive in the evening, time enough.[19]

Grand Turk's back in this world; who has staggered about, less and less of a terror and outrage, more and more of a nuisance growing unbearable, ever since that day. See Hormayr (iii., 97–101) for some description of this useful bit of Heroism.

[18] Michaelis, ii., 99–101.

[19] "Sunday Evening arrive at Darmstadt," says Seckendorf (in Förster, iii., 3), but by mistake calls it the "7th" instead of "6th."

The old Prince of Darmstadt, Ernst Ludwig, Landgraf of Hessen-Darmstadt, age now sixty-three, has a hoary, venerable appearance, according to Pöllnitz, "but sits a horse well, walks well, and seems to enjoy perfect health," which we are glad to hear of. What most concerns us, "he lives usually quite retired, in a small house upon the Square," in this extremely small Metropolis of his, "and leaves his Heir-Apparent to manage all business in the Palace and elsewhere."[20] Poor old Gentleman, he has the biggest Palace almost in the world, only he could not finish it for want of funds; and it lies there, one of the biggest futilities, vexatious to look upon. No doubt the old Gentleman has had vexations, plenty of them, first and last. He is now got disgusted with the affairs of public life, and addicts himself very much to "turning ivory" as the more eligible employment. He lives in that small house of his, among his turning-lathes and ivory shavings; dines in said small house, "at a table for four persons;" only on Sunday, and above all on this Sunday, puts off his apron, goes across to the Palace, dines there, in state, with his Heir and the Grandees. He has a kinship by affinity to Friedrich Wilhelm; his Wife (dead long years since), Mother of this Heir-Apparent, was an Anspach Princess, Aunt to the now Queen Caroline of England. Poor old fellow, these insignificancies, and that he descends direct from Philip the Magnanimous of Hessen (Luther's Philip, who insisted on the supplementary Wife), are all I know of him; and he is somewhat tragic to me there, turning ivory in this extremely anarchic world. What the passages between him and Friedrich Wilhelm were on this occasion shall remain conjectural to all creatures. Friedrich Wilhelm said this Sunday evening, at Darmstadt, to his own Prince, "Still here, then? I thought you would have been in Paris by this time!" To which the Prince, with artificial firmness, answered, He could certainly, if he had wished;[21] and being familiar with reproaches, perhaps hoped it was nothing.

From Darmstadt to Frankfurt-on-the-Mayn is not quite forty miles, an easy morning drive, through the old Country called

[20] Pöllnitz, *Memoires and Letters*, ii., 66.

[21] Seckendorf (in Förster, iii.), p. 3.

7th Aug., 1730.

of Katzenellenbogen: *Cat's Elbow*, a name ridiculous to hear.[22] Berg-Strasse and the Odenwald (*Forest* of the *Otti*) are gone; but blue on the northeast yonder, if your Royal Highness will please to look, may be seen summits of the *Spessart*, a much grander Forest—tall branchy timbers yonder, one day to be masts of admirals, when floated down as far as Rotterdam, whitherward one still meets them going. Spessart; and nearer, well hidden on the right, is an obscure village called *Dettingen*, not yet become famous in the Newspapers of an idle world—of an England surely very idle to go thither seeking quarrels! All which is naturally, in the highest degree, indifferent to a Crown-Prince so preoccupied. They reach Frankfurt Monday, still in good time.

Behold, at Frankfurt, the Trio of Vigilance, Buddenbrock and Company (horrible to think of!), signify "that we have the King's express orders Not to enter the Town at all with your Royal Highness. We, for our part, are to go direct into one of the Royal Yachts, which swing at anchor here, and to wait in the same till his Majesty have done seeing Frankfurt, and return to us." Here is a message for the poor young prince: Detected, prisoner, and a volcanic Majesty now likely to be in full play when he returns! Gilt weathercock on the Mayn Bridge (which one Goethe used to look at in the next generation)—this, and the steeple-tops of Frankfurt, especially that steeple-top with the grinning scull of the mutinous malefactor on it, warning to mankind what mutiny leads to—this, then, is what we are to see of Frankfurt, and with such a symphony as our thoughts are playing in the background. Unhappy Son, unhappy Father, once more!

Nay, Friedrich Wilhelm got new lights in Frankfurt: Rittmeister Katte had an estafette waiting for him there. Estafette with a certain Letter, which the Rittmeister had picked up in Erlangen, and has shot across by estafette to wait his Majesty here. Majesty has read with open eyes and throat: Letter from

[22] *Cattimelibocum*, that is, *Cattûm-Melibocum*, (*Catti* a famed Nation, *Melibocus* the chief Hill or Fortress of their Country), is said to be the original; which has got changed, like *Aballaba* into "Appleby," or *God encompass us* into "The Goat and Compasses" among ourselves.

the Crown-Prince to Lieutenant Katte in Berlin: treasonous Flight-project now indisputable as the sun at noon! His Majesty stepped on board the Yacht in such humor as was never seen before: "Detestable rebel and deserter, scandal of scandals!" it is confidently written every where (though Seckendorf diplomatically keeps silence), his Majesty hustled and tussled the unfortunate Crown-Prince; poked the handle of his cane into his face, and made the nose bleed: "Never did a Brandenburg face suffer the like of this!" cried the poor Prince, driven to the edge of mad ignition and one knows not what; when the Buddenbrocks, at whatever peril, interfered, got the Prince brought on board a different Yacht, and the conflagration moderated for the moment. The Yachts get under way toward Maintz and down the Rhine stream. The Yachts glide swiftly on the favoring current, taking advantage of what wind there may be: were we once ashore at Wesel in our own country—wait till then, thinks his Majesty!

And so it was on these terms that Friedrich made his first acquaintance with the beauties of the Rhine; readers can judge whether he was in a temper very open to the picturesque. I know not that they paused at Maintz, or recollected Barbarossa's World-Tournament or the Hochheim vineyards at all: I see the young man's Yacht dashing at swift gallop, not without danger, through the Gap of Bingen, dancing wildly on the boiling whirlpools of St. Goar, well threading the cliffs, the young man gloomily insensible to danger of life and charm of the picturesque. Coblentz (*Confluentia*), the Moselle, and Ehrenbreitstein —Majesty, smoking on deck if he like, can look at these through grimly pacifying tobacco, but to the Crown-Prince life itself is fallen haggard and bankrupt.

Over against Coblentz, nestled in between the Rhine and the foot of Ehrenbreitstein,[23] there, perhaps even now, in his Hunting Lodge of Kerlich yonder, is his Serene Highness, the fat little Kurfürst of Trier, one of those Austrian Schönborns (Brother to him of Bamberg), upon whom why should we make a call? We are due at Bonn; the fortunate young Kurfürst of Köln,

[23] Pöllnitz, *Memoirs and Letters*, iii., 180.

8th Aug., 1730.

richest Pluralist in the Church, expects us at his Residence there. Friedrich Wilhelm views the fine Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein—what would your Majesty think if this were to be yours in a hundred years; this and much else, by way of compound interest for the Berg and Jülich and other outstanding debts? Courage, your Majesty! On the fat little Kurfürst, at Kerlich here, we do not call; probably out hunting; "hunts every day,"[24] as if it were his trade, poor little soul.

At Bonn, where we do step ashore to lodge with a lean Kurfürst, Friedrich Wilhelm strictly charges, in my (Seckendorf's) hearing, the Trio of Vigilance to have an eye—to see that they bring the Prince on board again, "*living or dead.*" No fear, your Majesty. Prince listened with silent, almost defiant patience, "*mit grosser Geduld.*"[25] At Bonn the Prince contrived to confide to Seckendorf "that he had in very truth meant to run away: he could not, at the age he was come to, stand such indignities, actual strokes as in the Camp of Radewitz; and he would have gone long since, had it not been for the Queen and the Princess his Sister's sake. He could not repent what he had done; and if the King did not cease beating him in that manner, &c., he would still do it. For loss of his own life, such a life as his had grown, he cared little; his chief misery was that those Officers who had known of the thing should come to misfortune by his means. If the King would pardon these poor gentlemen, he would tell him every thing. For the rest, begged Seckendorf to help him in this labyrinth; nothing could ever so oblige him as help now;" and more of the like sort. These things he said at Bonn to Seckendorf, the fountain of all his woes.[26] What Seckendorf's reflections on this his sad handiwork now were, we do not know. Probably he made none, being a strong-minded, case-hardened old stager, but resolved to do what he could for the poor youth. Somewhere on this route, at Bonn more likely than elsewhere, Friedrich wrote in pencil three words to Lieutenant Keith at Wesel, and got it to the Post-Office: "*Sauvez-vous, tout est découvert* (All is found out; away)!"[27]

[24] Büsching, *Beyträge*, iv., 201. [25] Seckendorf (in Förster, iii., 4).
[26] Seckendorf (in Förster, iii., 4).
[27] Wilhelmina (i., 265) says it was a Page of the Old Dessauer's, a comrade of Keith's, who, having known in time, gave him warning.

Clement August, expensive Kerfürst of Köln (Elector of Cologne, as we call it), who does the hospitalities here at Bonn in a grand way, with "above a hundred and fifty chamberlains" for one item—glance at him, reader; perhaps we shall meet him again—he is younger Brother of the elegant ambitious Karl Albert, Kurfürst of Bavaria, whom we have transiently heard of; sons both of them are of that "Elector of Bavaria" who haunts us in the Marlborough Histories—who joined Louis XIV. in the Succession War, and got hunted about at such a rate, after Blenheim especially. His Boys, prisoners of the Kaiser, were bred up in a confiscated state as sons of a mere private gentleman; nothing visibly ahead of them, at one time, but an obscure and extremely limited destiny of that kind, though now again, on French favor, and the turn of Fortune's inconstant wheel, they are mounting very high. Bavaria came all back to the old Elector of Bavaria; even Marlborough's "Principality of *Mindelheim*" came.[28] And the present Kurfürst, who will not do the Pragmatic Section at all—Kurfürst Karl Albert of Baiern, our old Karl Philip of Mannheim's genealogical "Cousin"—we heard of abstruse colleaguings there, tendencies to break the Pragmatic Sanction altogether, and reduce it to waste sheepskin! Not impossible Karl Albert will go high enough. And this Clement August the Cadet, he is Kurfürst of Köln; by good election tactics, and favor of the French, he has managed to succeed an Uncle here; has succeeded at Osnabrück in like fashion: poor old Ernst August of Osnabrück (to whom we once saw George I. galloping to die, and who himself soon after died), his successor is this same Clement August, the turn for a *Catholic* Bishop being come at Osnabrück, and the French being kind. Kurfürst of Köln, Bishop of Osnabrück, ditto of Paderborn and Münster, ditto now of Hildesheim, richest Pluralist of the Church, goes about here in a languid expensive manner, "in green coat trimmed with narrow silver lace, small bag-wig done with French garniture (*Schleife*) in front, and has red heels to

[28] At the Peace of Baden (corollary to *Utrecht*), 1714. Elector had been "banned" (*geächtet*, solemnly drummed out) 1706; nothing but French pay to live upon till he got back; died 26th February, 1726, when Karl Albert succeeded (Michaelis, ii., 255).

his shoes." A lanky, indolent figure, age now thirty; "tall and slouching of person, long lean face, hook nose, black beard, mouth somewhat open."[29] Has above one hundred and fifty chamberlains; and, I doubt not, is inexpressibly wearisome to Friedrich Wilhelm in his Majesty's present mood. Patience for the moment, and politeness above all things! The Trio of Vigilance had no difficulty with Friedrich; brought him on board safe again next day, and all proceeded on their voyage, the Kurfürst in person politely escorting as far as Köln.

Köln, famed old City of the Three Kings, with its famed Cathedral where those three gentlemen are buried, here the Kurfürst ceases escorting, and the flat old City is left, exciting what reflections it can. The architectural Dilettanti of the world gather here; St. Ursula and her Eleven Thousand Virgins were once massacred here, your Majesty; an English Princess she, it is said. "*Narrenpossen* (Pack of nonsense)!" grumbles Majesty. Pleasant Düsseldorf is much more interesting to his Majesty; the pleasant Capital of Berg, which ought to be *ours*, if right could be done—if old Pfalz would give up his crotchets, and the bowls in the big game playing at Seville and elsewhere would roll fair! Düsseldorf and that fine Palace of the Pfalzers, which ought to be mine; and here next is Kaiserswerth, a place of sieges, cannonadings, known to those I knew. '*M-na*, from father to son and grandson, it goes on, and there is no end to trouble and war!

His Majesty's next lodging is at Mörs—old gaunt Castle in the Town of Mörs, which (thanks to Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau and the Iron Ramrods) *is* now his Majesty's, in spite of the Dutch. There the lodging is, at an hour's drive westward from the Rhine shore: where his Majesty quitted the River I do not know, nor whether the Crown-Prince went to Mörs with him or waited in his Yacht, but guess the latter. His Majesty intends for Geldern on the morrow, on matters of business thither, for the town is his; but what would the Prince, in the present

[29] Büsching (*Beyträge*, iv., 201–204: from a certain Traveling Tutor's *MS. Diary* of 1731, where also is detail of the Kurfürst's mode of Dining —elaborate but dreary, both meal and detail). His Schloss is now the Bonn University.

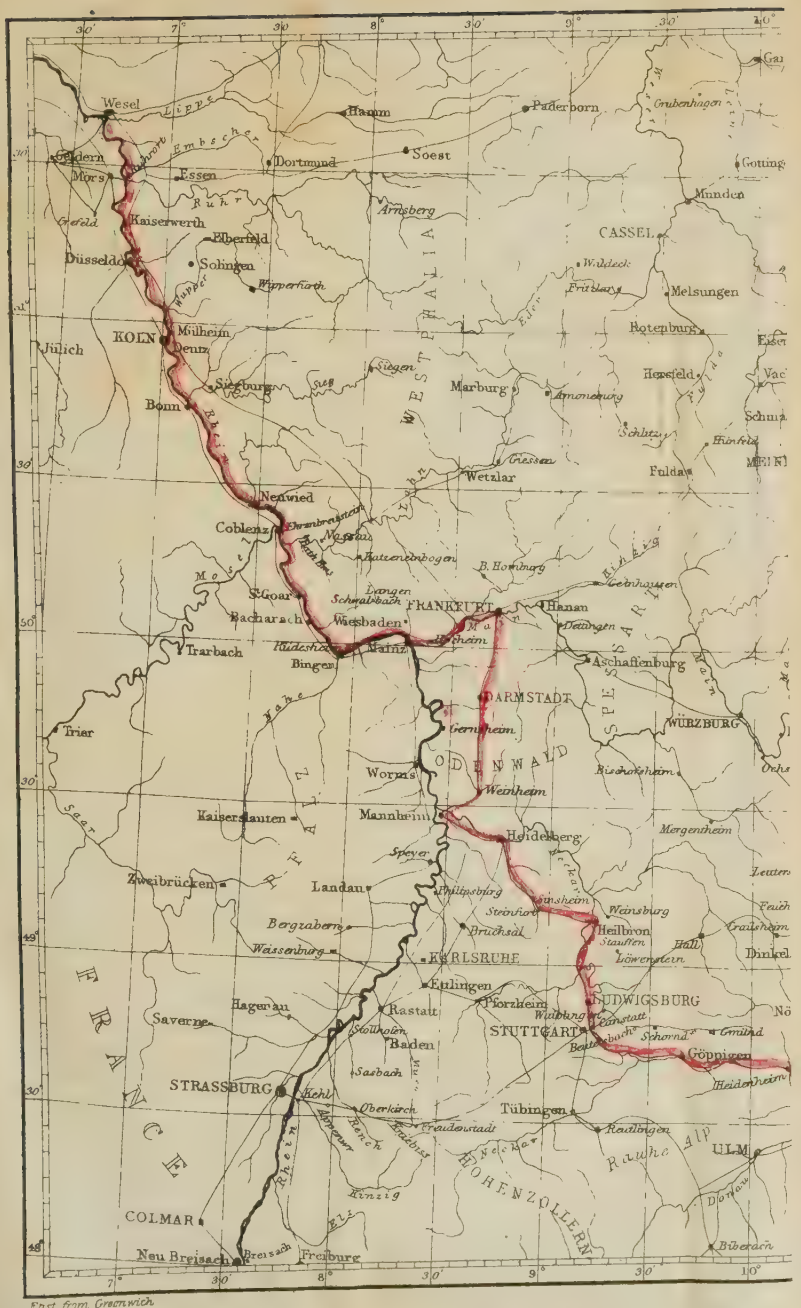
state of things, do there? At Mörs, Seckendorf found means to address his Majesty privately, and snuffled into him suggestions of mercy to the repentant Prince, and to the poor Officers whom he was so anxious about. "Well, if he *will* confess every thing, and leave off his quirks and concealments; but I know he won't!" answered Majesty.

In that dilapidated Castle of Mörs—look at it, reader, though in the dark; we may see it again, or the shadow of it, perhaps by moonlight. A very gaunt old Castle; next to nothing living in it, since the Old Dessauer (by stratagem, and without shot fired) flung out the Dutch in the Treaty of Utrecht time—Mörs Castle and Territory being indisputably ours, though always withheld from us on pretexts.[30]

At Geldern, in the pressure of business next day, his Majesty got word from Wesel that Lieutenant Keith was not now to be found in Wesel. "Was last seen there (that we can hear of) certain hours before your Majesty's All-gracious Order arrived. Had saddled his own horse; came ambling through the Brünen Gate, 'going out to have a ride,' he said, and did not return." "Keith gone—scandalous Keith, whom I pardoned only a few weeks ago; he too is in the Plot! Will the very Army break its oath, then?" His Majesty bursts into fire and flame at these new tidings; orders that Colonel Dumoulin (our expertest rogue-tracer) go instantly on the scent of Keith, and follow him till found and caught. Also, on the other hand, that the Crown-Prince be constituted prisoner; sail down to Wesel prisoner in his Yacht, and await upon the Rhine there his Majesty's arrival. Formidable omens, it is thought.

His Majesty, all business done in Geldern, drives across to We-

[30] Narrative of the march thither (Night of 7th November, 1712), and dexterous surprisal of the place, in *Leopoldi von Anhalt-Dessau Leben und Thaten* (Anonymous, by *Ranfft*), p. 85–90, where the Dispatch of the astonished Dutch Commandant himself to their High Mightinesses is given. Part of the Orange Heritage, this Mörs—came by the Great Elector's first Wife—but had hung *sub lite* (though the Parchments were plain enough) ever since our King William's death, and earlier. Neuchâtel, accepted instead of *Orange*, and not even of the value of Mörs, was another item of the same lot. Besides which, we shall hear of old Palaces at Loo and other dilapidated objects incidentally in time coming.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Mülheim
Deutz
Jülich
Siegburg
Bonn
Neuwied
Coblenz
Ehrenbreitstein
Nassau
Hüttenbogen
St Goar
Schwalbach
FRANKFURT
Hanau
Bacharach
Wiesbaden
Höchst
Trarbach
Hildesheim
Bingen
Mainz
Aschaffenburg
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Mannheim
Heidelberg
Zweibrücken
Landau
Philippsburg
Bergzabern
Weissenburg
Bruchsal
Heilbron
KARLSRUHE
Durlach
Pforzheim
LUDWIGSBURG
Hagenau
Rastatt
Weissach
STUTTGART
Saverne
Stollhofen
Baden
Göppingen
STRASSBURG
Kehl
Sasbach
Oberkirch
Tübingen
Offenburg
Renchen
Achern
Rastadt
Reutlingen
ULM
Rauhe Alp
COLMAR
Kinzig
Neu Breisach
Breisach
Freiburg
Biberach
Donau
HOHENZOLLERN
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CASSEL
Marburg
Melsungen
Fulda
Wetzlar
Siegen
Gießen
Amöneburg
Hersfeld
Rotenburg
Minden
Gütting
Grubenhagen
Lippe
Ruhr
Emscher
Arnsberg
Wupper
Sieg
Lahn
Eder
Fulda
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Rhön
Thüringer Wald
Harz
Teutoburger Wald
Sauerland
Westerwald
Taunus
Hunsrück
Eifel
Ardennen
Vogesen
Schwarzwald
Jura
Alpen
Bodensee
Lago di Garda
Lago di Como
Lago Maggiore
Genfersee
Mailand
Turin
Genua
Nizza
Marseille
Lyon
Paris
Metz
Nancy
Straßburg
Basel
Zürich
Innsbruck
Salzburg
München
Augsburg
Ulm
Stuttgart
Frankfurt
Köln
Aachen
Brüssel
Amsterdam
Rotterdam
Utrecht
Arnheim
Nimwegen
Emmerich
Duisburg
Düsseldorf
Elberfeld
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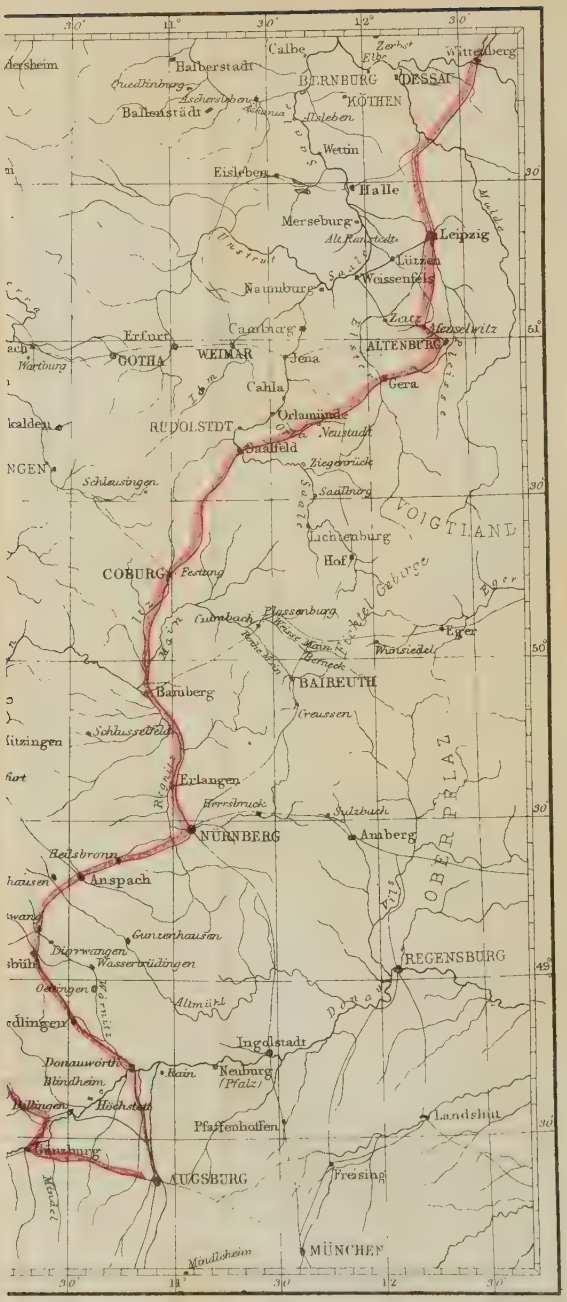
Remscheid
Solingen
Wuppertal
Leverkusen
Köln
Bonn
Koblenz
Trier
Luxemburg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Bernburg
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Halle
Merseburg
Leipzig
Lützen
Weissenfels
Naumburg
Zeitz
Camburg
Erfurt
Gotha
Weimar
Jena
Altenburg
Cahla
Gera
Rudolstadt
Orlamünde
Neustadt
Saalfeld
Ziegenrück
Schleusingen
Saalburg
Voigtland
Lichtenberg
Hof
Coburg
Festung
Culmbach
Plassenburg
Baireuth
Eger
Waldsiedel
Bamberg
Baireuth
Schlüsselfeld
Erlangen
Herrnbrück
Sulzbach
Nürnberg
Amberg
Heilsbronn
Anspach
Gunzenhausen
Dinkelsbühl
Wassertrüdingen
Regensburg
Ober Pfalz
Altmühl
Donau
Ingolstadt
Donauwörth
Blindheim
Rain
Neuburg
(Pfalz)
Höchstädt
Pfaffenhofen
Landshut
Augsburg
Freising
München
Mühldorf

REICH.

15th Aug., 1730.

sel; can see Fritz's Yacht waiting duly in the River, and black Care hovering over her. It is on the evening of the 12th of August, 1730. And so his Majesty ends this memorable Tour into the Reich, but has not yet ended the gloomy miseries, for himself and others, which plentifully sprung out of that.

CHAPTER VII.

CATASTROPHE AND MAJESTY ARRIVE IN BERLIN.

AT Berlin dark rumors of this intended Flight and actual Arrest of the Crown-Prince are agitating all the world, especially Lieutenant Katte, and the Queen and Wilhelmina, as we may suppose. The first news of it came tragically on the young Princess.[1]

"Mamma had given a ball in honor of Papa's Birthday"—Tuesday, 15th August, 1730—and we were all dancing in the fine saloons of Monbijou, with pretty intervals in the cool boscages and orangeries of the place, all of us as happy as could be—Wilhelmina, in particular, dancing at an unusual rate. "We recommenced the ball after supper. For six years I had not danced before: it was new fruit, and I took my fill of it, without heeding much what was passing. Madam Bülow, who, with others of them, had worn long faces all night, pleading 'illness' when one noticed it, said to me several times, 'It is late; I wish you had done.' '*Eh, mon Dieu!*' I answered, 'let me have enough of dancing this one new time; it may be long before it comes again.' 'That may well be!' said she. I paid no regard, but continued to divert myself. She returned to the charge half an hour after: 'Will you end, then!' said she, with a vexed air: 'you are so engaged, you have eyes for nothing.' 'You are in such a humor,' I replied, 'I know not what to make of it.' 'Look at the Queen, then, Madam, and you will cease to reproach me!' A glance which I gave that way filled me with terror. There sat the Queen, paler than death, in a corner of the room, in low conference with Sonsfeld and Countess Finckenstein. As my Brother was most in my anxieties, I asked if it concerned him. Bülow shrugged her shoulders, answering, 'I don't know at all.' A moment

[1] Apparently some rumor *from Frankfurt*, which she confuses in her after-memory with the specific news *from Wesel;* for her dates here, as usual, are still awry (Wilhelmina, i., 246; Preuss, i., 42; iv., 473; Seckendorf, in Förster, iii., 6).

after the Queen gave Good-night, and got into her carriage with me, speaking no word all the way to the Schloss, so that I thought my Brother must be dead, and I myself took violent palpitations, and Sonsfeld, contrary to orders, had at last to tell me in the course of the night." Poor Wilhelmina, and poor Mother of Wilhelmina!

The fact of Arrest and unknown mischief to the Prince is taken for certain; but what may be the issues of it, who besides the Prince have been involved in it, especially who will be found to have been involved, is matter of dire guess to the three who are most interested here. Lieutenant Katte finds he ought to dispose of the Prince's effects which were intrusted to him; of the Thousand gold Thalers in particular, and, beyond and before all, of the locked Writing-desk, in which lies the Prince's Correspondence, the very Queen and Princess likely to be concerned in it! Katte dispatches these two objects, the Money and the little Desk, in all secrecy, to Madam Finckenstein, as to the surest hand, with a short Note shadowing out what he thinks they are. Countess Finckenstein, old General von Finckenstein's Wife, and a second mother to the Prince, she, like her Husband a sworn partisan of the Prince and his Mother, shall do with these precious and terrible objects what to her own wise judgment seems best.

Madam Finckenstein carries them at once, in deep silence, to the Queen. Huge dismay on the part of the Queen and Princess. They know too well what Letters may be there; and there is a seal on the Desk, and no key to it; neither must it, in time coming, seem to have been opened, even if we could now open it. A desperate pinch, and it must be solved. Female wit and Wilhelmina did solve it, by some pre-eminently acute device of their despair,[2] and contrived to get the Letters out—hundreds of Letters, enough to be our death if read, says Wilhelmina. These Letters they burned, and set to writing, fast as the pen would go, other Letters in their stead. Fancy the mood of these two Royal Women, and the black whirlwind they were in. Wilhelmina's dispatch was incredible; pen went at the gallop night and day: new letters, of old dates and of no meaning, are got into the Desk again; the Desk closed without mark of

[2] Wilhelmina, i., 253–257.

20th Aug., 1730.

injury, and shoved aside while it is yet time. Time presses; his Majesty too, and the events, go at gallop. Here is a Letter from his Majesty to a trusty Mistress of the Robes, or whatever she is, which, let it arrive through what softening media it likes, will complete the poor Queen's despair:

"My dear Frau von Kamecke,—Fritz has attempted to desert. I have been under the necessity to have him arrested. I request you to tell my Wife of it in some good way, that the news may not terrify her. And pity an unhappy Father. FRIEDRICH WILHELM."[3]

The same post brought an order to the Colonel of the Gens-d'Armes to put that Lieutenant Katte of his under close confinement: we hope the thoughtless young fellow has already got out of the way? He is getting his saddle altered; fettling about this and that; does not consider what danger he is in. This same Sunday his Major met him on the Street of Berlin; said, in a significant tone, "You still *here*, Katte!" "I go this night," answered Katte; but he again put it off, did not go this night, and the order for his arrest did come in. On the morrow morning, Colonel Pannewitz, hoping now he was not there, went with the rhadamanthine order, and, finding the unlucky fellow, was obliged to execute it. Katte lies in ward, awaiting what may be prepared for him.

Friedrich Wilhelm, at Wesel, has had rough passages with the Prince and others. On the Saturday evening, 12th August, 1730,[4] his Majesty had the Culprit brought on shore to the Commandant's House for an interview. Culprit proving less remorseful than was expected, and evidently not confessing every thing, a loud terrible scene ensued, which Friedrich Wilhelm, the unhappy Father, winded up by drawing his sword to run the unnatural Son through the body. Old General Mosel, Commandant of Wesel, sprang between them: "Sire, cut me to death, but spare your Son!" and the sword was got back to its scabbard, and the Prince lodged in a separate room, two sentries with fixed boyonets keeping watch over him. Friedrich Wil-

[3] No date: "*arrived*" (from Wesel, we conclude) Sunday, "20th August," at the Palace of Berlin (Preuss, i., 42).

[4] Preuss, iv., 473; Seckendorf (Förster, iii., 6) says 13th, but *wrong*.

helm did not see his face again for twelve months to come—"twelve months and three days."

Military gentlemen of due grimness interrogated the Prince next evening[5] from a Paper drawn up by his Majesty in the interim. Prince confesses little: Did design to get across the Rhine to Landau, thence to Strasburg, Paris, in the strictest incognito; intended to volunteer there; thought he might take French service, profoundly incognito, and signalize himself in the Italian War (just expected to break out), which might have recovered him some favor from his Majesty: does not tell clearly where his money came from; shy extremely of elucidating Katte and Keith; in fact, as we perceive, struggles against mendacity, but will not tell the whole truth. "Let him lie in ward, then, and take what doom the Laws have appointed for the like of him!" Divine Laws, are they not? Well, yes, your Majesty, divine and human; or are there perhaps no laws but the human sort, completely explicit in this case? "He is my Colonel at least," thinks Friedrich Wilhelm, "and tried to desert and make others desert. If a rebellious Crown-Prince, breaking his Father's heart, find the laws still inarticulate, a deserting Colonel of the Potsdam Regiment finds them speak plain enough! Let him take the answer they give him."

Dumoulin, in the mean while, can make nothing of Keith, the runaway Lieutenant. Dumoulin, with his sagacious organ, soon came upon the scent of Keith, and has discovered these things about him. One evening, a week before his Majesty arrived, Sunday evening, 6th August, 1730,[6] Lieutenant Keith, doubtless smelling something, saddled his horse as above mentioned, decided to have a ride in the country this fine evening, and issued out at the Brünen Gate of Wesel. He is on the right bank of the Rhine; pleasant yellow fields on this hand and that. He ambles slowly for a space, then gradually awakens into speed —into full speed; arrives, within a couple of hours, at Dingden, a Village in the Münster Territory, safe over the Prussian border, by the shortest line, and from Dingden rides at more leisure, but without losing time, into the Dutch Overyssel region, straight toward the Hague. He must be in the Hague? said Dumoulin

[5] Seckendorf (in Förster, iii., 5). [6] Preuss, iv., 473.

12th–27th Aug., 1730.

to the Official persons on arriving there—to Mardenfeld the Prussian Embassador there,[7] and to Keppel, Dutch Official gentleman who was once Embassador at Berlin. Prussian Embassador applies, and again applies, in the highest quarters; but we fear they are slack. Dumoulin discovers that the man was certainly here; Keppel readily admits he had Keith to dinner a few days ago, but where Keith now is Keppel can not form the least guess.

Dumoulin suspects he is with Lord Chesterfield, the English Embassador here. A light was seen for a night or two in one of the garret rooms of Lord Chesterfield's house—probably Keith reading?—but Keith is not to be heard of on inquiry there, and the very light has now gone out. The distinguished English Lord is now gone to England in these days; but his German Secretary is not gone; the House is inviolable, impregnable to Prussia. Who knows, in spite of the light going out, but Keith is still there, merely with a window-shutter to screen him? One morning it becomes apparent Keith is not there. One morning, a gentleman at the sea-side is admiring Dutch fishing-skiffs, and how they do sail. "Pooh! Sir, that is nothing," answers a man in multiplex breeches: "the other night I went across to England in one, with an Excellency's Messenger who could not wait." Truth is, the Chesterfield Secretary, who forbade lights, took the first good night for conveying Keith to Scheveningen and the sea-side, where a Fisher-boat was provided for him, which carried him, frail craft as it was, safe across to England. Once there, the Authorities took pity on the poor fellow; furnished the modicum of cash and help; sent him with Admiral Norris to assist the Portuguese, menaced with Spanish war at this time, among whom he gradually rose to be Major of Horse. Friedrich Wilhelm cited him by tap of drum three times in Wesel, and also in the Gazettes, native and Dutch; then, as he did not come, nailed an Effigy of him (cut in four, if I remember) on the gallows there, and confiscated any property he had. Keith had more pedigree than property; was of Poberow in Pommern—son of poor gentlefolks there. He sent no word of himself to Prussia for the next ten years, so that he had become

[7] Seckendorf (Förster, iii., 7).

a kind of myth to many people—to his poor Mother among the rest, who had her tragical surmise about him. He will appear again, but not to much purpose. His Brother, the Page Keith, is packed into the Fusileer Regiment at Wesel here, and there walks sentry, unheard of for the rest of his life. So much for the Keiths.[8]

Other difficulty there is as to the prison of the Prince. Wesel is a strong Town; but, for obvious reasons, one nearer Berlin, farther from the frontier, would be preferable. Toward Berlin, however, there is no route all on Prussian ground: from these divided Cleve Countries we have to cross a bit of Hanover, a bit of Hessen-Cassel: suppose these Serene Highnesses were to interfere? Not likely they will interfere, answer ancient military men of due grimness; at any rate, we can go a roundabout road, and they need not know! That is the method settled on; neighborhood of Berlin, clearly somewhere there, must be the place? Old Castle of Mittenwalde, in the Wursterhausen environs, let that be the first resting-point, then; Rochow, Waldau, and the Wesel Fusileer Colonel here, sure men, with a trooper or two for escort, shall conduct the Prisoner. By Treuenbrietzen, by circuitous roads; swift, silent, steady—and with vigilance, as you shall answer! These preliminaries settled, Friedrich Wilhelm drives off homeward, black Care riding behind him. He reaches Berlin Sunday, 27th August; finds a world gone all to a kind of doomsday with him there, poor gentleman.

Scene at Berlin on Majesty's Arrival.

On Sunday evening, 27th August, 1730, his Majesty, who had rested overnight at Potsdam from his rapid journey, drove into Berlin between four and five in the afternoon. Deserter Fritz is following, under escort of his three military gentlemen, at a slower rate and by circuitous routes, so as to avoid the territories of Hanover and Hessen, toward Mittenwalde in the Wus-

[8] Preuss: *Friedrich mit seinen Verwandten und Freunden*, p. 380, 392. See, on this and the other points, Pöllnitz, *Memoiren*, ii., 352–374 (and correct his many blunders).

27th Aug., 1730.

terhausen neighborhood. The military gentlemen are vigilant as Argus, and, though pitying the poor Prince, must be rigorous as Rhadamanthus. His attempts at escape, of which Tradition mentions more than one, they will not report to Papa, nor even notice to the Prince himself, but will take care to render futile one and all: his Majesty may be secure on that score.

The scenes that follow are unusual in royal history; and having been reported in the world with infinite noise and censure, made up of laughter and horror, it will behoove us to be the more exact in relating them as they actually befell. Very difficult to pull, out of that raveled cart-load of chaotic thrums, here a thread and there a thread, capable of being brought to the straight state, and woven into legible narrative! But perhaps, by that method, the mingled laughter and horror will modify itself a little. What we can well say is, that pity also ought not to be wanting. The next six months were undoubtedly by far the wretchedest of Friedrich Wilhelm's life. The poor King, except that he was not conscious of intending wrong, but much the reverse, walked in the hollow night of Gehenna all that while, and was often like to be driven mad by the turn things had taken.

Here is scene first: Wilhelmina reports his Majesty's arrival that Sunday afternoon to the following effect; she was present in the adventure, and not a spectatress only:

"The Queen was alone in his Majesty's Apartment, waiting for him as he approached. At sight of her in the distance, he called out, 'Your losel of a Son (*votre indigne fils*) has ended at last; you have done with *him*,' or words to that effect. 'What,' cried the Queen, 'you have had the barbarity to kill him?' 'Yes, I tell you; but where is the sealed Desk?' The Queen went to her own Apartment to fetch it; I ran in to her there for a moment; she was out of herself, wringing her hands, crying incessantly, and said, without ceasing, '*Mon Dieu, mon fils* (O God, my Son)!' Breath failed me; I fell fainting into the arms of Madam de Sonsfeld." The Queen took away the Writing-desk; King tore out the letters and went off, upon which the Queen came down again to us.

"We learned from some attendant that at least my Brother was not dead. The King now came back. We all ran to kiss his hands; but me he no sooner noticed than rage and fury took possession of him. He became black in the face, his eyes sparkling fire, his mouth foam-

ing. 'Infamous *canaille*,' said he: 'darest thou show thyself before me? Go, keep thy scoundrel of a Brother company!' And, so saying, he seized me with one hand, slapping me on the face with the other," clenched as a fist (*poing*), "several blows, one of which struck me on the temple, so that I fell back, and should have split my head against a corner of the wainscot had not Madam de Sonsfeld caught me by the headdress and broken the fall. I lay on the ground without consciousness. The King, in a phrensy, was for striking me with his feet, had not the Queen, my Sisters, and the rest run between, and those who were present prevented him. They all ranked themselves round me, which gave Mesdames de Kamecke and Sonsfeld time to pick me up. They put me in a chair in the embrasure of a window; threw water on my face to bring me to life, which care I lamentably reproached them with, death being a thousand times better, in the pass things had come to. The Queen kept shrieking; her firmness had quite left her: she wrung her hands, and ran in despair up and down the room. The King's face was so disfigured with rage it was frightful to look upon. The little ones were on their knees begging for me—"[9]

Poor little beings, what a group: Amelia, the youngest girl, about six; Henri, in his bits of trowsers, hardly over four! For the rest, I perceive, this room was on the first or a lower floor, and such noises were very audible. The Guard had turned out at the noise, and a crowd was collecting to see and hear: "Move on! Move on!"

"The King had now changed his tune: he admitted that my Brother was still alive, but vowed horribly he would put him to death, and lay me fast, within four walls, for the rest of my life. He accused me of being the Prince's accomplice, whose crime was high treason; also of having an intrigue of love with Katte, to whom, he said, I had borne several children." The timid Governante flamed up at this unheard-of insult: "'That is not true,' said she, fiercely, 'whoever has told your Majesty such a thing has told a lie!' 'O, spare my Brother, and I will marry the Duke of Weissenfels,' whimpered I; but in the great noise he did not hear, and while I strove to repeat it louder, Sonsfeld clapped her handkerchief on my face.

"Hustling aside to get rid of the handkerchief, I saw Katte crossing the Square. Four Soldiers were conducting him to the King; trunks, my Brother's and his own, sealed, were coming on in the rear. Pale and downcast, he took off his hat to salute me." Poor Katte, to me

[9] Wilhelmina, i., 265–267.

27th Aug., 1730.

always so prostrate in silent respect, and now so unhappy. "A moment after, the King, hearing he was come, went out, exclaiming, 'Now I shall have proof about the scoundrel Fritz and the offscouring (*canaille*) Wilhelmina—clear proof to cut the heads off them.'" The two Hofdames again interfered, and one of them, Kamecke it was, rebuked him; told him, in the tone of a prophetess, To take care what he was doing; whom his Majesty gazed into with astonishment, but rather with respect than with anger, saying, "Your intentions are good!"

And so his Majesty flung out, seeking Katte, and vanished: Wilhelmina saw no more of him for about a year after, being ordered to her room, and kept prisoner there on low diet, with sentries guarding her doors, and no outlook but the worst horror her imagination pleased to paint.

This is the celebrated assault of paternal Majesty on Wilhelmina, the rumor of which has gone into all lands, exciting wonder and horror, but could not be so exact as this account at first hand. Naturally the crowd of street-passengers, once dispersed by the Guard, carried the matter abroad, and there was no end of sympathetic exaggerations. Report ran in Berlin, for example, that the poor Princess was killed, beaten, or trampled to death, which we clearly see she was not. Voltaire, in that mass of angry calumnies, very mendacious indeed, which he calls *Vie Privée du Roi de Prusse*, mentions the matter with emphasis, and says farther, The Princess once did him (Voltaire) the "honor to show him a black mark she carried on her breast ever after," which is likelier to be false than true. Captain Guy Dickens, the Legationary Captain, who seems a clear, ingenuous, and ingenious man, and of course had access to the highest circles of refined rumor, reports the matter about ten days after, with several errors, in this manner:

"*Berlin, 5th September*, 1730. Four or five days ago" (by the Almanac nine, and directly on his Majesty's return, which Dickens had announced a week ago without that fact attached), "the King dreadfully ill-treated Wilhelmina in bed" (not in bed at all); "whole Castle (*Schloss* or Palace) was alarmed; Guard turned out"—to clear away the crowd, as we perceive. Not properly a crowd, such was not permissible there; but a stagnation of the passers-by would naturally en-

sue on that esplanade, till the Guard turned out, and indicated with emphasis, "Move on!" Dickens hears farther that "the Queen fares no better:" such is the state of rumor in Berlin at present.

Poor Katte had a hard audience of it too. He fell at Friedrich Wilhelm's feet, and was spurned and caned; for the rest, beyond what was already evident, had little or nothing to confess: Intention of flight and of accompanying in flight very undeniable, although preliminaries and ulterior conditions of said flight not perfectly known to Katte; known only that the thought of raising trouble in foreign Courts, or the least vestige of treason against his Majesty, had not entered even into their dreams. A name or two of persons who had known or guessed of these operations is wrung from Katte—name of a Lieutenant Spaen for one, who, being on guard, had admitted Katte into Potsdam once or twice in disguise; for him and for the like of him, of whatever rank or whichever sex, let arrests be made out, and the scent as with sleuth-hounds be diligently followed on all sides; and Katte, stripped of his uniform, be locked up in the grimmest manner. Berlin, with the rumor of these things, is a much-agitated city.

CHAPTER VIII.

SEQUEL TO CROWN-PRINCE AND FRIENDS.

As for the Crown-Prince, prosecuting his circuitous route, he arrives safe at Mittenwalde; is lodged in the old Castle there, I think, for two nights (but the date, in these indexless Books, is blown away again), in a room bare of all things, with sentries at the door, and looks out, expecting Grumkow and the Officials to make assault on him. One of these Officials, a certain "Gerber, Fiscal General," who, as head of Prussian Fiscals (kind of Public Prosecutor, or supreme Essence of Bailiffs, Catchpoles, and Grand Juries all in one), wears a red cloak, gave the Prince a dreadful start. Red cloak is the Berlin Hangman's or Headsman's dress, and poor Friedrich had the idea his end had summarily come in this manner. Soon seeing it was otherwise, his spirits recovered, perhaps rose by the shock.

5th Sept., 1730.

He fronted Grumkow and the Officials with a high, almost contemptuous look; answered promptly—if possible, without lying, and yet without telling any thing; showed self-possession, pride; retorted sometimes, "Have you nothing more to ask?" Grumkow, finding there was no way made into any thing, not even into the secret of the Writing-case and the Royal Women's operations there, began at last, as Wilhelmina says, to hint that in his Majesty's service there were means of bringing out the truth in spite of refractory humors; that there was a thing called the rack, not yet abolished in his Prussian Majesty's dominions! Friedrich owned afterward his blood ran cold. However, he put on a high look: "A Hangman, such as you, naturally takes pleasure in talking of his tools and his trade, but on me they will not produce any effect. I have owned every thing, and almost regret to have done so; for it is not my part to stand questionings and bandy responses with a *coquin comme vous*—scoundrel like you!" reports Wilhelmina,[1] though we hope the actual term was slightly less candid. Grumkow gathered his Notes together, and went his ways, with the man in red cloak and the rest, thus finishing the scene in Mittenwalde—Mittenwalde, which we used to know long since in our Wusterhausen rides with poor Duhan, little thinking what awaited us there one day!

Mittenwalde being finished, Friedrich, on Monday, 5th September, 1730, is sent forward to Cüstrin, a strong little Town in a quiet Country some sixty or seventy miles eastward of Berlin. On the evening of the 5th he finds himself lodged in a strong room of the Fortress there—room consisting of bare walls lighted from far up; no furniture, not even the needfulest; every thing indicating that the proud spirit and the iron laws shall here have their duel out at leisure, and see which is stronger.

His sword was taken from him at Wesel; sword, uniform, every mark of dignity, all are now gone: he is clad in brown prison dress of the plainest cut and cloth; his diet is fixed at tenpence a day ("to be got from the cook's shop, six groschen for dinner, four for supper");[2] food to be cut for him—no knife allowed. Room is to be opened morning, noon, and evening,

[1] i., 280. [2] Order, 14th September, 1730 (in Förster, i., 372.

"on the average not above four minutes each time;" lights, or single tallow light, to be extinguished at seven P.M. Absolute solitude; no flute allowed—far from it; no Books allowed, except the Bible and a Prayer-book—or perhaps Noltenius's *Manual*, if he took a hankering for it. There, shut out from the babble of fools, and conversing with only the dumb Veracities, with the huge inarticulate moanings of Destiny, Necessity, and Eternity, let the fool of a Fritz bethink himself, if there is any thought in him! There, among the Bogs of the Oder, the very sedges getting brown all round him, and the very curlews flying off for happier climes, let him wait till the question of his doom, rather an abstruse question, ripen in the royal breast.

As for Wilhelmina, she is close prisoner in her apartments in the Berlin Palace, sentries pacing at every outlet for many months to come. Wilhelmina almost rather likes it, such a dog of an existence has she had hitherto for want of being well let alone. She plays, reads; composes music; smuggles letters to and from Mamma—one in pencil, from my Brother even, O Heavens! Wilhelmina weeps now and then with her good Sonsfeld; hopes nevertheless there will be some dawn to this *ragnarök*, or general "twilight of the gods." Friedrich Wilhelm, convinced that England has had a hand in this treason, signifies officially to his Excellency, Captain Dickens, that the English negotiations are concluded; that neither in the way of Single Marriage nor of Double Marriage will he have any thing more to do with England. "Well," answers England, "who can help it? Negotiation was not quite of our seeking. Let it so end!"[3] Nay, at dinner one day (Seckendorf reports, while Fritz was on the road to Cüstrin) he proposes the toast, "Downfall of England!"[4] and would have had the Queen drink it, who naturally wept, but I conjecture could not be made to drink. Her Majesty is a weeping, almost broken-hearted woman; his Majesty a raging, almost broken-hearted man. Seckendorf and

[3] Dickens's Dispatch, 25th September, 1730; and Harrington's Answer to it of 6th October: Seckendorf (in Förster, iii., 9), 23d September.

[4] Seckendorf (in Förster, iii., 11).

Grumkow are, as it were, too victorious, and now have their apprehensions on that latter score. But they look on with countenances well veiled, and touch the helm judiciously in Tobacco Parliament, intent on the nearest harbor of refuge.

Her Majesty nevertheless steadily persists; merely sinks deeper out of sight with her English schemes, ducking till the wave go by. Messages, desperate appeals still go, through Mamsell Bülow, Wilhelmina's Hofdame, and other channels; nay, Wilhelmina thinks there were still intentions on the part of England, and that the non-fulfillment of them at the last moment turned on accident: English "Courier arrived some hours too late," thinks Wilhelmina.[5] But that is a mistake. The negotiation, in spite of her Majesty's endeavors, was essentially out; England, after such a message, could not, nor did, stir farther in the matter.

In that Writing-case his Majesty found what we know—nothing but mysterious effects of female art, and no light whatever. It is a great source of wrath and of sorrow to him that neither in the Writing-case, nor in Katte's or the Prince's so-called "Confessions," can the thing be seen into. A deeper bottom it must have, thinks his Majesty, but knows not what or where. To overturn the Country belike, and fling the Kaiser and the European Balance of power bottom uppermost? Me they presumably meant to poison! he tells Seckendorf one day.[6] Was ever Father more careful for his children, soul and body? Anxious to excess to bring them up in orthodox nurture and admonition; and this is how they reward me, Herr Feldzeugmeister! "Had *he* honestly confessed, and told me the whole truth at Wesel, I would have made it up with him quietly there. But now it must go its lengths, and the whole world shall be judge between us."[7]

His Majesty is in a flaming height. He arrests, punishes, and banishes where there is trace of co-operation or connection with Deserter Fritz and his schemes. The Bülows, brother and

[5] Wilhelmina (i., 369, 384), and Preuss and others after her.
[6] Dickens, Dispatch, 16th September, 1730.
[7] Seckendorf (Förster, ubi suprà), 23d September.

sister—brother in the King's service, sister in Wilhelmina's, respectable gold-stick people, originally of Hanover—are hurled out to Lithuania and the world's end: let them live in Memel, and repent as they can. Minister Knyphausen, always of English tendencies, he, with his Wife—to whom it is specially hard, while General Schwerin, gallant witty Kurt, once of Mecklenburg, stays behind—is ordered to disappear, and follow his private rural business far off; no minister ever more. The Lieutenant Spaen of the Giant Regiment, who kept false watch, and did not tell of Katte, gets cashiering and a year in Spandau. He wandered elsewhither, and came to something afterward, poor Spaen.[8] Bookseller Hanau with this bad Fritz's Books, to Memel with him also; let him deal in more orthodox kind of Literature there.

It is dangerous to have lent the Crown-Prince money contrary to the Royal Edict: lucky if loss of your money will settle the account. Witness French Montholieu for one; Count, or whatever he style himself, nailed to the gallows (in effigy) after he had fled. It is dangerous to have spoken kindly to the Crown-Prince, or almost to have been spoken to by him. Doris Ritter, a comely enough good girl, nothing of a beauty, but given to music, Potsdam *Cantor's* (Precentor's) daughter, has chanced to be standing in the door, perhaps to be singing within doors, once or twice, when the Prince passed that way: Prince inquired about her music, gave her music, spoke a civility, as young men will—nothing more, upon my honor, though his Majesty believes there was much more, and condemns poor Doris to be whipped by the Beadle, and beat hemp for three years. Rhadamanthus is a strict judge, your Majesty, and might be a trifle better informed! Poor Doris got out of this sad pickle on her own strength, and wedded, and did well enough, Prince and King happily leaving her alone thenceforth. Voltaire, twenty years after, had the pleasure of seeing her at Berlin: "Wife of one Shommers, Clerk of the Hackney-Coach Office"—read Schomer, *Farmer* of the Berlin Hackney-Coach Enterprise in general—decidedly a poor man. Wife, by this time, was grown hard enough of feature: "tall, lean; looked like a Sibyl; not the least

[8] Preuss, i., 63, 66.

appearance how she could ever have deserved to be whipped for a Prince."[9]

The excellent Tutor of the Crown-Prince, good Duhan de Jandun, for what fault or complicity we know not, is hurled off to Memel; ordered to live there—on what resources is equally unknown. Apparently his fault was the general one of having miseducated the Prince, and introduced these French Literatures, foreign poisonous elements of thought and practice into the mind of his Pupil, which have ruined the young man. For his Majesty perceives that there lies the source of it; that only total perversion of the heart and judgment, first of all, can have brought about these dreadful issues of conduct. And, indeed, his Majesty understands, on credible information, that Deserter Fritz entertains very heterodox opinions—opinion on Predestination for one, which is itself calculated to be the very mother of mischief in a young mind inclined to evil. The heresy about Predestination, or the "*Freie Gnadenwahl* (Election by Free Grace)," as his Majesty terms it, according to which a man is preappointed from all Eternity either to salvation or the opposite (which is Fritz's notion, and indeed is Calvin's, and that of many benighted creatures, this Editor among them), appears to his Majesty an altogether shocking one; nor would the whole Synod of Dort, or Calvin, or St. Augustine in person, aided by a Thirty-Editor power, reconcile his Majesty's practical judgment to such a tenet. What! May not deserter Fritz say to himself, even now, or in whatever other deeps of sin he may fall into, "I was foredoomed to it: how could I or how can I help it?" The mind of his Majesty shudders as if looking over the edge of an abyss. He is meditating much whether nothing can be done to save the lost Fritz, at least the soul of him, from this horrible delusion; hurls forth your fine Duhan, with his metaphysics, to remote Memel as the first step, and signifies withal, though as yet only historically and in a speculative way, to Finckenstein and Kalkstein themselves, that their method of training up a young soul to do God's will, and accomplish useful work in this world, does by no means appear to the royal

[9] Voltaire, *Œuvres* (calumnious *Vie Privée du Roi de Prusse*), ii., 51, 52; Preuss, i., 64, 66.

mind an admirable one![10] Finckenstein and Kalkstein were always covertly rather of the Queen's party, and now stand reprimanded and in marked disfavor.

That the treasonous mystery of this Crown-Prince (parricidal, it is likely, and tending to upset the Universe) must be investigated to the very bottom, and be condignly punished, probably with death, his Majesty perceives too well, and also what terrible difficulties, formal and essential, there will be. But, whatever become of his perishable life, ought not, if possible, the soul of him to be saved from the claws of Satan? "Claws of Satan;" "brand from the burning;" "for Christ our Savior's sake;" "in the name of the most merciful God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Amen:" so Friedrich Wilhelm phrases it in those confused old documents and Cabinet Letters of his,[11] which awaken a strange feeling in the attentive reader, and show us the ruggedest of human creatures melted into blubbering tenderness, and growling huskily something which we perceive is real prayer. Here has a business fallen out such as seldom occurred before!

CHAPTER IX.

COURT-MARTIAL ON CROWN-PRINCE AND CONSORTS.

THE rumor of these things naturally fills all minds and occupies all human tongues in Berlin and Prussia, though an Edict threatens that the tongues shall be *cut out* which speak of them in any way,[1] and sounds far and wide into foreign Courts and Countries where there is no such Edict. Friedrich Wilhelm's conduct, looked at from without, appears that of a hideous royal ogre, or blind anthropophagous Polyphemus fallen mad. Looked at from within, where the Polyphemus has his reasons, and a kind of inner rush-light to enlighten his path, and is not bent on man-eating, but on discipline in spite of difficulties, it is a wild enough piece of humanity, not so much ludicrous as tragical. Never was a royal bear so led about before by a pair of conjur-

[10] His Letter to them (3d December, 1730), in Förster, ii., 382.
[11] Förster, i., 374, 379, &c. [1] Dickens, of 7th November, 1730.

ing pipers in the market, or brought to such a pass in his dancing for them!

"General Ginkel, the Dutch Embassador here," writes Dickens, "told me of an interview he had with the King," being ordered by their High Mightinesses to solicit his Majesty in this matter. King "harbors 'most monstrous wicked designs, not fit to be spoken of in words,' reports Ginkel. 'It is certain,' added he, 'if the King of Prussia continue in the mind he is in at present, we shall see scenes here as wicked and bloody as any that were ever heard of since the creation of the world.' 'Will sacrifice his whole family,' not the Crown-Prince alone; 'every body except Grumkow being, as he fancies, in conspiracy against him.' Poor enchanted King! 'And all these things he said with such imprecations and disordered looks, foaming at the mouth all the while, as it was terrible either to see or hear.'" That is Ginkel's report, as Dickens conveys it.[2] Another time, on new order, a month later, when Ginkel went again to speak a word for the poor Prisoner, he found his Majesty clothed in delirious thunder, but in sorrowful thick fog; Ginkel "was the less able to judge what the King of Prussia meant to do with his Son, as it was evident the King himself did not know."[3]

Poor Friedrich Wilhelm, through these months, wanders about, shifting from room to room in the night-time like a man possessed by evil fiends; "orders his carriage for Wusterhausen at two in the morning," but finds he is no better there, and returns; drinks a great deal—"has not gone to bed sober for a month past."[4] One night he comes gliding like a perturbed ghost, about midnight, with his candle in his hand, into the Queen's apartment; says, wildly staring, "He thinks there is something haunting him." O Feckin, erring disobedient Wife, wilt not thou protect me, after all? Whither can I fly when haunted except to thee? Feckin, like a prudent woman, makes no criticism; orders that his Majesty's bed be made up in her apartment till these phenomena cease.[5] A much-agitated royal Father.

The question what is to be done with this unhappy Crown-Prince, a Deserter from the Army, a rebel against the paternal Majesty, and a believer in the doctrine of Election by Free Grace, or that a man's good or ill conduct is foredoomed upon

[2] Dispatch, 7th September, 1730.
[3] Ib., 10th October.
[4] Ib., 19th December, 1730.
[5] Ib., 27th Feb., 1731.

him by decree of God, becomes more intricate the longer one thinks of it. Seckendorf and Grumkow, alarmed at being too victorious, are set against violent high methods, and suggest this and that consideration: "Who is it that can legally try, condemn, or summon to his bar a Crown-Prince? He is Prince of the Empire as well as your Majesty's Son!" "Well, he is Heir of the Sovereign Majesty in Prussia too, and Colonel in the Potsdam Guards!" answers Friedrich Wilhelm.

At length, after six or seven weeks of abstruse meditation, it is settled in Tobacco Parliament and the royal breast that Katte and the Crown-Prince, as Deserters from the Prussian Army, can and shall be tried by Court-Martial: to that no power on the Earth or out of it can have any objection worth attending to. Let a fair Court-Martial of our highest military characters be selected and got ready. Let that, as a voice of Rhadamanthus, speak upon the two culprits, and tell us what is to be done. By the middle of October, things on Friedrich Wilhelm's side have got so far.

Crown-Prince in Cüstrin.

Poor Friedrich meanwhile has had a grim time of it these two months back, left alone in coarse brown prison dress, within his four bare walls at Cüstrin, in uninterrupted, unfathomable colloquy with the Destinies and the Necessities there. The King's stern orders must be fulfilled to the letter; the Crown-Prince is immured in that manner. At Berlin there are the wildest rumors as to the state he has fallen into: "covered with rags and vermin, unshaven, no comb allowed him, lights his fire," says one testimony, which Captain Dickens thinks worth reporting. For the truth is, no unofficial eye can see the Crown-Prince, or know what state he is in. And we find, in spite of the Edict, "tongues," not "cut out," kept wagging at a high rate. "People of all ranks are unspeakably indignant" at certain heights of the business: "Margravine Albert said publicly, 'A tyrant as bad as Nero.'"[6]

How long the Crown-Prince's defiant humor held out we are not told. By the middle of October there comes proposal of

[6] Dickens, 7th November, 2d December, 1730.

"entire confession" from the Prince; and though, when Papa sends deputies accordingly, there is next to nothing new confessed, and Papa's anger blazes out again, probably we may take this as the turning-point on the Son's part. With him, of course, that mood of mind could not last. There is no wildest lion but, finding his bars are made of iron, ceases to bite them. The Crown-Prince there, in his horror, indignation, and despair, had a lucid human judgment in him too; loyal to facts, and well knowing their inexorable nature. Just sentiments are in this young man, not capable of permanent distortion into spasm by any form of injustice laid on them. It is not long till he begins to discern, athwart this terrible quasi-infernal element, that so the facts are, and that nothing but destruction, and no honor that were not dishonor, will be got by not conforming to the facts. My father may be a tyrant, and driven mad against me: well, well, let not me at least go mad!

Grumkow is busy on the mild side of the business—of course Grumkow and all official men. Grumkow can not but ask himself this question among others, How if the King should suddenly die upon us? Grumkow is out at Cüstrin, and again out, explaining to the Prince what the enormous situation is; how inflexible, inexorable, and of peril and horror incalculable to Mother and Sister, and self and royal House; and that there is one possibility of good issue, and only one—that of loyally yielding where one can not resist. By degrees, some lurid troublous but perceptible light-gleam breaks athwart the black whirlwind of our indignation and despair, and saner thoughts begin to insinuate themselves. "Obey; thou art not the strongest; there are stronger than thou! All men, the highest among them, are called to learn obedience."

Moreover, the first sweep of royal fury being past, his Majesty's stern regulations at Cüstrin began to relax in fulfillment; to be obeyed only by those immediately responsible, and in letter rather than in spirit even by those. President von Münchow, who is Head of the Domain Kammer, chief representative of Government at Cüstrin, and resides in the Fortress there, ventures after a little, the Prince's doors being closed as we saw, to have an orifice bored through the floor above, and thereby to

communicate with the Prince, and sympathetically ask what he can do for him. Many things, books among others, are, under cunning contrivance, smuggled in by the judicious Münchow, willing to risk himself in such a service. For example, Münchow has a son, a clever boy of seven years old, who, to the wonder of neighbors, goes into child's petticoats again, and testifies the liveliest desire to be admitted to the Prince, and bear him company a little! Surely the law of No company does not extend to that of an innocent child? The innocent child has a row of pockets all round the inside of his long gown, and goes laden, miscellaneously, like a ship of the desert, or cock-boat not forbidden to cross the line. Then there are stools—one stool at least indispensable to human nature; and the inside of this, once you open it, is a chest of drawers, containing paper, ink, new literature, and much else. No end to Münchow's good-will, and his ingenuity is great.[7]

A Captain Fouqué also, furthered, I think, by the Old Dessauer, whose man he is, comes to Cüstrin Garrison on duty or as volunteer by-and-by. He is an old friend of the Prince's; ran off, being the Dassauer's little page, to the Siege of Stralsund, long ago, to be the Dessauer's little soldier there: a ready-witted, hot-tempered, highly estimable man; and his real duty here is to do the Prince what service may be possible. He is often with the Prince; their light is extinguished precisely at seven o'clock: "Very well, Lieutenant," he would say, "you have done your orders to the Crown-Prince's light. But his Majesty has no concern with Captain Fouqué's candles!" and thereupon would light a pair. Nay, I have heard of Lieutenants who punctually blew out the Prince's light as a matter of duty and command, and then kindled it again as a civility left free to human nature. In short, his Majesty's orders can only be fulfilled to the letter; Commandant Lepel and all Officers are willing not to see where they can help seeing. Even in the letter his Majesty's orders are severe enough.

[7] Preuss, i., 46.

25th Oct., 1730.

Sentence of Court-Martial.

Meanwhile the Court-Martial, selected with intense study, installs itself at Cöpenick, and on the 25th of October commences work. This Deserter Crown-Prince and his accomplices, especially Katte his chief accomplice, what is to be done with them? Cöpenick lies on the road to Cüstrin, within a morning's drive of Berlin; there is an ancient Palace here, and room for a Court-Martial. "*Que faire? ils ont des canons!*" said the old Prussian Raths, wandering about in these woods when Gustavus and his Swedes were at the door. "*Que faire?*" may the new military gentlemen think to themselves here again, while the brown leaves rustle down upon them after a hundred years!

The Court consists of a President, Lieutenant General Schulenburg, an elderly Malplaquet gentleman of good experience, one of the many Schulenburgs conspicuous for soldiering and otherwise in those times. He is nephew of George I.'s lean Mistress, who also was a Schulenburg originally, and conspicuous not for soldiering. Lean mistress we say; not the Fat one, or cataract of tallow, with eyebrows like a cart-wheel, and dim coaly disks for eyes, who was George I.'s half-sister, probably not his mistress at all, and who now, as Countess of Darlington so-called, sits at Isleworth with good fat pensions, and a tame raven come-of-will—probably the *soul* of George I. in some form.[8] Not this one, we say, but the threadpaper Duchess of Kendal, actual Ex-mistress, who tore her hair on the road when apoplexy overtook poor George, and who now attends chapel diligently, poor old anatomy or lean human nailrod. For the sake of the English reader searching into what is called "History," I, with indignation, endeavor to discriminate these two beings once again, that each may be each till both are happily forgotten to all eternity. It was the latter, lean maypole or nailrod one, that was Aunt of Schulenburg, the elderly Malplaquet gentleman who now presides at Cöpenick. And let the reader remember him, for he will turn up repeatedly again.

The Court consisted farther of three Major Generals, among

[8] See Walpole, *Reminiscences*.

whom I name only Grumkow (Major General by rank, though more of a diplomatist and black artist than a soldier), and Schwerin, Kurt von Schwerin of Mecklenburg (whom Madam Knyphausen regrets in her now exile to the Country); three Colonels, Derschau one of them; three Lieutenant Colonels, three Majors, and three Captains, all of whom shall be nameless here. Lastly come three of the "Auditor" or the Judge-Advocate sort: Mylius, the Compiler of sad Prussian Quartos, known to some; Gerber, whose red cloak has frightened us once already; and the Auditor of Katte's regiment. A complete Court-Martial, and of symmetrical structure by the rule of three, of whose proceedings we know mainly the result, nor seek much to know more. This Court met on Wednesday, 25th October, 1730, in the little Town of Copenick, and in six days had ended, signed, sealed, dispatched to his Majesty, and got back to Berlin on the Tuesday next. His Majesty, who is now at Wusterhausen in hunting-time, finds conclusions to the following effect:

Accomplices of the Crown-Prince are two: *First*, Lieutenant Keith, actual deserter (who can not be caught): to be hanged in effigy, cut in four quarters, and nailed to the gallows at Wesel: *Good*, says his Majesty. *Secondly*, Lieutenant Katte, of the Gens-d'Armes, intended deserter, not actually deserting, and much tempted thereto—all things considered, two years of Fortress Arrest to Lieutenant Katte: *Not Good* this; *Bad* this, thinks Majesty. This provokes from his Majesty an angry rebuke to the too lax Court-Martial—rebuke which can still be read, in growling, unlucid phraseology, but with a rhadamanthine idea clear enough in it, and with a practical purport only too clear: that Katte was a sworn soldier, of the Gens-d'Armes even, or Body-guard of the Prussian Majesty, and did nevertheless, in the teeth of his oath, "worship the Rising Sun" when minded to desert; did plot and colleague with foreign Courts in aid of said Rising Sun, and of an intended high crime against the Prussian Majesty itself on Rising Sun's part; far from at once revealing the same, as duty ordered Lieutenant Katte to do. That Katte's crime amounts to high-treason (*crimen læsæ majestatis*); that the rule is, *Fiat justitia, et pereat mundus*; and that, in brief, Katte's doom is, and is hereby declared to be, Death. Death by the gallows and hot pincers is the usual doom of Traitors; but his Majesty will say in this case, Death by the sword and headsman simply, certain circumstances moving the royal clemency to go so

1st Nov., 1730.

far, no farther. And the Court-Martial has straightway to apprise Katte of this same; and so doing, "shall say that his Majesty is sorry for Katte, but that it is better he die than that justice depart out of the world" (*Wusterhausen, 1st November*, 1730).

"FRIEDRICH WILHELM."[9]

This is the iron doom of Katte, which no prayer or influence of mortal will avail to alter, lest justice depart out of the world. Katte's Father is a General of rank, Commandant of Königsberg at this moment; Katte's Grandfather by the Mother's side, old Fieldmarshal Wartensleben, is a man in good favor with Friedrich Wilhelm, and of high esteem and mark in his country for half a century past. But all this can effect nothing. Old Wartensleben thinks of the Daughter he lost, for happily Katte's Mother is dead long since. Old Wartensleben writes to Friedrich Wilhelm; his mournful Letter, and Friedrich Wilhelm's mournful but inexorable answer, can be read in the Histories, but show only what we already know.

Katte's Mother, Fieldmarshal Wartensleben's Daughter, died in 1706, leaving Katte only two years old. He is now twenty-six; very young for such grave issues; and his fate is certainly very hard. Poor young soul, he did not resist farther, or quarrel with the inevitable and inexorable. He listened to Chaplain Müller of the Gens-d'Armes; admitted profoundly, after his fashion, that the great God was just, and the poor Katte sinful, foolish, only to be saved by miracle of mercy, and piously prepared himself to die on these terms. There are three Letters of his to his Grandfather which can still be read, one of them in Wilhelmina's Book,[10] the sound of it like that of dirges borne on the wind. Wilhelmina evidently pities Katte very tenderly; in her heart she has a fine royal-maiden kind of feeling to the poor youth. He did heartily repent and submit; left with Chaplain Müller a Paper of pious considerations, admonishing the Prince to submit. These are Katte's last employments in his prison at Berlin, after sentence had gone forth.

[9] Preuss, i., 44.

[10] Wilhelmina, i., 302.

Katte's End, 6th November, 1730.

On Sunday evening, 5th November, it is intimated to him, unexpectedly at the moment, that he has to go to Cüstrin, and there die—carriage now waiting at the gate. Katte masters the sudden flurry; signifies that all is ready, then; and so, under charge of his old Major and two brother Officers, who, and Chaplain Müller, are in the carriage with him, a troop of his own Cavalry Regiment escorting, he leaves Berlin (rather on sudden summons), drives all night toward Cüstrin and immediate death. Words of sympathy were not wanting, to which Katte answered cheerily; grim faces wore a cloud of sorrow for the poor youth that night. Chaplain Müller's exhortations were fervent and continual; and from time to time there were heard, hoarsely melodious through the damp darkness and the noise of wheels, snatches of "devotional singing," led by Müller.

It was in the gray of the winter morning, 6th November, 1730, that Katte arrived in Cüstrin Garrison. He took kind leave of Major and men: Adieu, my brothers; good be with you evermore! And about nine o'clock he is on the road toward the Rampart of the Castle, where a scaffold stands. Katte wore, by order, a brown dress exactly like the Prince's; the Prince is already brought down into a lower room to see Katte as he passes (to "see Katte die" had been the royal order, but they smuggled that into abeyance), and Katte knows he shall see him. Faithful Müller was in the death-car along with Katte, and he had adjoined to himself one Besserer, the Chaplain of the Garrison, in this sad function since arriving. Here is a glimpse from Besserer, which we may take as better than nothing:

"His (Katte's) eyes were mostly directed to God, and we (Müller and I), on our part, strove to hold his heart up heavenward by presenting the examples of those who had died in the Lord—as of God's Son himself, and Stephen, and the Thief on the Cross—till, under such discoursing, we approached the Castle. Here, after long wistful looking about, he did get sight of his beloved Jonathan," Royal Highness the Crown-Prince, "at a window in the Castle, from whom he, with the

6th Nov., 1730.

politest and most tender expressions, spoken in French, took leave, with no little emotion of sorrow."[11]

President Münchow and the Commandant were with the Prince, whose emotions one may fancy, but not describe. Seldom did any Prince or man stand in such a predicament. Vain to say, and again say, "In the name of God, I ask you, stop the execution till I write to the King!" Impossible that; as easily stop the course of the stars. And so here Katte comes, cheerful loyalty still beaming on his face, death now nigh. "*Pardonnez-moi, mon cher Katte!*" cried Friederich, in a tone: Pardon me, dear Katte; Oh, that this should be what I have done for you! "Death is sweet for a Prince I love so well," said Katte: "*La mort est douce pour un si aimable Prince;*"[12] and fared on, round some angle of the Fortress, it appears, not in sight of Friedrich, who sank into a faint, and had seen his last glimpse of Katte in this world.

The body lay all day upon the scaffold by royal order, and was buried at night obscurely in the common church-yard; friends, in silence, took mark of the place against better times, and Katte's dust now lies elsewhere, among that of his own kindred.

"Never was such a transaction before or since in Modern History," cries the angry reader: "cruel, like the grinding of human hearts under millstones; like—" Or, indeed, like the doings of the gods, which are cruel, though not that alone? This is what, after much sorting and sifting, I could get to know about the definite facts of it. Commentary, not likely to be very final at this epoch, the reader himself shall supply at discretion.

[11] Letter to Katte's Father (Extract, in Preuss: *Friedrich mit Freunden und Verwandten*, p. 7).

[12] Wilhelmina, i., 307; Preuss, i., 45.

BOOK VIII.

CROWN-PRINCE RETRIEVED: LIFE AT CÜSTRIN.

November, 1730–February, 1732.

CHAPTER I.

CHAPLAIN MÜLLER WAITS ON THE CROWN-PRINCE.

FRIEDRICH'S feelings at this juncture are not made known to us by himself in the least, or credibly by others in any considerable degree. As, indeed, in these confused Prussian History Books, opulent in nugatory pedantisms and learned marine stores, all that is human remains distressingly obscure to us, so seldom, and then only as through endless clouds of ever-whirling idle dust, can we catch the smallest direct feature of the young man, and of his real demeanor or meaning on the present or other occasions! But it is evident this last phenomenon fell upon him like an overwhelming cataract; crushed him down under the immensity of sorrow, confusion, and despair; his own death not a theory now, but probably a near fact—a welcome one in wild moments, and then anon so unwelcome. Frustrate, bankrupt, chargeable with a friend's lost life, sure enough he, for one, is: what is to become of him? Whither is he to turn, thoroughly beaten, foiled in all his enterprises? Proud young soul as he was, the ruling Powers, be they just, be they unjust, have proved too hard for him! We hear of tragic vestiges still traceable of Friedrich belonging to this time: texts of Scripture quoted by him, pencil-sketches of his drawing, expressive of a mind dwelling in Golgothas, and pathetically, not defiantly, contemplating the very worst.

Chaplain Müller, of the Gens d'Armes, being found a pious and intelligent man, has his orders not to return at once from Cüstrin, but to stay there, and deal with the Prince on that

horrible Predestination topic and his other unexampled backslidings, which have ended so. Müller staid accordingly for a couple of weeks, intensely busy on the Predestination topic, and generally in assuaging and mutually mollifying paternal Majesty and afflicted Son; in all which he had good success, and especially on the Predestination point was triumphantly successful. Müller left a little Book in record of his procedures there, which, had it not been bound over to the official tone, might have told us something. His Correspondence with the King during those two weeks has likewise been mostly printed,[1] and is, of course, still more official, teaching us next to nothing, except poor Friedrich Wilhelm's profoundly devotional mood, anxieties about "the claws of Satan" and the like, which we are glad to hear of above. In Müller otherwise is small help for us.

But fifty years afterward there was alive a Son of this Müller's, an innocent Country Parson, not wanting in sense, and with much simplicity and veracity, who was fished out by Nicolai, and set to recalling what his Father used to say of this adventure, much the grandest of his life. In Müller Junior's Letter of Reminiscences to Nicolai we find some details, got from his Father, which are worth gleaning:

"When my Father first attempted, by royal order, to bring the Crown-Prince to acknowledgment and repentance of the fault committed, Crown-Prince gave this excuse or explanation: 'As his Father could not endure the sight of him, he had meant to get out of the way of his displeasure, and go to a Court with which his Father was in friendship and relationship' "—clearly indicating England, think the Müllers Junior and Senior.

"For proof that the intention was toward England this other circumstance serves, That the one confidant—Herr von Keith, if I mistake not" (no, you don't mistake), "had already bespoken a ship for passage out." Here is something still more unexpected:

"My Father used to say he found an excellent knowledge and conviction of the truths of religion in the Crown-Prince. By the Prince's arrangement, my Father, who at first lodged with the Commandant, had to take up his quarters in the room right above the Prince, who daily, often as early as six in the morning, rapped on the ceiling for him to come down, and then they would dispute and discuss, sometimes

[1] Förster, i., 376–379.

6th–19th Nov., 1730.

half-days long, about the different tenets of the Christian sects; and my Father said the Prince was perfectly at home in the Polemic Doctrines of the Reformed (Calvinistic) Church, even to the minutest points. As my Father brought him proofs from Scripture, the Prince asked him one time how he could keep chapter and verse so exactly in his memory? Father drew from his pocket a little Hand Concordance, and showed it to him, as one help. This he had to leave with the Prince for some days. On getting it back, he found inside on the fly-leaf, sketched in pencil"—what is rather notable to History—"the figure of a man on his knees, with two swords hanging crosswise over his head, and at the bottom these words of Psalm Seventy-third (verses 25, 26): *Whom have I in Heaven but thee? And there is none upon Earth that I desire besides thee. My flesh and my heart fainteth and faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever.*" Poor Friedrich, this is a very unexpected pencil-sketch on his part, but an undeniable one, betokening abstruse night-thoughts and forebodings in the present juncture!

"Whoever considers this fine knowledge of religion, and reflects on the peculiar character and genius of the young Herr, which was ever struggling toward light and clearness (for at that time he had *not* become indifferent to religion—he often prayed with my Father on his knees), will find that it was morally impossible this young Prince could have thought" (as some foolish persons have asserted) "of throwing himself into the arms of Papal Superstition" (seeking help at Vienna, marrying an Austrian Archduchess, and I know not what), "or allow the intrigues of Catholic Priests to—" Oh no, Herr Müller, nobody but very foolish persons could imagine such a thing of this young Herr.

"When my Father, Herr von Katte's execution being ended, hastened to the Crown-Prince, he finds him miserably ill (*sehr alterirt*); advises him to take a cooling powder in water, both which materials were ready on the table. This he presses on him; but the Prince always shakes his head." Suspects poison, you think? "Hereupon my Father takes from his pocket a paper, in which he carried cooling powder for his own use; shakes out a portion of it into his hand, and so into his mouth; and now the Crown-Prince grips at my Father's powder, and takes that." Privately to be made away with; death resolved upon in some way, thinks the desperate young man?[2]

That scene of Katte's execution, and of the Prince's and other people's position in regard to it, has never yet been humanly set forth, otherwise the response had been different. Not humanly set forth, and so was only barked at, as by the infinitude

[2] Nicolai: *Anekdoten*, vi., 183–189.

of little dogs, in all countries, and could never yet be responded to in austere *vox humana*, deep as a *De Profundis*, terrible as a Chorus in Æschylus; for, in effect, that is rather the character of it, had the barking once pleased to cease.

"King of Prussia can not sleep," writes Dickens: "the officers sit up with him every night, and in his slumbers he raves and talks of spirits and apparitions."[3] We saw him, ghost-like, in the night-time, gliding about, seeking shelter with Feekin against ghosts; Ginkel by daylight saw him, now clad in thunderous tornado, and anon in sorrowful fog. Here, farther on, is a new item, and joined to it and the others a remarkable old one:

"In regard to Wilhelmina's marriage, and whether a Father can not give his Daughter in wedlock to whom he pleases, there have been eight Divines consulted, four Lutheran, four Reformed (Calvinist), who, all but one" (he of the Garrison Church, a rhadamanthine fellow in serge), have answered "No, your Majesty!" "It is remarkable that his Majesty has not gone to bed sober for this month past."[4]

What Seckendorf and Grumkow thought of all these phenomena? They have done their job too well. They are all for mercy; lean with their whole weight that way—in black qualms, one of them withal thinking tremulously to himself, "What if his now Majesty were to die upon us in the interim!"

CHAPTER II.

CROWN-PRINCE TO REPENT AND NOT PERISH.

IN regard to Friedrich, the Court-Martial needs no amendment from the King; the sentence on Friedrich, a Lieutenant Colonel guilty of desertion, is, from President and all members except two, Death as by law. The two who dissented, invoking royal clemency and pardon, were Major Generals by rank—Schwerin, as some write, one of them, or if not Schwerin, then Linger; and for certain Dönhof—two worthy gentlemen not known to any of my readers, nor to me, except as names. The

[3] Dispatch, 3d Oct., 1730. [4] Dickens, 9th and 19th Dec., 1730.

rest are all coldly of opinion that the military code says Death. Other codes and considerations may say this and that, which it is not in their province to touch upon; this is what the military code says, and they leave it there.

The Junius Brutus of a Royal Majesty had answered in his own heart grimly, Well, then! But his Councilors, Old Dessauer, Grumkow, Seckendorf, one and all interpose vehemently. "Prince of the Empire, your Majesty, not a Lieutenant Colonel only! Must not, can not;" nay, good old Buddenbrock, in the fire of still unsuccessful pleading, tore open his waistcoat: "If your Majesty requires blood, take mine; that other you shall never get, so long as I can speak!" Foreign Courts interpose: Sweden, the Dutch; the English in a circuitous way, round by Vienna, to wit; finally the Kaiser himself sends an Autograph;[1] for poor Queen Sophie has applied even to Seckendorf, will be friends with Grumkow himself, and in her despair is knocking at every door. Junius Brutus is said to have paternal affections withal. Friedrich Wilhelm, alone against the whispers of his own heart and the voices of all men, yields at last in this cause. To Seckendorf, who has chalked out a milder didactic plan of treatment, still rigorous enough,[2] he at last admits that such plan is perhaps good; that the Kaiser's Letter has turned the scale with him; and the didactic method, not the beheading one, shall be tried. That Dönhof and Schwerin, with their talk of mercy, with "their eyes upon the Rising Sun," as is evident, have done themselves no good, and shall perhaps find it so one day. But that, at any rate, Friedrich's life is spared; Katte's execution shall suffice in that kind. Repentance, prostrate submission and amendment—these may yet do more for the prodigal, if he will in heart return. These points, some time before the 8th of November, we find to be as good as settled.

The unhappy prodigal is in no condition to resist farther. Chaplain Müller had introduced himself with Katte's dying admonition to the Crown-Prince to repent and submit. Chaplain Müller, with his wholesome cooling powders, with his ghostly

[1] Date, 11th October, 1730 (Förster, i., 380).
[2] His Letter to the King, 1st November, 1730 (in Förster, i., 375, 376).

counsels, and considerations of temporal and eternal nature, we saw how he prospered almost beyond hope. Even on Predestination, and the real nature of Election by Free Grace, all is coming right, or come, reports Müller. The Chaplain's Reports, Friedrich Wilhelm's grimly mollified Responses on the same, they are written, and in confused form have been printed, but shall be spared the English reader.

And Grumkow has been out at Cüstrin preaching the same purport from other texts—Grumkow, with the thought ever present to him, "What if Friedrich Wilhelm should die?" is naturally an eloquent preacher. Enough, it has been settled (perhaps before the day of Katte's death, or at the latest three days after it, as we can see), that if the Prince will, and can with free conscience, take an Oath ("no mental reservation," mark you!) of contrite repentance, of perfect prostrate submission, and purpose of future entire obedience and conformity to the paternal mind in all things, "*Gnadenwahl*" included, the paternal mind may possibly relax his durance a little, and put him gradually on proof again.[3]

Toward which issue, as Chaplain Müller reports, the Crown-Prince is visibly gravitating, with all his weight and will. The very *Gnadenwahl* is settled; the young soul (truly a lover of Truth, your Majesty) taps on his ceiling, my floor being overhead, before the winter sun rises, as a signal that I must come down to him, so eager to have error and darkness purged away; believes himself, as I believe him, ready to take that Oath; desires, however, to see it first, that he may maturely study every clause of it. Say you verily so? answers Majesty. And *may* my ursine heart flow out again, and blubber gratefully over a sinner saved, a poor Son plucked as brand from the burning? "God, the Most High, give his blessing on it, then!" concludes the paternal Majesty: "And as He often, by wondrous guidances, strange paths, and thorny steps, will bring men into the Kingdom of Christ, so may our Divine Redeemer help that this prodigal son be brought into His communion—that his godless heart be beaten till it is softened and changed, and so he be snatched from the claws of Satan. This grant us the Almighty

[3] King's Letter to Müller, 8th November (Förster, i., 379).

19th Nov., 1730.

God and Father, for our Lord Jesus Christ and His passion and death's sake! Amen! I am, for the rest, your well-affectioned King, FRIEDRICH WILHELM (*Wusterhausen, 8th November*, 1730)."[4]

Crown-Prince begins a new Course.

It was Monday, 6th November, when poor Katte died. Within a fortnight, on the second Sunday after, there has a Select Commission—Grumkow, Borck, Buddenbrock, with three other Soldiers, and the Privy Councilor Thulmeyer—come out to Cüstrin: there and then, Sunday, November 19th,[5] these Seven, with due solemnity, administer the Oath (terms of Oath conceivable by readers), Friedrich being found ready. He signs the Oath, as well as audibly swears it; whereupon his sword is restored to him, and his prison-door opened. He steps forth to the Town Church with his Commissioners; takes the sacrament; listens, with all Cüstrin, to an allusive Sermon on the subject; "text happily chosen, preacher handling it well." Text was Psalm Seventy-seventh, verse eleventh (tenth of our English version): *And I said, This is my infirmity; but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High;* or as Luther's version more intelligibly gives it, *This I have to suffer; the right hand of the Most High can change all.* Preacher (not Müller, but another) rose gradually into diadactic pathos; Prince and all Cüstrin were weeping, or near weeping, at the close of the business.[6]

Straight from Church the Prince is conducted, not to the Fortress, but to a certain Town Mansion, which he is to call his own henceforth, under conditions: an erring Prince half liberated, and mercifully put on proof again. His first act here is to write, of his own composition, or helped by some official hand, this Letter to his All-serenest Papa, which must be introduced, though, except to readers of German, who know the

[4] Förster, i., 379.

[5] Nicolai, exactest of men, only that Documents were occasionally less accessible in his time, gives (*Anekdoten*, vi., 187) "Saturday, November 25th," as the day of the Oath; but, no doubt, the later inquirers, Preuss (i., 56) and others, have found him wrong in this small instance.

[6] Preuss, i., 56.

"*Dero*" (Theiro), "*Allerdurchlauchtigster*," and strange pipe-clay solemnity of the Court style, it is like to be in great part lost in any translation:

"Cüstrin, 19th November, 1730.

"All-serenest and All-graciousest Father,—To your Royal Majesty, my All-graciousest Father, have"—*i. e.*, "I have," if one durst write the "I"—"by my disobedience as Thiero" (Youro) "subject and soldier, not less than by my undutifulness as Theiro Son, given occasion to a just wrath and aversion against me. With the All-obedientest respect I submit myself wholly to the grace of my most All-gracious Father, and beg him most All-graciously to pardon me, as it is not so much the withdrawal of my liberty in a sad arrest (*malheuresen Arrest*) as my own thoughts of the fault I have committed that have brought me to reason, who, with all obedientest respect and submission, continue till my end, my All-graciousest King's and Father's faithfully obedientest Servant and Son, FRIEDRICH."[7]

This new House of Friedrich's, in the little Town of Cüstrin, he finds arranged for him on rigorously thrifty principles, yet as a real Household of his own; and even in the form of a Court, with Hofmarschall, Kammerjunkers, and the other adjuncts—Court reduced to its simplest expression, as the French say, and probably the cheapest that was ever set up. Hofmarschall (Court Marshal) is one Wolden, a civilian Official here. The Kammerjunkers are Rohwedel and Natzmer; Natzmer Junior, son of a distinguished Feldmarschall, "a good-hearted, but foolish, forward young fellow," says Wilhelmina, "the failure of a coxcomb (*petit maître manqué*)." For example, once, strolling about in a solemn Kaiser's Soiree in Vienna, he found in some quiet corner the young Duke of Lorraine, Franz, who it is thought will be the divine Maria Theresa's husband, and Kaiser himself one day. Foolish Natzmer found this noble young gentleman in a remote corner of the Soiree; went up, nothing loth, to speak graciosities and insipidities to him; the noble young gentleman yawned, as was too natural, a wide, long yawn, and in an insipid familiar manner, foolish Natzmer (Wilhelmina and the Berlin circles know it) put his finger into the noble young gentleman's mouth, and insipidly wagged it

[7] Preuss, i., 56, 57; and Anonymous, *Friedrichs des Grossen Briefe an seinen Vater* (Berlin, Posen und Bromberg, 1838), p. 3.

19th Nov., 1730.

there. "Sir, you seem to forget where you are!" said the noble young gentleman; and, closing his mouth with emphasis, turned away, but happily took no farther notice.[8] This is all we yet know of the history of Natzmer, whose heedless ways and slap-dash speculations, tinted with natural ingenuity and good-humor, are not unattractive to the Prince.

Hofmarschall and these two Kammerjunkers are of the lawyer species; men intended for Official Business, in which the Prince himself is now to be occupied. The Prince has four lackeys, two pages, one valet. He "wears his sword, but has no sword-tash (*porte-épée*)," much less an officer's uniform; a mere Prince put upon his good behavior again; not yet a soldier of the Prussian Army, only hoping to become so again. He wears a light gray dress, "*hecht-grauer* (pike-gray) frock with narrow silver cordings," and must recover his uniform by proving himself gradually a new man.

For there is, along with the new household, a new employment laid out for him in Cüstrin, and it shall be seen what figure he makes in that, first of all. He is to sit in the *Domänen-Kammer*, or Government Board here, as youngest Rath: no other career permitted. Let him learn Economics and the way of managing Domain Lands (a very principal item of the royal revenues in this Country)—humble work, but useful, which he had better see well how he will do. Two elder Raths are appointed to instruct him in the Economic Sciences and Practices, if he show faculty and diligence, which, in fact, he turns out to do in a superior degree, having every motive to try.

This kind of life lasted with him for the next fifteen months, all through the year 1731 and farther, and must have been a very singular, and was probably a highly instructive year to him, not in the Domain Sciences alone. He is left wholly to himself. All his fellow-creatures, as it were, are watching him. Hundred-eyed Argus, or the Ear of Dionysius—that is to say, Tobacco Parliament with its spies and reporters—no stirring of his finger can escape it here. He has much suspicion to encounter, Papa looking always sadly askance, sadly incredulous,

[8] Wilhelmina, i., 310.

upon him. He is in correspondence with Grumkow; takes much advice from Grumkow (our prompter general, president in the Dionysius' Ear, and not an ill-wisher farther); professes much thankfulness to Grumkow now and henceforth. Thank you for flinging me out of the six-story window, and catching me by the coat-skirts! Left altogether to himself, as we said; has in the whole Universe nothing that will save him but his own good sense, his own power of discovering what is what, and of doing what will be behooveful therein.

He is to quit his French literatures and pernicious practices one and all. His very flute, most innocent "Princess," as he used to call his flute in old days, is denied him ever since he came to Cüstrin; but by degrees he privately gets her back, and consorts much with her; wails forth, in beautiful adagios, emotions for which there is no other utterance at present. He has liberty of Cüstrin and the neighborhood; out of Cüstrin he is not to lodge any night without leave had of the Commandant. Let him walk warily, and in good earnest study to become a new creature, useful for something in the Domain Sciences and otherwise.

CHAPTER III.

WILHELMINA IS TO WED THE PRINCE OF BAIREUTH.

CROWN-PRINCE FRIEDRICH being settled so far, his Majesty takes up the case of Wilhelmina, the other raveled skein lying on hand. Wilhelmina has been prisoner in her Apartment at Berlin all the while: it is proper Wilhelmina be disposed of, either in wedlock, filially obedient to the royal mind, or in some much sterner way, "within four walls," it is whispered, if disobedient.

Poor Wilhelmina never thought of disobeying her parents—only which of them to obey? King looks toward the Prince of Baireuth again, agreed on before those hurly-burlies now past; Queen looks far otherward. Queen Sophie still desperately believes in the English match for Wilhelmina, and has subterranean correspondence with that Court, refusing to see that the

Feb., 1731.

negotiation is extinct there. Grumkow himself, so over-victorious in his late task, is now heeling toward England, "sincere in his wish to be well with us," thinks Dickens: Grumkow solaces her Majesty with delusive hopes in the English quarter. "Be firm, child; trust in my management; only swear to me, on your eternal salvation, that never, on any compulsion, will you marry another than the Prince of Wales; give me that oath!"[1] Such was Queen Sophie's last proposal to Wilhelmina, night of the 27th of January, 1731, as is computable, her Majesty to leave for Potsdam on the morrow. They wept much together that night, but Wilhelmina dexterously evaded the oath on a religious ground. Prince of Baireuth, whom Papa may like or may not like, has never yet personally made appearance; who or what will make appearance, or how things can or will turn, except a bad road, is terribly a mystery to Wilhelmina.

What with chagrin and confinement, what with bad diet (for the very diet is bad, quality and quantity alike unspeakable), Wilhelmina sees herself "reduced to a skeleton;" no company but her faithful Sonsfeld, no employment but her Books and Music; struggles, however, still to keep heart. One day—it is in February, 1731, as I compute—they are sitting, her Sonsfeld and she, at their sad mess of so-called dinner, in their remote upper story of the Berlin Schloss, tramp of sentries the one thing audible, and were "looking mournfully at one another, with nothing to eat but a soup of salt and water, and a ragout of old bones full of hairs and slopperies"—nothing else; that was its real quality, whatever fine name they might give it, says the vehement Princess—"we heard a sharp tapping at the window, and started up in surprise to see what it could be. It was a raven, carrying in its mouth a bit of bread, which it left on the window-sill and flew away."[2]

"Tears came into our eyes at this adventure." Are we to become as Hebrew Elijahs, then, so that the wild ravens have to bring us food? Truth is, there was nothing miraculous, as Wilhelmina found by-and-by. It was a tame raven; not the soul of old George I., which lives at Isleworth on good pensions, but the pet raven of a certain Margravine, which lost its way

[1] Wilhelmina, i., 314. [2] Ibid., 316.

among the intricate roofs here. But the incident was touching. "Well," exclaimed Wilhelmina, "in the Roman Histories I am now reading, it is often said those creatures betoken good luck." All Berlin—such the appetite for gossip, and such the famine of it in Berlin at present—talked of this minute event; and the French Colony—old Protestant Colony, practical considerate people—were so struck by it, they brought baskets of comfortable things to us, and left them daily, as if by accident, on some neutral ground, where the maid could pick them up, sentries refusing to see unless compelled; which fine procedure has attached Wilhelmina to the French Nation ever since as a dexterous useful people, and has given her a disposition to help them where she could.

The omen of the raven did not at once bring good luck; however, it did chance to be the turning-point, solstice of this long Greenland winter; after which, amid storms and alarms, daylight came steadily nearer. Storms and alarms; for there came rumors of quarrels out at Potsdam—quarrels on the old score between the Royal Spouses there—and frightful messages, through one Eversmann, an insolent royal lackey, about wedding Weissenfels, about imprisonment for life and other hard things, through all which Wilhelmina studied to keep her poor head steady, and answer with dignity, yet discreetly. On the other hand, her Sisters are permitted to visit her, and perceptible assuagements come. At length, on the 11th May, there came solemn Deputation, Borck, Grumkow, Thulmeyer in it, old real friends and pretended new, which set poor Wilhelmina wringing her hands (having had a Letter from Mamma overnight), but did bring about a solution. It was Friday, 11th of May, a day of crisis in Wilhelmina's history; Queen commanding one thing, King another, and the hour of decision come.

Entering, announcing themselves with dreadful solemnity, these gentlemen, Grumkow the spokesman, in soft phrase, but with strict clearness, made it apparent to her that marry she must the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth, and without the consent of both her Parents, which was unattainable at present, but peremptorily under the command of one of them, whose vote was the su-

11th May, 1731.

preme. Do this (or even say that you will do it, whisper some of the well-affected), his Majesty's paternal favor will return upon you like pent waters, and the Queen will surely reconcile herself (or perhaps turn it all her own way yet, whisper the well-affected). Refuse to do it, her Majesty, your Royal Brother, you yourself Royal Highness, God only knows what the unheard-of issue will be for you all! Do it, let us advise you; you must, you must! Wilhelmina wrung her hands; ran distractedly to and fro, the well-affected whispering to her, the others "conversing at a window." At length she did it. Will marry whom her all-gracious Papa appoints; never wished or meant the least disobedience; hopes, beyond all things, his paternal love will now return, and make every body blessed; and oh, reconcile Mamma to me, ye well-affected! adds she. Bravissimo! answer they; her Majesty, for certain, will reconcile herself; Crown-Prince get back from Cüstrin, and all will be well.[3]

Friedrich Wilhelm was overjoyed; Queen Sophie Dorothee was in despair. With his Majesty, who "wept" like a paternal bear on re-embracing Wilhelmina the obedient some days hence, it became a settled point, and was indicated to Wilhelmina as such, that the Crown-Prince would, on her actual wedding, probably get back from Cüstrin. But her Majesty's reconcilement—this was very slow to follow. Her Majesty was still in flames of ire at their next interview, and poor Wilhelmina fainted on approaching to kiss her hand. "Disgraced, vanquished, and my enemies triumphing!" said her Majesty, and vented her wrath on Wilhelmina; and fell ill (so soon as there was leisure) —ill, like to die, and said, "Why pretend to weep, when it is you that have killed me!" and, indeed, was altogether hard, bitter, upon the poor Princess—a chief sorrow to her in these trying months. Can there be such wrath in celestial minds, venting itself so unreasonably?

At present there is no leisure for illness; grand visitors in quantity have come and are coming, and the Court is brilliant exceedingly, his Majesty blazing out into the due magnificence, which was very great on this occasion, domestic matters looking

[3] Wilhelmina, i., 327–333.

up with him again. The Serenities of Brunswick are here, young and old; much liked by Friedrich Wilhelm, and almost reckoned family people—ever since their Eldest Son was affianced to the Princess Charlotte here, last visit they made. To Princess Charlotte, Wilhelmina's second junior—mischievous, coquettish creature she, though very pretty and insinuating, who seems to think her Intended rather a phlegmatic young gentleman, as Wilhelmina gradually discovers. Then there is old Duke Eberhard Ludwig of Würtemberg, whom we saw at Ludwigsburg last year, in an intricate condition with his female world and otherwise, he too announces himself, according to promise then given. Old Duke Eberhard Ludwig comes, stays three weeks in great splendor of welcome; poor old gentleman, his one son is now dead, and things are getting earnest with him. On his return home this time, he finds, according to order, the foul witch Grävenitz duly cleared away; reinstates his injured Duchess with the due feelings—better late than never, and dies in a year or two, still childless.

These are among the high guests at Berlin; and there are plenty of others whom we do not name. Magnificent dining, with "six-and-twenty blackamoors," high-colored creatures, marching up the grand staircase, round the table, round it, and then down again, melodious, doing "janizary music," if you happen to prefer that kind; trained creatures these blackamoors, all got when boys, and set to cymbaling and fifing betimes, adds my authority.[4] Dining, boar-hunting (if the boar be huntable), especially reviewing, fail not in those fine summer days.

One evening—it is Sunday, 27th of May—latish, while the high guests, with Queen and Wilhelmina, are just passing in to supper (King's Majesty having "gone to bed at seven," to be well astir for the review to-morrow), a sound of wheels is heard in the court. Modest traveling-equipage rolls up into the inner court—to the foot of the grand staircase there, whither only Princes come: who can it be? The Queen sends to inquire. Heavens! it is the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth. "Medusa's Head never produced such effect as did this bit of news: Queen sat petrified; and I," by reflex, was petrified too. Wilhelmina

[4] Fassmann, p. 726, &c.

28th May, 1731.

passed the miserablest night—no wink of sleep—and felt quite ill in the morning; in dread, too, of Papa's rough jests, and wretched enough. She had begged much, last night, to be excused from the review, but that could not be: "I must go," said the Queen, after reflection, "and you with me," which they did, and diversified the pomp and circumstance of mock war by a small unexpected scene.

Queen, Princess, and the proper dames had, by his Majesty's order, to pass before the line; Princess in much trouble, "with three caps huddled on me, to conceal myself," poor soul! Margraf of Schwedt, at the head of his regiment, "looked swollen with rage," high hopes gone in this manner, and saluted us with eyes turned away. As for his Mother, the Dessau Margravine in high colors, she was "blue in the face" all day. Lines passed and salutations done, her Majesty and Dames withdrew to the safe distance to look on: such a show, for pomp and circumstance, Wilhelmina owns, as could not be equaled in the world —such wheeling, rhythmic coalescing and unfolding, accurate as clock-work, far and wide; swift big column here hitting big column there at the appointed place and moment; with their volleyings and trumpetings, bright uniforms, and streamers, and field-music, in equipment and manœuvre perfect all, to the meanest drummer or black kettle-drummer, supreme drill-sergeant playing on the thing as on his huge piano, several square miles in area! Comes of the Old Dessauer, all this; of the "equal step;" of the abstruse meditations upon tactics in that rough head of his. Very pretty indeed. But, in the mean while, an Official steps up; cap in hand, approaches the Queen's carriage; says he is ordered to introduce his Highness, the Prince of Baireuth. Prince comes up accordingly—a personable young fellow—intelligent-looking, self-possessed—makes obeisance to her Majesty, who answers in frosty politeness; and—and Wilhelmina, faint, fasting, sleepless all night, fairly falls aswoon. Could not be helped; and the whole world saw it; and Guy Dickens and the Diplomatists wrote home about it, and there rose rumor and gossip enough![5] But that was the naked truth

[5] Dickens, of 2d June, 1731 (in pathetic terms); Wilhelmina, i., 341 (without pathos).

of it: hot weather, agitation, want of sleep, want of food; not aversion to the Hereditary Prince, nothing of that.

Rather the contrary, indeed; and, on better acquaintance, much the contrary, for he proved a very rational, honorable, and eligible young Prince: modest, honest, with abundance of sense and spirit; kind, too, and good; hot temper well kept, temper hot not harsh; quietly holds his own in all circles; good discourse in him too, and sharp repartee if requisite, though he stammered somewhat in speaking. Submissive Wilhelmina feels that one might easily have had a worse husband. What glories for you in England! the Queen used to say to her in old times: "He is a Prince, that Frederick, who has a good heart, and whose genius is very small. Rather ugly than handsome; slightly out of shape even (*un peu contrefait*). But, provided you have the complaisance to suffer his debaucheries, you will quite govern him, and you will be more King than he when once his Father is dead. Only see what a part you will play! It will be you that decide on the weal or woe of Europe, and give law to the Nation"[6]—in a manner: which Wilhelmina did not think a celestial project even then. Who knows but, of all the offers she had, "four" or three "crowned heads" among them, this final modest honest one may be intrinsically the best? Take your portion, if inevitable, and be thankful!

The Betrothal follows in about a week—Sunday, 3d June, 1731, with great magnificence, in presence of the high guests and all the world, and Wilhelmina is the affianced Bride of Friedrich of Baireuth; and that enormous Double Marriage Tragicomedy, of Much Ado about Nothing, is at last ended. Courage, friends; all things do end!

The high guests hereupon go their ways again, and the Court of Berlin, one can not but suppose, collapses, as after a great effort finished. Do not Friedrich Wilhelm and innumerable persons—the readers and the writer of this History included—feel a stone rolled off their hearts? It is now, and not till now, that Queen Sophie falls sick and like to die, and reproaches Wilhelmina with killing her. Friedrich Wilhelm hopes confidently not; waits out at Potsdam for a few days, till this killing danger

[6] Wilhelmina, i., 143.

June, 1731.

pass; then departs, with double impetuosity, for Preussen and dispatch of Public Business, such a mountain of Domestic Business being victoriously got under.

Poor King, his life, this long while, has been a series of earthquakes and Titanic convulsions. Narrow miss he has had of pulling down his house about his ears, and burying self, son, wife, family, and fortunes under the ruin-heap, a monument to remote posterity. Never was such an enchanted dance of well-intentioned Royal Bear with poetic temperament piped to by two black artists for the Kaiser's and Pragmatic Sanction's sake! Let Tobacco Parliament also rejoice, for truly the play was growing dangerous of late. King and Parliament, we may suppose, return to Public Business with double vigor.

CHAPTER IV.

CRIMINAL JUSTICE IN PREUSSEN AND ELSEWHERE.

NOT that his Majesty, while at the deepest in domestic intricacies, ever neglects Public Business. This very summer he is raising Hussar Squadrons; bent to introduce the Hussar kind of soldiery into his army, a good deal of horse-breaking and new sabre exercise needed for that object.[1] The affairs of the Reich have at no moment been out of his eye; glad to see the Kaiser edging round to the Sea-Powers again, and things coming into their old posture, in spite of that sad Treaty of Seville.

Nay, for the last two years, while the domestic volcanoes were at their worst, his Majesty has been extensively dealing with a new question which has risen—that of the *Salzburg Protestants*, concerning which we shall hear more anon. Far and wide, in the Diets and elsewhere, he has been diligently, piously, and with solid judgment handling this question of the poor Salzburgers, and has even stored up moneys in intended solace of them (for he foresees what the end will be)—moneys which, it appears about this time, a certain Official over in Preussen has been peculating! In the end of June, his Majesty sets off to Preussen on the usual Inspection Tour, which we should not

[1] Fassmann, p. 417–418.

mention were it not in regard to that same Official, and to something very rhadamanthine and particular which befell him, significant of what his Majesty can do in the way of prompt justice.

Case of Schlubhut.

The Königsberg Domain Board (*Kriegs- und Domänen-Kammer*) had fallen awry in various points of late; several things known to be out at elbows in that Country; the Kammer Raths evidently lax at their post; for which reason they have been sharply questioned, and shaken by the collar, so to speak. Nay, there is one Rath, a so-called Nobleman of those parts, by name Schlubhut, who has been found actually defaulting; peculating from that pious hoard intended for the Salzburgers: he is proved, and confesses, to have put into his own scandalous purse no less than 11,000 thalers, some say 30,000 (almost £5000), which belonged to the Public Treasury and the Salzburg Protestants! These things, especially this latter unheard-of Schlubhut thing, the Supreme Court at Berlin (*Criminal Collegium*) have been sitting on for some time, and in regard to Schlubhut they have brought out a result which Friedrich Wilhelm not a little admires at. Schlubhut clearly guilty of the defalcation, say they; but he has moneys, landed properties: let him refund, principal and interest, and have, say, three or four years' imprisonment by way of memento. "Years' imprisonment? Refund? Is theft in the highest quarters a thing to be let off for refunding?" growls his Majesty; and will not confirm this sentence of his Criminal Collegium, but leaves it till he get to the spot, and see with his own eyes. Schlubhut, in arrest or mild confinement all this while, ought to be bethinking himself more than he is!

Once on the spot, judge if the Königsberg Domain-Kammer had not a stiff muster to pass, especially if Schlubhut's drill-exercise was gentle! Schlubhut, summoned to private interview with his Majesty, carries his head higher than could be looked for: Is very sorry; knows not how it happened; meant always to refund; will refund to the last penny, and make all good. "Refund? Does He (*Er*) know what stealing means, then?

July, 1731.

How the commonest convicted private thief finds the gallows his portion, much more a public magistrate convicted of theft? Is He aware that He, in a very special manner, deserves hanging, then?" Schlubhut looks offended dignity; conscious of rank, if also of quasi-theft: "*Es ist nicht Manier* (it is not the polite thing) to hang a Prussian Nobleman on those light terms!" answers Schlubhut, high-mannered at the wrong time: "I can and will pay the money back!" *Noble*-man? Money back? "I will none of His scoundrelly money." To strait Prison with this *Schurke!* And thither he goes accordingly; unhappiest of mortals, to be conscious of rank, not at the right place, when about to steal the money, but at the wrong, when answering to Rhadamanthus on it!

And there, sure enough, Schlubhut lies in his prison on the *Schlossplatz*, or Castle Square, of Königsberg all night, and hears, close by the *Domänen-Kammer*, which is in the same Square, *Domänen-Kammer* where his Office used to be, a terrible sound of carpentering go on—unhappiest of Prussian Noblemen. And in the morning, see, a high gallows built, close in upon the Domain-Kammer, looking into the very windows of it; and there, sure enough, the unfortunate Schlubhut dies the thief's death few hours hence, speaking or thinking what—no man reports to me. Death was certain for him, inevitable as fate. And so he vibrates there, admonitory to the other Raths, for days—some say for weeks—till by humble petition they got the gallows removed. The stumps of it, sawed close by the stones, were long after visible in that Schlossplatz of Königsberg. Here is prompt justice with a witness! Did readers ever hear of such a thing? There is no doubt about the fact,[2] though in all Prussian Books it is loosely smeared over, without the least precision of detail, and it was not till after long searching that I could so much as get it dated: July, 1731, while Friedrich Crown-Prince is still in eclipse at Cüstrin, and some six weeks after Wilhelmina's betrothal. And here furthermore, direct from the then Schlubhut precincts, is a stray Note, meteorological chiefly, but worth picking up, since it is authentic.

[2] Beneckendorf (Anonymous): *Karakterzüge aus dem Leben König Friedrich Wilhelm I.* (Berlin, 1788), vii., 15-20. Förster (ii., 268), &c., &c.

"Wehlau," we observe, is on the road homeward again—on our *return* from uttermost Memel—a day's journey hitherward of that place, half a day's thitherward of Königsberg:

"*Tuesday* 10*th July*, 1731. King dining with General Dockum at Wehlau," where he had been again reviewing, for about forty hours, all manner of regiments brought to rendezvous there for the purpose, poor "General Katte with his regiment" among them; King at dinner with General Dockum after all that, "took the resolution to be off to Königsberg, and arrived here at the stroke of midnight, in a deluge of rain." This brings us within a day or two days of Schlubhut's death. Terrible "combat of Bisons (*Uri* or *Auerochsen*, with such manes, such heads), of two wild Bisons against six wild Bears," then ensued; and the Schlubhut human tragedy—I know not in what sequence—rather conjecture the Schlubhut had gone *first*. Pillau, road to Dantzig, on the narrow strip between the Frische Haf and Baltic, is the next stage homeward. At Pillau General Finckenstein (excellent old Tutor of the Crown-Prince) is Commandant, and expects his rapid Majesty, day and hour given, to me not known. Majesty goes in three carriages; Old Dessauer, Grumkow, Seckendorf, Ginkel, are among his suite; weather still very electric.

"At Fischhausen, half way to Pillau, Majesty had a bout of elk-hunting; killed sixty elks" (Melton-Mowbray may consider it)—creatures of the deer sort, nimble as roes, but strong as bulls, and four palms higher than the biggest horse—to the astonishment of Seckendorf, Ginkel, and the strangers there. Half an hour short of Pillau, furious electricity again; thunderbolt shivered an oak-tree fifteen yards from his Majesty's carriage. And at Pillau itself, the Battalion in Garrison there, drawn out in arms by Finckenstein to receive his Majesty" (rain over by this time, we can hope), "had suddenly to rush forward and take new ground, Frische Haf, on some pressure from the elements, having suddenly gushed out two hundred paces beyond its old watermark in that place."[3]

Pillau, Fischhausen—this is where the excellent old Adalbert stamped the earth with his life "in the shape of a cross" eight hundred years ago, and these are the new phenomena there! There General Dockum, Colonel of Dragoons, whom his Majesty dined with at Wehlau, got his death not many months after. One of Dockum's Dragoon Lieutenants felt insulted at something, and demanded his discharge; discharge given, he chal-

[3] See Mauvillon, ii., 293–297; *correcting* by Fassmann, p. 422.

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lenged Dockum, duel of pistols, and shot him dead.[4] Nothing more to be said of Dockum, nor of that Lieutenant, in military annals.

Case of the Criminal Collegium itself.

And thus was the error of the Criminal Collegium rectified *in re* Schlubhut. For it is not in name only, but in fact, that this Sovereign is Supreme Judge, and bears the sword in God's stead, interfering now and then, when need is, in this terrible manner. In the same dim authentic Benekendorf (himself a member of the Criminal Collegium in later times), and from him in all the Books, is recorded another interference somewhat in the comic vein, which also we may give. Undisputed fact, again totally without precision or details; not even datable, except that, on study, we perceive it may have been before this Schlubhut's execution, and after the Criminal Collegium had committed their error about him—must have been while this of Schlubhut was still vividly in mind. Here is the unprecise but indubitable fact, as the Prussian Dryasdust has left us his smear of it:

"One morning early" (might be before Schlubhut was hanged, and while only sentence of imprisonment and restitution lay on him), General Graf von Dönhof, Colonel of a Musketeer regiment, favorite old soldier, who did vote on the mild side in that Court-Martial on the Crown-Prince lately, but I hope has been forgiven by his Majesty, being much esteemed by him these long years past—this Dönhof, early one morning, calls upon the King with a grimly lamenting air. "What is wrong, Herr General?" "Your Majesty, my best musketeer, an excellent soldier and of good inches, fell into a mistake lately, bad company getting round the poor fellow; they, he among them, slipped into a House and stole something—trifle and without violence: pay is but three halfpence, your Majesty, and the Devil tempts men! Well, the Criminal Collegium have condemned him to be hanged—an excellent soldier and of good inches—for that one fault. Nobleman Schlubhut was 'to make restitution,' they decreed: that was their decree on Schlubhut, one of their own set; and this poor soldier, six feet three, your Majesty, is to dance on the top

[4] 7th April, 1732 (*Militair Lexikon*, i., 365).

of nothing for a three-halfpenny matter!" So would Dönhof represent the thing; "fact being," says my Dryasdust, "it was a case of house-breaking, with theft to the value of 6000 thalers, and this musketeer the ringleader!" Well; but was Schlubhut sentenced to hanging? Do you keep two weights and two measures in that Criminal Collegium of yours, then?

Friedrich Wilhelm feels this sad contrast very much; the more, as the soldier is his own chattel withal, and of superlative inches: Friedrich Wilhelm flames up into wrath; sends off swift messengers to bring these Judges, one and all, instantly into his presence. The Judges are still in their dressing-gowns, shaving, breakfasting; they make what haste they can. So soon as the first three or four are reported to be in the ante-room, Friedrich Wilhelm, in extreme impatience, has them called in; starts discoursing with them upon the two weights and two measures. Apologies, subterfuges do but provoke him farther; it is not long till he starts up, growling terribly: "*Ihr Schurken* (Ye Scoundrels), how could you?" and smites down upon the crowns of them with the Royal Cudgel itself. Fancy the hurry-scurry, the unforensic attitudes and pleadings! Royal Cudgel rains blows right and left; blood is drawn, crowns cracked, crowns nearly broken; and "several Judges lost a few teeth, and had their noses battered," before they could get out. The second relay, meeting them in this dilapidated state on the staircases, dashed home again without the honor of a royal interview.[5] Let them learn to keep one balance and one set of weights in their Law Court henceforth. This is an actual scene, of date Berlin, 1731, or thereby, unusual in the annals of Themis, of which no constitutional country can hope to see the fellow, were the need never so pressing. I wish his Majesty had been a thought more equal when he was so rhadamanthine! Schlubhut he hanged, Schlubhut being only Schlubhut's chattel; this musketeer, his Majesty's own chattel, he did not hang, but set him shouldering arms again after some preliminary dusting!

His Majesty was always excessively severe on defalcations; any Chancellor with his Exchequer-bills gone wrong would have fared ill in that Country. One Treasury dignitary, named Wilke

[5] Beneckendorf, vii., 33; Förster, ii., 270.

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(who had "dealt in tall recruits" as a kind of by-trade, and played foul in some slight measure), the King was clear for hanging; his poor Wife galloped to Potsdam, shrieking for mercy; upon which Friedrich Wilhelm had him whipped by the hangman, and stuck for life into Spandau. Still more tragical was poor Hesse's case. Hesse, some Domain Rath out at Königsberg, concerned with moneys, was found with account-books in a state of confusion, and several thousands short when the outcome was cleared up. What has become of these thousands, Sir? Poor old Hesse could not tell: "God is my witness, no penny of them ever stuck to me," asseverated poor old Hesse; "but where they are—My account-books are in such a state—alas! and my poor old memory is not what it was!" They brought him to Berlin; in the end they actually hanged the poor old soul; and then afterward, in his dusty lumber-rooms, hidden in pots, stuffed into this nook and that, most or all of the money was found![6] Date and document exist for all these cases, though my Dryasdust gives none; and the cases are indubitable; very rhadamanthine indeed. The soft quality of mercy —ah! yes, it is beautiful and blessed when permissible (though thrice-accursed when not); but it is on the hard quality of justice, first of all, that Empires are built up, and beneficent and lasting things become achievable to mankind in this world!

Skipper Jenkins in the Gulf of Florida.

A couple of weeks before Schlubhut's death, the English Newspapers are somewhat astir, in the way of narrative merely as yet. Ship Rebecca, Captain Robert Jenkins, Master, has arrived in the Port of London, with a strange story in her logbook, of which, after due sifting, this is accurately the substance:

"*London*, 23*d*–27*th June*, 1731. Captain Jenkins left this Port with the Rebecca several months ago; sailed to Jamaica for a cargo of sugar. He took in his cargo at Jamaica; put to sea again 5th April, 1731, and proceeded on the voyage homeward, with indifferent winds for the first fortnight. April 20th, with no wind, or none that would suit, he was hanging about in the entrance of the Gulf of Florida, not far from the Havana"—almost too near it, I should think; but these

[6] Förster (ii., 269), &c., &c.

baffling winds!—"not far from the Havana, when a Spanish Guarda-Costa hove in sight; came down on Jenkins, and furiously boarded him: 'Scoundrel, what do *you* want; contrabanding in these seas? Jamaica, say you? Sugar? Likely! Let us see your logwood, hides, Spanish pieces of eight!' and broke in upon Jenkins, ship and person, in a most extraordinary manner; tore up his hatches; plunged down, seeking logwood, hides, pieces of eight; found none—not the least trace of contraband on board of Jenkins. They brought up his quadrants, sextants, however; likewise his stock of tallow candles: they shook and rummaged him, and all things, for pieces of eight; furiously advised him, cutlass in hand, to confess guilt. They slashed the head of Jenkins, his left ear almost off. Order had been given, 'Scalp him!' but as he had no hair, they omitted that; merely brought away the wig, and slashed: still no confession, nor any pieces of eight. They hung him up to the yard-arm—actual neck-halter, but it seems to have been tarry, and did not run—still no confession. They hoisted him higher, tied his cabin-boy to his feet; neck-halter then became awfully stringent upon Jenkins; had not the cabin-boy (without head to speak of) slipped through, noose being tarry, which was a sensible relief to Jenkins. Before very death, they lowered Jenkins: 'Confess, scoundrel, then!' Scoundrel could not confess; spoke of 'British Majesty's flag, peaceable English subject on the high seas.' 'British Majesty; high seas!' answered they, and again hoisted. Thrice over they tried Jenkins in this manner at the yard arm, once with cabin-boy at his feet: never had man such a day, outrageous whiskerando cutthroats tossing him about, his poor Rebecca and him, at such rate! Sun getting low, and not the least trace of contraband found, they made a last assault on Jenkins; clutched the bloody slit ear of him; tore it mercilessly off; flung it in his face: 'Carry that to your King, and tell him of it!' Then went their way, taking Jenkins's tallow candles, and the best of his sextants with them, so that he could hardly work his passage home again for want of latitudes, and has lost in goods £112, not to speak of his ear. Strictly true all this; ship's company, if required, will testify on their oath."[7]

These surely are singular facts, calculated to awaken a maritime public careful of its honor, which they did—after about eight years, as the reader will see! For the present, there are growlings in the coffee-houses; and, "*Thursday, 28th June*," say the Newspapers, "This day Captain Jenkins, with his Owners," ear in his pocket, I hope, "went out to Hampton Court to lay

[7] *Daily Journal* (and the other London Newspapers), 12th–17th June (O. S.), 1731. Coxe, *Walpole*, i., 560, 579 (indistinct and needing correction).

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the matter before his Grace of Newcastle:" "Please your Grace, it is hardly three months since the illustrious Treaty of Vienna was signed; Dutch and we leading in the Termagant of Spain, and nothing but halcyon weather to be looked for on that side!" Grace of Newcastle, anxious to avoid trouble with Spain, answers I can only fancy what, and nothing was done upon Jenkins and his ear;[8] may "keep it in cotton," if he like; shall have "a better ship" for some solacement. This is the first emergence of Jenkins and his ear upon negligent mankind. He and it will marvelously re-emerge one day!

Baby Carlos gets his Appanage.

But in regard to that Treaty of Vienna, seventh and last of the travail-throes for Baby Carlos's Appanage, let the too oblivious reader accept the following Extract, to keep him on a level with Public "Events," as they are pleased to denominate themselves:

"By that dreadful Treaty of Seville, Cardinal Fleury and the Spaniards should have joined with England, and coerced the Kaiser *vi et armis* to admit Spanish Garrisons" (instead of neutral) "into Parma and Piacenza, and so secure Baby Carlos his heritage there, which all Nature was in travail till he got. 'War in Italy to a certainty!' said all the Newspapers, after Seville; and Crown-Prince Friedrich, we saw, was running off to have a stroke in said War—inevitable, as the Kaiser still obstinately refused. And the English, and great George their King, were ready. Nevertheless, no War came. Old Fleury, not wanting war, wanting only to fish out something useful for himself—Lorraine how welcome, and indeed the smallest contributions are welcome—old Fleury manœuvred, hung back, till the Spaniards and Termagant Elizabeth lost all patience, and the very English were weary, and getting suspicious; whereupon the Kaiser edged round to the Sea-Powers again, or they to him, and comfortable *As-you-were* was got accomplished, much to the joy of Friedrich Wilhelm and others. Here are some of the dates to these sublime phenomena:

"*March 16th*, 1731, Treaty of Vienna, England and the Kaiser coalescing again into comfortable *As-you-were*. Treaty done by Robinson" (Sir Thomas, ultimately Earl of Grantham, whom we shall often hear

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"The Spaniards own they did a witty thing,
Who cropped our ears, and sent them to the King."
POPE (date not given me).

of in time coming); "was confirmed and enlarged by a kind of second edition, 22d July, 1731; Dutch joining, Spain itself acceding, and all being now right, which could hardly have been expected.

"For before the first edition of that Treaty, and while Robinson at Vienna was still laboring like Hercules in it, the poor Duke of Parma died—died, and no vestige of a 'Spanish Garrison' yet there to induct Baby Carlos according to the old bargain. On the contrary, the Kaiser himself took possession, 'till once the Duke's Widow, who declares herself in the family-way, be brought to bed! If of a Son, of course he must have the Duchies; if of a Daughter only, then Carlos *shall* get them, let not Robinson fear.' The due months ran, but neither son nor daughter came, and the Treaty of Vienna, first edition and also second, was signed; and,

"*October 20th*, 1731, Spanish Garrisons, no longer a hypothesis, but a bodily fact, 6000 strong, 'convoyed by the British Fleet,' came into Leghorn, and proceeded to lodge themselves in the long litigated Parma and Piacenza, and, in fine, the day after Christmas, blessed be Heaven,

"*December 26th*, Baby Carlos in highest person came in: Baby Carlos (more power to him) got the Duchies, and we hope there was an end. No young gentleman ever had such a pother to make among his fellow-creatures about a little heritable property. If Baby Carlos's performance in it be any thing in proportion, he will be a supereminent sovereign!

"There is still some haggle about Tuscany, the Duke of which is old and heirless; Last of the Medici, as he proved. Baby Carlos would much like to have Tuscany too; but that is a Fief of the Empire, and might easily be better disposed of, thinks the Kaiser. A more or less uncertain point, that of Tuscany, as many points are! Last of the Medici complained, in a polite manner, that they were parting his clothes before he had put them off; however, having no strength, he did not attempt resistance, but politely composed himself, 'Well, then!'[9] Do readers need to be informed that this same Baby Carlos came to be King of Naples, and even ultimately to be Carlos III. of Spain, leaving a younger Son to be King of Naples, ancestor of the now Majesty there?"

And thus, after such Diplomatic earthquakes and travail of Nature, there is at last birth; the Seventh Travail-throe has been successful—in some measure successful. Here actually is Baby Carlos's Appanage; there probably, by favor of Heaven and of the Sea-Powers, will the Kaiser's Pragmatic Sanction be

[9] Schöll, ii., 216–221; Coxe's *Walpole*, i., 346; Coxe's *House of Austria* (London, 1854), iii., 151.

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one day. Treaty of Seville, most imminent of all those dreadful Imminences of War, has passed off as they all did; peaceably adjusts itself into Treaty of Vienna: A Termagant, as it were, sated; a Kaiser hopeful to be so, Pragmatic Sanction and all; for the Sea-Powers and every body mere halcyon weather henceforth—not extending to the Gulf of Florida and Captain Jenkins, as would seem! Robinson, who did the thing—an expert man, bred to business as old Horace Walpole's Secretary at Soissons and elsewhere, and now come to act on his own score—regards this Treaty of Vienna (which, indeed, had its multiform difficulties) as a thing to immortalize a man.

Crown-Prince has, long since, by Papa's order, written to the Kaiser, to thank Imperial Majesty for that beneficent intercession which has proved the saving of his life, as Papa inculcates. We must now see a little how the saved Crown-Prince is getting on in his eclipsed state among the Domain Sciences at Cüstrin.

CHAPTER V.

INTERVIEW OF MAJESTY AND CROWN-PRINCE AT CÜSTRIN.

EVER since the end of November last year, Crown-Prince Friedrich, in the eclipsed state, at Cüstrin, has been prosecuting his probationary course, in the Domain Sciences and otherwise, with all the patience, diligence, and dexterity he could. It is false, what one reads in some foolish Books, that Friedrich neglected the functions assigned him as assessor in the *Kreigs- und Domänen-Kammer*. That would not have been the safe course for him! The truth still evident is, he set himself with diligence to learn the Friedrich-Wilhelm methods of administering Domains, and the art of Finance in general, especially of Prussian Finance, the best extant then or since—Finance, Police, Administrative Business—and profited well by the Raths appointed as tutors to him in the respective branches. One Hille was his finance-tutor, whose "*Kompendium*," drawn up and made use of on this occasion, has been printed in our time, and is said to be,

in brief compass, a highly instructive Piece, throwing clear light on the exemplary Friedrich-Wilhelm methods.[1] These the Prince did actually learn, and also practice all his life, "essentially following his Father's methods," say the Authorities—with great advantage to himself, when the time came.

Solid Nicolai hunted diligently after traces of him in Assessor business here, and found some: Order from Papa to "make Report upon the Glass-works of the Neumark;" Autograph signatures to common Reports, one or two; and some traditions of his having had a hand in planning certain Farm-Buildings still standing in those parts; but as the Kammer Records of Cüstrin, and Cüstrin itself, were utterly burned by the Russians in 1758, such traces had mostly vanished thirty years before Nicolai's time.[2] Enough have turned up since, in the form of Correspondence with the King and otherwise; and it is certain the Crown-Prince did plan Farm-Buildings—"both Carzig and Himmelstädt (Carzig now called *Friedrichs*-felde in consequence),"* dim mossy Steadings, which pious Antiquarianism can pilgrim to if it likes, were built, or rebuilt by him; and it is remarkable withal how thoroughly instructed Friedrich Wilhelm shows himself in such matters, and how paternally delighted to receive such proposals of improvement introducible at the said Carzig and Himmelstädt, and to find young Graceless so diligent, and his ideas even good.[3] Perhaps a momentary glance into those affairs may be permitted farther on.

The Prince's life, in this his eclipsed state, is one of constraint, anxiety, continual liability; but, after the first months are well over, it begins to be more supportable than we should think. He is fixed to the little Town; can not be absent any night without leave from the Commandant, which, however, and the various similar restrictions, are more formal than real. An amiable Crown-Prince, no soul in Cüstrin but would run by night or by day to serve him. He drives and rides about in that green peaty country, on Domain business, on visits, on permissible amusement, pretty much at his own modest discretion. A green flat region, made of peat and sand; human industry need-

[1] Preuss, i., 59 *n.*

[2] Nicolai: *Anekdoten*, vi., 193.

* See Map at p. 270.

[3] Förster, ii., 387, 390, 391.

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ing to be always busy on it: raised causeways with incessant bridges, black sedgy ditch on this hand and that; many meres, muddy pools, stagnant or flowing waters every where; big muddy Oder, of yellowish-drab color, coming from the south, big black Warta (Warthe) from the Polish fens in the east, the black and yellow refusing to mingle for some miles. Nothing of the picturesque in this country, but a good deal of the useful, of the improvable by economic science, and more of fine productions in it, too, of the floral, and still more interesting sorts than you would suspect at first sight. Friedrich's worst pinch was his dreadful straitness of income, checking one's noble tendencies on every hand; but the gentry of the district privately subscribed gifts for him (*se cotisirent*, says Wilhelmina), and one way and other he contrived to make ends meet. Münchow, his President in the Kammer, next to whom sits Friedrich, "King's place standing always ready, but empty there," is heartily his friend; the Münchows are diligent in getting up balls, rural gayeties for him; so the Hilles—nay, Hille, severe Finance-tutor, has a Mamsell Hille whom it is pleasant to dance with;[4] nor indeed is she the only fascinating specimen, or flower of loveliness, in those peaty regions, as we shall see. On the whole, his Royal Highness, after the first paroxysms of Royal suspicion are over, and forgiveness beginning to seem possible to the Royal mind, has a supportable time of it, and possesses his soul in patience, in activity, and hope.

Unpermitted things, once for all, he must avoid to do; perhaps he will gradually discover that many of them were foolish things better not done. He walks warily: to this all things continually admonish. We trace in him some real desire to be wise, to do and learn what is useful, if he can here. But the grand problem, which is reality itself to him, is always to regain favor with Papa. And this, Papa being what he is, gives a twist to all other problems the young man may have, for they must all shape themselves by this, and introduces something of artificial —not properly of hypocritical, for that too is fatal if found out, but of calculated, reticent, of half-sincere on the Son's part: an inevitable feature, plentifully visible in their Correspondence now

[4] Preuss, i., 59.

and henceforth. Corresponding with Papa and his Grumkow, and watched at every step by such an Argus as the Tobacco Parliament, real frankness of speech is not quite the recommendable thing; apparent frankness may be the safer! Besides mastery in the Domain Sciences, I perceive the Crown-Prince had to study here another art, useful to him in after life—the art of wearing among his fellow-creatures a polite cloak of darkness. Gradually he becomes master of it as few are—a man politely impregnable to the intrusion of human curiosity; able to look cheerily into the very eyes of men, and talk in a social way face to face, and yet continue intrinsically invisible to them —an art no less essential to Royalty than that of the Domain Sciences itself; and—if at all consummately done, and with a scorn of mendacity for help, as in this case—a difficult art. It is the chief feature in the Two or Three Thousand *Letters* we yet have of Friedrich's to all manner of correspondents: Letters written with the gracefullest flowing rapidity; polite, affable—refusing to give you the least glimpse into his real inner man, or tell you any particular you might impertinently wish to know.

As the History of Friedrich, in this Cüstrin epoch, and indeed in all epochs and parts, is still little other than a whirlpool of simmering confusions, dust mainly, and Sibylline paper shreds in the pages of poor Dryasdust, perhaps we can not do better than snatch a shred or two (of the partly legible kind, or capable of being made legible) out of that hideous caldron, pin them down at their proper dates, and try if the reader can, by such means, catch a glimpse of the thing with his own eyes. Here is shred first, a Piece in Grumkow's hand.

This treats of a very grand incident, which forms an era or turning-point in the Cüstrin life. Majesty has actually, after hopes long held out of such a thing, looked in upon the Prodigal at Cüstrin, in testimony of possible pardon in the distance; sees him again, for the first time since that scene at Wesel with the drawn sword, after year and day. Grumkow, for behoof of Seckendorf and the Vienna people, has drawn a rough "Protocol" of it, and here it is, snatched from the Dust-whirlwinds, and faithfully presented to the English reader. His Majesty is trav-

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cling toward Sonnenburg on some grand Knight of Malta Ceremony there, and halts at Cüstrin for a couple of hours as he passes:

Grumkow's "Protokoll" of the 15th August, 1731; or Summary of what took place at Cüstrin that day.

"His Majesty arrived at Cüstrin yesterday" (*gestern*, Monday, 15th —hour not mentioned), "and proceeded at once to the Government House with an attendance of several hundred persons. Major General Lepel," Commandant of Cüstrin, "Colonel Derschau, and myself, are immediately sent for to his Majesty's apartment there. Privy-Councilor Wolden," Prince's Hofmarschall, a solid legal man, "is ordered by his Majesty to bring the Crown-Prince over from his house, who accordingly, in few minutes, attended by Rohwedel and Natzmer," the two Kammerjunkers, "entered the room where his Majesty and we were.

"So soon as his Majesty, turning round, had sight of him, the Crown-Prince fell at his feet. Having bidden him rise, his Majesty said, with a severe mien,

"'You will now bethink yourself what passed year and day ago, and how scandalously you saw fit to behave yourself, and what a godless enterprise you took in hand. As I have had you about me from the beginning, and must know you well, I did all in the world that was in my power, by kindness and by harshness, to make an honorable man of ou. As I rather suspected your evil purpose, I treated you in the harshest and sharpest way in the Saxon Camp,' at Radewitz, in those gala days, 'in hopes you would consider yourself, and take another line of conduct; would confess your faults to me, and beg forgiveness. But all in vain; you grew ever more stiff-necked. When a young man gets into follies with women, one may try to overlook it as the fault of his age; but to do with forethought baseness (*lâchetéen*) and ugly actions, that is unpardonable. You thought to carry it through with your headstrong humor; but hark ye, my lad (*höre, mein Kerl*), if thou wert sixty or seventy instead of eighteen, thou couldst not cross my resolutions.'" It would take a bigger man to do that, my lad! "'And as, up to this date (*bis dato*), I have managed to sustain myself against any comer, there will be methods found of bringing thee to reason too!

"'How have not I, on all occasions, meant honorably by you? Last time I got wind of your debts, how did I, as a Father, admonish you to tell me all; I would pay all, you were only to tell me the truth: whereupon you said there were still Two thousand Thalers beyond the sum named. I paid these also at once, and fancied I had made peace with you. And then it was found, by-and-by, you owed many thousands more; and as you now knew that you could not pay, it was as good as

if the money had been stolen—not to reckon how the French vermin, Montholieu and partner, cheated you with their new loans.'" Pfui! "'Nothing touched me so much'" (continues his Majesty, verging toward the pathetic) "'as that you had not any trust in me. All this that I was doing for the aggrandizement of the House, the Army, and Finances, could only be for you, if you made yourself worthy of it. I here declare I have done all things to gain your friendship, and all has been in vain!'" At which words the Crown-Prince, with a very sorrowful gesture, threw himself at his Majesty's feet, tears (presumably) in both their eyes by this time.

"'Was it not your intention to go to England?' asked his Majesty farther on. The Prince answered '*Ja!*' 'Then hear what the consequences would have been. Your Mother would have got into the greatest misery; I could not but have suspected she was the author of the business. Your Sister I would have cast for life into a place where she never would have seen sun and moon again. Then on with my Army into Hanover, and burn and ravage; yes, if it had cost me life, land, and people. Your thoughtless and godless conduct, see what it was leading to. I intended to employ you in all manner of business, civil, military; but how, after such an action, could I show the face of you to my Officers (soldiers) and other servants? The one way of repairing all this is, that you seek, regardless of your very life in comparison, to make the fault good again!' At which words the Crown-Prince mournfully threw himself at his Royal Majesty's feet, begging to be put upon the hardest proofs: He would endure all things so as to recover his Majesty's grace and esteem.

"Whereupon the King asked him, 'Was it thou that temptedst Katte, or did Katte tempt thee?' The Crown-Prince without hesitation answered, 'I tempted him.' 'I am glad to hear the truth from you, at any rate.'"

The Dialogue now branches out into complex general form, out of which, intent upon abridging, we gather the following points. King *loquitur:*

"'How do you like your Cüstrin life? Still as much aversion to Wusterhausen, and to wearing your shroud' (*Sterbekittel*, name for the tight uniform you would now be so glad of, and think quite other than a shroud!) 'as you called it?'" Prince's answer wanting. "'Likely enough my company does not suit you: I have no French manners, and can not bring out *bon-mots* in the *petit maitre* way; and truly regard all that as a thing to be flung to the dogs. I am a German Prince, and mean to live and die in that character. But you can now say what you have got by your caprices and obstinate heart, hating every thing that I liked, and, if I distinguished any one, despising him! If an Of-

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ficer was put in arrest, you took to lamenting about him. Your real friends, who intended your good, you hated and calumniated; those that flattered you, and encouraged your bad purpose, you caressed. You see what that has come to. In Berlin, in all Prussia for some time back, nobody asks after you, whether you are in the world or not; and were it not one or the other coming from Cüstrin who reports you as playing tennis and wearing French hair-bags, nobody would know whether you were alive or dead.'"

Hard sayings; to which the Prince's answers (if there were any beyond mournful gestures) are not given. We come now upon Predestination, or the *Gnadenwahl*, and learn (with real interest, not of the laughing sort alone) how his "Majesty, in the most conclusive way, set forth the horrible results of that Absolute Decree notion, which makes God to be the Author of Sin, and that Jesus Christ died only for some! upon which the Crown-Prince vowed and declared (*hoch und theuer*) he was now wholly of his Majesty's orthodox opinion."

The King, now thoroughly moved, expresses satisfaction at the orthodoxy, and adds with enthusiasm, "'When godless fellows about you speak against your duties to God, the King, and your Country, fall instantly on your knees, and pray with your whole soul to Jesus Christ to deliver you from such wickedness, and lead you on better ways. And if it come in earnest from your heart, Jesus, who would have all men saved, will not leave you unheard.'" No! And so may God in his mercy aid you, poor son Fritz. And as for me, in hopes the time coming will show fruits, I forgive you what is past. To which the Crown-Prince answered with monosyllables, with many tears, "kissing his Majesty's feet;" and as the King's eyes were not dry, he withdrew into another room, revolving many things in his altered soul.

"It being his Majesty's birth-day" (4th August by *old style*, 15th by *new*, forty-third birth-day), "the Prince, all bewept and in emotion, followed his Father, and, again falling prostrate, testified such heartfelt joy, gratitude, and affection over this blessed anniversary as quite touched the heart of Papa, who at last clasped him in his arms" (poor soul, after all!), "and hurried out to avoid blubbering quite aloud. He stepped into his carriage," intending for Sonnenburg (chiefly by water) this evening, where a Serene Cousin, one of the Schwedt Margraves, Head Knight of Malta, has his establishment.

"The Crown-Prince followed his Majesty out, and, in the presence of many hundred people, kissed his Majesty's feet" again (linen gaiters, not Day and Martin shoes), "and was again embraced by his Majesty, who said, 'Behave well, as I see you mean, and I will take care of you,' which threw the Crown-Prince into such an ecstasy of joy as no pen can express;" and so the carriages rolled away toward the Knights of

Malta business and Palace of the Head Knight of Malta in the first place.[5]

These are the main points, says Grumkow, reporting next day, and the reader must interpret them as he can. A Crown-Prince with excellent histrionic talents, thinks the reader. Well, a certain exaggeration, immensity of wish becoming itself enthusiasm, somewhat of that; but that is by no means the whole, or even the main part of the phenomenon, O reader. This Crown-Prince has a real affection to his Father, as we shall in time convince ourselves. Say, at lowest, a Crown-Prince loyal to fact; able to recognize overwhelming fact, and aware that he must surrender thereto. Surrender once made, the element much clears itself, Papa's side of the question getting fairly stated for the first time. Sure enough, Papa is God's Viceregent in several undeniable respects, most important some of them; better try if we can obey Papa.

Dim old Fassmann yields a spark or two as to his Majesty's errand at Sonnenburg. Majesty is going to preside to-morrow "at the Installation of young Margraf Karl, new *Herrmeister* (Grand Master) of the Knights of St. John" there, "the Office having suddenly fallen vacant lately"—Office which is an heirloom; usually held by one of the Margraves, half-uncles of the King—some junior of them, not provided for at Schwedt or otherwise. Margraf Albert, the last occupant, an old gentleman of sixty, died lately "by stroke of apoplexy while at dinner,"[6] and his eldest Son, Margraf Karl, with whom his Majesty lodges to-night, is now Herrmeister. "Majesty came at six P.M. to Sonnenburg" (must have left Cüstrin about five): "forty-two Ritters made at Sonnenburg next day"—a certain Colonel or Lieutenant General von Wreech, whom we shall soon see again, is one of them; Seckendorf another. "Fresh *Ritter-Schlag*" ("Knight-stroke," Batch of Knights dubbed) "at Sonnenburg, 29th September next," which will not the least concern us. Note Margraf Karl, however, the new Herrmeister, for he proves a soldier of some mark, and will turn up again in

[5] Förster, iii., 50–54.

[6] 21st June, 1731: Fassmann, p. 423; Pöllnitz, ii., 390.

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the Silesian Wars, as will a poor Brother of his still more impressively, "shot dead beside the King" on one occasion there.

We add this of Dickens: for all the Diplomatists, and a discerning public generally, are much struck with the Event at Cüstrin, and take to writing of it as news; and "Mr. Ginkel," Dutch Embassador here, an ingenious, honest, and observant man, well enough known to us, has been out to sup with the Prince next day, and thus reports of him to Dickens: "Mr. Ginkel, who supped with the Prince on Thursday last," day after the Interview, "tells me that his Royal Highness is extremely improved since he had seen him, being grown much taller, and that his conversation is surprising for his age, abounding in good sense and the prettiest turns of expression."[7]

Here are other shreds, snatched from the Witch-Caldron, and pinned down each at its place, which give us one or two subsequent glimpses:

Potsdam, 21*st August*, 1731 (King to Wolden the Hofmarschall). * * * "Crown-Prince shall travel over and personally inspect the following Domains: Quartschen, Himmelstädt, Carzig, Massin, Lebus, Gollow, and Wollup," dingy moor-farms dear to Antiquarians; "travel over these and not any other. Permission always to be asked of his Royal Majesty in writing, and mention made to which of them the Crown-Prince means to go. Some one to be always in attendance who can give him fit instruction about the husbandry; and as the Crown-Prince has yet only learned the theory, he must now be diligent to learn the same practically; for which end it must be minutely explained to him how the husbandry is managed—how plowed, manured, sown, in every particular; and what the differences of good and bad husbandry are, so that he may be able of himself to know and judge the same. Of Cattle-husbandry, too, and the affairs of Brewing (*Viehzucht und Brauwesen*), the due understanding to be given him; and in the matter of Brewing, show him how things are handled, mixed, the beer drawn off, barreled, and all how they do with it (*wie, überall dabei verfahren*); also the malt, how it must be prepared, and what like when good. Useful discourse to be kept up with him on these journeys, pointing out how and why this is and that, and whether it could not be better"—O King of a thousand—"has liberty to shoot stags, moor-cocks (*Hühner*), and the like; and a small-hunt" (*kleine Jagd*, not a

[7] Dispatch, 18th August, 1731.

Parforce or big one) "can be got up for his amusement now and then;" furthermore, "a little duck-shooting, from boat," on the sedgy waters there, if the poor soul should care about it. Wolden, or one of the Kammerjunkers, to accompany always, and be responsible. "No *Mädchen* or *Frauensmensch*," no shadow of womankind; keep an eye on him, "you three!"

These things are in the Prussian archives, of date the week after that Interview. In two weeks farther follows the Prince's speculation about Carzig and the Building of a Farmstead there, with Papa's "real contentment that you come upon such proposals, and seek to make improvements. Only—"

Wusterhausen, 11th September (King to Crown Prince). * * * "Only you must examine whether there is meadow-ground enough, and how many acres can actually be allotted to that Farm." (Hear his Majesty!) "Take a Land-surveyor with you, and have all well considered; and exactly inform *yourself* what kind of land it is, whether it can only grow rye, or whether some of it is barley-land: you must consider it yourself, and do it all out of your own head, though you may consult with others about it. In grazing-ground (*Hüthung*) I think it will not fail; if only the meadow-land—"

In fact, it fails in nothing, and is got all done ("wood laid out to season straightway," and "what digging and stubbing there is proceeded with through the winter")—done in a successful and instructive manner, both Carzig and Himmelstädt, though we will say nothing farther of them.[8]

Cüstrin, 22d September (Crown-Prince to Papa). * * "Have been at Lebus; excellent land out there; fine weather for the husbandman." "Major Röder," unknown Major, "passed this way, and dined with me last Wednesday. He has got a pretty fellow (*schönen Kerl*) for my Most All-Gracious Father's regiment" (the Potsdam Giants, where I used to be), "whom I could not look upon without bleeding heart. I depend on my Most All-Gracious Father's Grace that he will be good to me: I ask for nothing, and no happiness in the world but what comes from You; and hope you will, some day, remember me in grace, and give me the Blue Coat to put on again!"[9] To which Papa answers nothing, or only "Hm, na, time *may* come!"

Carzig goes on straightway; Papa charmed to grant the

[8] Förster, i., 387-392.

[9] *Briefwechsel mit Vater* (Œuvres, xxvii., part 3d, p. 27).

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moneys; "wood laid out to season," and much "stubbing and digging" set on foot before the month ends. Carzig; and directly on the heel of it, on like terms, Himmelstädt—but of all this we must say no more. It is clear the Prince is learning the Domain Sciences, eager to prove himself a perfect son in the eyes of Papa. Papa, in hopeful moments, asks himself, "To whom shall we marry him, then; how settle him?" But what the Prince, in his own heart, thought of it all; how he looked, talked, lived, in unofficial times, here has a crabbed dim Document turned up, which, if it were not nearly undecipherable to the reader and me, would throw light on the point:

Schulenburg's Three Letters to Grumkow on visits to the Crown-Prince during the Cüstrin time.

The reader knows Lieutenant General Schulenburg; stiff little military gentleman of grave years, nephew of the Maypole *Emerita*, who is called Duchess of Kendal in England. "Had a horse shot under him at Malplaquet;" battlings and experiences enough before and since. Has real sense, abundant real pedantry; a Prussian soldier every inch. He presided in the C - penick Court-martial; he is deeply concerned in these Crown-Prince difficulties. His Majesty even honors him by expecting he should quietly keep a monitorial eye upon the Crown-Prince, being his neighbor in those parts; Colonel Commandant of a regiment of Horse at Landsberg, not many miles off. He has just been at Vienna[10] on some "business" (quasi-diplomatic probably, which can remain unknown to us), and has reported upon it, or otherwise finished it off at Berlin, whence rapidly home to Landsberg again. On the way homeward, and after getting home, he writes these Three Letters, offhand and in all privacy, and of course with a business sincerity, to Grumkow, little thinking they would one day get printed, and wander into these latitudes to be scanned and scrutinized. Undoubtedly an intricate crabbed Document to us, but then an indubitable one. Crown-Prince, Schulenberg himself, and the actual figure of Time and Place, are here mirrored for us, with a business sincerity, in the mind of Schulenberg, as from an accidental patch

[10] September, 1731 (*Militair Lexikon*, iii., 433).

of water; ruffled bog-water, in sad twilight, and with sedges and twigs intervening, but under these conditions we do look with our own eyes!

Could not one, by any conceivable method, interpret into legibility this abstruse dull Document, and so pick out here and there a glimpse, actual face to face view, of Crown-Prince Friedrich in his light gray frock, with the narrow silver tresses, in his eclipsed condition there in the Cüstrin region? All is very mysterious about him; his inward opinion about all manner of matters, from the *Gnadenwahl* to the late Double Marriage Question. Even his outward manner of life, in its flesh and blood physiognomy—we search in vain through tons of dusty lucubration totally without interest, to catch here and there the corner of a feature of it. Let us try Schulenburg. We shall know, at any rate, that to Grumkow, in the Autumn 1731, these words were luculent and significant: consciously they tell us something of young Friedrich; unconsciously a good deal of Lieutenant General Schulenburg, who, with his strict theologies, his military stiffnesses, his reticent, pipe-clayed, rigorous, and yet human ways, is worth looking at, as an antique species extinct in our time. He is just home from Vienna, getting toward his own domicile from Berlin, from Cüstrin, and has seen the Prince. He writes in a wretched wayside tavern or post-house between Cüstrin and Landsberg—dates his Letter "*Wien* (Vienna)," as if he were still in the imperial City, so off-hand is he.

No. 1. *To his Excellenz* (add a shovelful of other titles) *Lieutenant General Herr Baron von Grumkow, President of the Kriegesund Domänen-Directorium, of the* (in fact, Vice-President of the Tobacco Parliament), *in Berlin.*

"Wien" (properly Berlin-Landsberg Highway, other side of Cüstrin), "4th October, 1731.

"I regret much to have missed the pleasure of seeing your Excellency again before I left Berlin. I set off between seven and eight in the morning yesterday, and got to Cüstrin" (seventy miles or so) "before seven at night. But the Prince had gone that day to the Bailliage of Himmelstädt" (up the Warta Country, eastward some five-and-thirty miles, much preparatory digging and stubbing there), and he "slept at Massin" (circuitous road back), "where he shot a few stags this morn-

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ing. As I was told he might probably dine at Kammin" (still nearer Cüstrin, twelve miles from it; half that distance east of Zorndorf—mark that, O reader!*) "with Madam Colonel Schöning, I drove thither. He had arrived there a moment before me." And who is Madam Schöning, lady of Kammin here? Patience, reader.

"I found him much grown; an air of health and gayety about him. He caressed me greatly (*me gracieusa fort*); afterward questioned me about my way of life in Vienna, and asked if I had diverted myself well there. I told him what business had been the occasion of my journey, and that this, rather than amusements, had occupied me; for the rest, that there had been great affluence of company, and no lack of diversions. He spoke a long time to Madam de Wreech—"

"Wrochem" Schulenburg calls her: young wife of Lieutenant General von Wreech, a Marlborough Campaigner, made a Knight of Malta the other day;[11] *his* charming young Wife, and Daughter of Madam Colonel Schöning, our hostess here, lives at Tamsel, in high style, in these parts: mark the young Lady well—

"who did not appear indifferent to him." No! "And, in fact, she was in all her beauty—a complexion of lily and rose."

Charming creature, concerning whom there are anecdotes still afloat, and at least verses of this Prince's writing—not too well seen by Wreech, lately made a Knight of Malta, who, though only turning forty, is perhaps twice her age. The beautifulest, cleverest—fancy it; and whether the peaty Neumark produces nothing in the floral kind!

"We went to dinner; he asked me to sit beside him. The conversation fell, among other topics, on the Elector Palatine's Mistress"—crotchety old gentleman, never out of quarrels with Heidelberg Protestants, heirs of Jülich and Berg, and in general with an unreasonable world, whom we saw at Mannheim last year; has a Mistress—"Elector Palatine's Mistress, called Taxis. Crown-Prince said, 'I should like to know what that good old gentleman does with a mistress?' I answered that the fashion had come so much in vogue, Princes did not think they were Princes unless they had mistresses; and that I was amazed at the facility of women, how they could shut their eyes on the sad reverse of fortune nearly inevitable for them; and instanced the example of Madam Grävenitz—"

"Grävenitz;" example lately fallen out at Würtemburg, as

* Map at p. 270.

[11] *Militair Lexikon*, iv., 269.

we predicted. Prayers of the country, "Deliver us from evil," are now answered there: Grävenitz quite over with it! Alas! yes; lately fallen from her high estate in Würtemburg, and become the topic of dinner-tables; seized by soldiers in the night-time; vain her high refusals, assurances of being too unwell to dress: "Shall go in your shift, then;" is in prison, totally eclipsed.[12] Calming her fury, she will get out, and wearisomely wander about in fashionable capitals, *toujours un lavement à ses trousses!*

"There were other subjects touched upon; and I always endeavored to deduce something of moral instruction from them," being a military gentleman of the old school.

"Among other things, he said he liked the great world, and was charmed to observe the ridiculous weak side of some people. 'That is excellent,' said I, 'if one profit by it one's self; but if it is only for amusement, such a motive is worth little; we should rather look out for our own ridiculous weak side.' On rising, Hofmarschall Wolden said to me, without much sincerity, 'You have done well to preach a little morality to him.' The Prince went to a window, and beckoned me thither.

"'You have learned nothing of what is to become of me?' said he. I answered, 'It is supposed your Royal Highness will return to Berlin when the marriage' (Wilhelmina's) 'takes place; but as to what will come next, I have heard nothing. But as your Highness has friends, they will not fail to do their endeavor; and M. de Grumkow has told me he would try to persuade the King to give you a regiment, in order that your Highness might have something to do.' It seemed as if that would give him pleasure. I then took the liberty of saying, 'Monseigneur, the most, at present, depends on yourself.' 'How so?' asked he. I answered, 'It is only by showing good conduct, and proofs of real wisdom and worth, that the King's entire favor can be gained. First of all, to fear God—' And, in fact, I launched now into a moral preachment or discursive Dialogue of great length, much needing to have the skirts of it tucked up, in way of faithful abridgment, for behoof of poor English readers. As follows:

"*Schulenburg.* If your highness will behave well, the King will accord what you want; but it is absolutely necessary to begin by that. *Prince.* I do nothing that can displease the King. *Schulenburg.* It would be a little soon yet! But I speak of the future. Your Highness, the grand thing I recommend is to fear God! Every body says you have

[12] Michaelis, iii., 440; Pöllnitz, i., 297.

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the sentiments of an honest man: excellent, that, for a beginning; but without the fear of God, your Highness, the passions stifle the finest sentiments. Must lead a life clear of reproach, and more particularly on the chapter of women! Need not imagine you can do the least thing without the King's knowing it; if your Highness take the bad road, he will wish to correct it; the end will be, he will bring you back to live beside him, which will not be very agreeable. *Prince.* Hmph, No! *Schulenburg.* Of the ruin to health I do not speak; I— *Prince.* Pooh! one is young; one is not master of that;" and, in fact, on this delicate chapter, which runs to some length, Prince answers as wildish young fellows will; quizzing my grave self, with glances even at his Majesty, on alleged old peccadilloes of ours, which allegations or inferences I rebutted with emphasis. "But, I confess, though I employed all my rhetoric, his mind did not seem to alter, and it will be a miracle if he change on this head." Alas! General, can't be helped, I fear.

"He said he was not afraid of any thing so much as of living constantly beside the King. *Schulenburg.* Arm yourself with patience, Monseigneur, if that happen. God has given you sense enough; persevere to use it faithfully on all occasions; you will gain the good graces of the King. *Prince.* Impossible; beyond my power, indeed, said he; and made a thousand objections. *Schulenburg.* Your Highness is like one that will not learn a trade because you do not already know it. Begin; you will certainly never know it otherwise. Before rising in the morning, form a plan for your day"—in fact, be moral, oh be moral!

His Highness now got upon the marriages talked of for him; an important point for the young man. He spoke, hopefully rather, of the marriage with the Princess of Mecklenburg, Niece of the late Czar Peter the Great, Daughter of that unhappy Duke who is in quarrel with his Ritters, and a trouble to all his neighbors, and to us among the number. Readers recollect that young Lady's Serene Mother, and a meeting she once had with her Uncle Peter—at Magdeburg, a dozen years ago, in a public drawing-room, with alcove near—anecdote not lightly to be printed in human types, nor repeated where not necessary. The Mother is now dead; Father still up to the eyes in puddle and trouble; but as for the young Lady herself, she is Niece to the now Czarina Anne; by law of primogeniture, Heiress of all the Russias: something of a match, truly!

"But there will be difficulties: your Highness to change your religion, for one thing? *Prince.* Won't by any means. *Schulenburg.* And

give up the succession to Prussia? *Prince.* A right fool if I did! *Schulenburg.* Then this marriage comes to nothing. Thereupon next he said, If the Kaiser is so strong for us, let him give me his second Daughter;" lucky Franz of Lorraine is to get the first. "*Schulenburg.* Are you serious? *Prince.* Why not; with a Duchy or two, it would do very well. *Schulenburg.* No Duchies possible under the Pragmatic Sanction, your Highness; besides, your change of religion? *Prince.* Oh, as to that, never! Then this marriage also comes to nothing. Of the English, and their Double Marriage, and their Hotham brabble, he spoke lightly, as of an extinct matter, in terms your Excellency will like.

"But, said I, since you speak so much of marriages, I suppose you wish to be married? *Prince.* No; but if the King absolutely will have it, I will marry to obey him. After that, I will shove my wife into the corner (*planterai là ma femme*), and live after my own fancy. *Schulenburg.* Horrible to think of! For, in the first place, your Highness, is it not written in the Law of God, Adulterers shall not inherit the Kingdom of Heaven?" And in the second place; and in the third and the fourth place! To all which he answered as wild young fellows do, especially if you force marriage on them. "I can perceive, if he marries, it will only be to have more liberty than now. It is certain, if he had his elbows free, he would strike out (*s'en donnerait à gauche*). He said to me several times, 'I am young; I want to profit by my youth.'" A questionable young fellow, Herr General, especially if you force marriage on him.

"This conversation done," continues the General, "he set to talking with the Madam Wreech," and her complexion of lily and rose; "but he did not stay long; drove off about five" (dinner at the stroke of twelve in those countries), "inviting me to see him again at Cüstrin, which I promised."

And so the Prince is off in the Autumn sunset, driving down the peaty hollow of the Warta, through unpicturesque country, which produces Wreechs and incomparable flowers nevertheless. Yes; and if he look a six miles to the right, there is the smoke of the evening kettles from Zorndorf rising into the sky; and across the River, a twenty miles to the left, is Kunersdorf: poor sleepy sandy hamlets, where nettles of the Devil are to be plucked one day!

"The beautiful Wreech drove off to Tamsel," her fine house; I to this wretched tavern, where, a couple of hours after that conversation, I began writing it all down, and have nothing else to do for the night.

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Your Excellency's most moral, stiff-necked, pipe-clayed, and extremely obedient "VON SCHULENBURG."[13]

This young man may be orthodox on Predestination, and outwardly growing all that Papa could wish; but here are strange heterodoxies, here is plenty of mutinous capricious fire in the interior of him, Herr General! In fact, a young man unfortunately situated; already become solitary in Creation; has not, except himself, a friend in the world available just now. Tempestuous Papa storms one way, tempestuous Mamma Nature another, and between the outside and the inside there are inconsistencies enough.

Concerning the fair Wreech of Tamsel, with her complexion of lily and rose, there ensued by-and-by much whispering, and rumoring under-breath, which has survived in the apocryphal Anecdote Books, not in too distinct a form. Here, from first hand, are three words, which we may take to be the essence of the whole. Grumkow reporting, in a sordid, occasionally smutty spy manner, to his Seckendorf, from Berlin, eight or ten months hence, has this casual expression: "He" (King Friedrich Wilhelm) "told me in confidence that Wreech, the Colonel's Wife, is —— to P. R. (Prince Royal), and that Wreech vowed he would not own it for his. And his Majesty in secret is rather pleased," adds the smutty spy.[14] Elsewhere I have read that the poor object, which actually came as anticipated (male or female, I forget), did not live long; nor had Friedrich, by any opportunity, another child in this world. Domestic Tamsel had to allay itself as it best could; and the fair Wreech became much a stranger to Friedrich—surprisingly so to Friedrich the *King*, as perhaps we may see.

Predestination, *Gnadenwahl*, Herr General: what is orthodoxy on Prédestination, with these accompaniments![15] We go now to the Second Letter and the Third—from Landsberg, about a fortnight later:

[13] Förster, iii., 65–71.

[14] Grumkow to Seckendorf, Berlin, 20th August, 1732 (Förster, iii., 112).

[15] For Wreech, see *Benekendorf*, v., 94; for Schulenburg, ib., 26; and *Militair Lexikon*, iii., 432, 433, and iv., 268, 269. Vacant on the gossiping points: cautiously official, both these.

No. 2. *To His Excellency* (shovelful of titles) *von Grumkow in Berlin.*

"Landsberg, 19th October, 1731.

"The day before yesterday" (that is, Wednesday, 17th October) "I received an Order to have only fifty Horse at that post, and"—Order which shows us that there has fallen out some recruiting squabble on the Polish Frontier hereabouts; that the Polack gentlemen have seized certain Corporals of ours, but are about restoring them; Order and affair which we shall omit. "Corporals will be got back; but as these Polack gentlemen will see, by the course taken, that we have no great stomach for *biting*, I fancy they will grow more insolent; then, 'ware who tries to recruit there for the future!

"On the same day I was apprised from Cüstrin that the Prince Royal had resolved on an excursion to Carzig, and thence to the Bailliage of Himmelstädt" (digging and stubbing now on foot at Himmelstädt too), "which is but a couple of miles[16] from this; that there would be a little hunt between the two Bailliages; and that, if I chose to come, I might, and the Prince would dine with me"—which I did; and so, here again, Thurday, 18th October, 1731, in those remote Warta-Oder Countries, is a glimpse of his Royal Highness at first hand. Schulenburg continues, not even taking a new paragraph, which indeed he never does:

"They had shut up a couple of *Spiesser* (young roes) and some stags in the old wreck of a *Saugarten*" (Boar-park between Carzig and Himmelstädt; *fast ruinirten Saugarten*, he calls it, daintily throwing in a touch of German here): "the Prince shot one or two of them, and his companions the like; but it does not seem as if this amusement were much to his taste. He went on to Himmelstädt; and at noon he arrived here," in my poor Domicile at Landsberg.

"At one o'clock we went to table, and sat till four. He spoke only of very indifferent things, except saying to me, 'Do you know, the King has promised 400,000 crowns (£60,000) toward disengaging those Bailliages of the Margraf of Baireuth's'"—old Margraf, Bailliages pawned to raise ready cash; readers remember what interminable Law-pleading there was, till Friedrich Wilhelm put it into a liquid state, 'Pay me back the moneys, then!'[17]—'400,000 thalers to the old Margraf, in case his Prince (Wilhelmina's now Bridegroom) have a son by my Sister.' I answered, 'I had heard nothing of it.' 'But,' said he, 'that is a great deal of money! And some hundred thousands more have gone the like road, to Anspach, who never will be able to repay;

[16] "*Demi-mille*," German.

[17] Suprà, p. 99–101.

19th Oct., 1731.

for all is much in disorder at Anspach. Give the Margraf his Heron-hunt (*chasse au héron*), he cares for nothing; and his people pluck him at no allowance.' I said, That if these Princes would regulate their expenditure, they might, little by little, pay off their debts; that I had been told at Vienna the Baireuth Bailliages were mortgaged on very low terms, those who now held them making eight or ten per cent. of their money;" that the Margraf ought to make an effort; and so on. "I saw very well that these Loans the King makes are not to his mind.

"Directly on rising from table he went away, excusing himself to me that he could not pass the night here; that the King would not like his sleeping in the Town; besides that, he had still several things to complete in a Report he was sending off to his Majesty. He went to Massin, and slept there. For my own share, I did not press him to remain; what I did was rather in the way of form. There was with him President Münchow," civil gentleman whom we know, "an Engineer Captain Reger, and the three Gentlemen of his Court," Wolden, Rohwedel, Natzmer, who once twirled his finger in a certain mouth, the insipid fellow.

"He is no great eater; but I observed he likes the small dishes (*petits plats*) and the high tastes: he does not care for fish; though I had very fine trouts, he never touched them. He does not take brown soup (*soupe au bouillon.*) It did not seem to me he cared for wine: he tastes at all the wines, but commonly stands by Burgundy with water.

"I introduced to him all the Officers of my Regiment who are here; he received them in the style of a king" (*en roi*, plenty of quiet pride in him, Herr General). "It is certain he feels what he is born to; and if ever he get to it, will stand on the top of it. As to me, I mean to keep myself retired, and shall see of him as little as I can. I perceive well he does not like advice," especially when administered in the way of preachment by stiff old military gentlemen of the all-wise stamp, "and does not take pleasure except with people inferior to him in mind. His first aim is to find out the ridiculous side of every one, and he loves to banter and quiz. It is a fault in a Prince: he ought to know people's faults, and not to make them known to any body whatever," which, we perceive, is not quite the method with private gentlemen of the all-wise type.

"I speak to your Excellency as a friend, and assure you he is a Prince who has talent, but who will be the slave of his passions (*se fera dominer par ses passions*"—not a felicitous prophecy, Herr General)—"and will like nobody but such as encourage him therein. For me, I think all Princes are cast in the same mould; there is only a more and a less.

"At parting he embraced me twice, and said, 'I am sorry I can not

stay longer, but another time I will profit better.' Wolden" (one of the Three) "told me he could not describe how well-intentioned for your Excellency the Prince Royal is" (cunning dog!), "who says often to Wolden" (doubtless guessing it will be re-said), "'If I can not show *him* my gratitude, I will his posterity'"—profoundly obliged to the Grumkow kindred first and last! "I remain your Excellency's most pipe-clayed VON SCHULENBERG."[18]

And so, after survey of the spademen at Carzig and Himmelstädt (where Colonel Wreech, by the way, is *Amts-Hauptmann*, official Head Man), after shooting a *Spiesser* or two, and dining and talking in this sort, his Royal Highness goes to sleep at

[18] Förster, iii., 71–73.

22d Oct., 1731.

Massin, and ends one day of his then life. We proceed to Letter No. 3.

A day or two after No. 2, it would appear, his Majesty, who is commonly at Wusterhausen hunting in this season, has been rapidly out to Crossen, in these Landsberg regions (to south, within a day's drive of Landsberg), rapidly looking after something, Grumkow and another Official attending him: other Official, "Truchsess," is Truchsess von Waldburg, a worthy soldier and gentleman of those parts, whom we shall again hear of. In No. 3 there is mention likewise of the "Kurfürst of Köln" —Elector of Cologne, languid lanky gentleman of Bavarian breed whom we saw last year at Bonn, richest Pluralist of the Church, whom doubtless our poor readers have forgotten again. Mention of him, and also considerable sulky humor, of the Majesty's Opposition kind, on Schulenburg's part, for which reason, and generally as a poor direct reflex of time and place—reflex by ruffled bog-water, through sedges, and in twilight; dim, but indubitable—we give the Letter, though the Prince is little spoken of in it:

No. 3. *To the Excellency Grumkow* (as above) *in Berlin.*

"Landsberg, 22d October (Monday), 1731.

"Monsieur,—I trust your Excellency made your journey to Crossen with all the satisfaction imaginable. Had I been warned sooner, I would have come, not only to see the King, but for your Excellency's sake and the Truchsess's; but I received your Excellency's Letter only yesterday morning, so I could not have arrived before yesternight, and that late; for it is fifty miles off, and one has to send relays beforehand, there being no post-horses on that road.

"We are—not to make comparisons—like Harlequin. No sooner out of one scrape than we get into another, and all for the sake of those Big Blockheads (*l'amour de ces grand colosses*). What the Kurfürst of Köln has done in his character of Bishop of Osnabrück"—a deed not known to this Editor, but clearly in the way of snubbing our recruiting system—"is too droll; but if we avenge ourselves, there will be high play, and plenty of it, all round our borders. If such things would make any impression on the spirit of our Master: but they do not; they"—in short, this recruiting system is delirious, thinks the stiff Schulenburg, and scruples not to say so, though not in his place in Parliament, or even Tobacco Parliament; for there is a Majesty's Opposi-

tion in all lands and times. "We ruin the Country," says the Honorable Member, "sending annually millions of money out of it for a set of vagabond fellows (*gens à sac et à corde*) who will never do us the least service. One sees clearly it is the hand of God," darkening some people's understanding, "otherwise it might be possible their eyes would open one time or another!" A stiff, pipe-clayed gentleman of great wisdom, with plenty of sulphur burning in the heart of him. The rest of his Letter is all in the Opposition strain (almost as if from his place in Parliament), only far briefer than is usual "within these walls"), and winds up with a glance at Victor Amadeus's strange feat, or rather at the Son's feat done upon Victor over in Sardinia, preceded by this interjectionary sentence on a Prince nearer home:

"As to the Prince Royal, depend on it he will do whatever is required of him" (marry any body you like, &c.), "if you give him more elbow-room, for that is whither he aims. Not a bad stroke, that, of the King of Sardinia"—Grand news of the day at that time, now somewhat forgotten, and requiring a word from us:

Old King Victor Amadeus of Sardinia had solemnly abdicated in favor of his Son; went, for a twelvemonth or more, into private felicity with an elderly Lady-love whom he had long esteemed the first of women; tired of such felicity after a twelvemonth; demanded his crown back, and could not get it! Lady-love and he are taken prisoners; lodged in separate castles;[19] and the wrath of the proud old gentleman is Olympian in character—split an oak table smiting it while he spoke (say the cicerones)—and his silence, and the fiery daggers he looks, are still more emphatic. But the young fellow holds out; you can not play handy-dandy with a king's crown, your Majesty, say his new Ministers. Is and will continue King. "Not a bad stroke of him," thinks Schulenburg,

"especially if his Father meant to play him the same trick," that is, clap him in prison. Not a bad stroke, which perhaps there is another that could imitate "if *his* Papa gave him the opportunity! "But *this* Papa will take good care; and the Queen will not forget the Sardinian business when he again talks of abdicating," as he does when in ill humor.

"But now, had not we better have been friends with England, should

[19] 2d September, 1730, abdicated, went to Chambéry; reclaims, is locked in Rivoli, 8th October, 1731 (news of it just come to Schulenburg); dies there, 31st October, 1732, his 67th year.

27th Oct., 1731.

war rise upon that Sardinian business? General Schulenburg"—the famed Venetian Field-marshal, bruiser of the Turks in Candia,[20] my honored Uncle, who sometimes used to visit his Sister the Maypole, now *Emerita*, in London, and sip beer and take tobacco on an evening with George I. of famous memory—he also "writes me this Victor Amadeus news from Paris," so that it is certain; Ex-King locked in Rivoli near a fortnight ago: "he, General Schulenburg, says farther, To judge by the outside, all appears very quiet; but many think at the bottom of the bag it will not be the same.

"I am, with respect," your Excellency's much in buckram,

"LE COMTE DE SCHOULENBOURG."[21]

So far Lieutenant General Schulenburg, whom we thank for these contemporary glimpses of a young man that has become historical, and of the scene he lived in. And with these three accidental utterances, as if they (which are alone left) had been the sum of all he said in the world, let the Lieutenant General withdraw now into silence: he will turn up twice again, after half a score of years, once in a nobler than talking attitude, the close-harnessed, stalwart, slightly atrabiliar military gentleman of the old Prussian school.

These glimpses of the Crown-Prince, reflected on us in this manner, are not very luculent to the reader—light being indifferent, and mirror none of the best; but some features do gleam forth, good and not so good, which, with others coming, may gradually coalesce into something conceivable. A Prince clearly of much spirit, and not without petulance; abundant fire, much of it shining and burning irregularly at present, being sore held down from without, and anomalously situated. Pride enough, thinks Schulenburg, capricious petulance enough—likely to go into "a reign of the passions" if we live, as will be seen.

Wilhelmina was betrothed in June last: Wilhelmina, a Bride these six months, continues to be much tormented by Mamma. But the Bridegroom, Prince of Baireuth, is gradually recommending himself to persons of judgment—to Wilhelmina among others. One day he narrowly missed an unheard-of accident:

[20] Same who was beaten by Charles XII. before; a worthy soldier nevertheless, say the Authorities: *Life* of him by Varnhagen von Ense (*Biographische Denkmale*, Berlin, 1845).

[21] Förster, iii., 73–75.

a foolish servant, at some boar-hunt, gave him a loaded piece on the half-cock; half-cock slipped in the handling; bullet grazed his Majesty's very temple, was felt twitching the hair there—ye Heavens!—whereupon impertinent remarks from some of the Dessau people (allies of Schwedt and the Margravine in high colors), which were well answered by the Prince, and noiselessly but severely checked by a well-bred King.[22] King has given the Prince of Baireuth a regiment, and likes him tolerably, though the young man will not always drink as could be wished. Wedding, in spite of clouds from her Majesty, is coming steadily on.

His Majesty's Building Operations.

"This year," says Fassmann, "the building operations both in Berlin and Stettin"—in Stettin, where new fortifications are completed; in Berlin, where gradually whole new quarters are getting built—"were exceedingly pushed forward (*äusserst poussirt*)." Alas! yes; this too is a questionable memorable feature of his Majesty's reign. Late Majesty, old King Friedrich I., wishful, as others had been, for the growth of Berlin, laid out a new Quarter, and called it Friedrichs Stadt; scraggy boggy ground, planned out into streets, Friedrichs Strasse the chief street, with here and there a house standing lonesomely prophetic on it. But it is this present Majesty, Friedrich Wilhelm, that gets the plan executed, and the Friedrichs Strasse actually built, not always in the soft or spontaneous manner. Friedrich Wilhelm was the Ædile of his Country as well as the Drill-sergeant; Berlin City did not rise of its own accord, or on the principle of leave-alone, any more than the Prussian Army itself. Wreck and rubbish Friedrich Wilhelm will not leave alone in any kind, but is intent by all chances to sweep them from the face of the Earth, that something useful, seemly to the Royal mind, may stand there instead. Hence these building operations in the Freidrich Street and elsewhere so "exceedingly pushed forward."

The number of scraggy waste places he swept clear, first and last, and built tight human dwellings upon, is almost uncounta-

[22] Wilhelmina, i., 356.

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ble. A common gift from him (as from his Son after him) to a man in favor was that of a new good House—an excellent gift. Or, if the man is himself able to build, Majesty will help him, incite him: "Timber enough is in the royal forests; stone, lime, are in the royal quarries; scraggy waste is abundant; why should any man of the least industry or private capital live in a bad house?" By degrees, the pressure of his Majesty upon private men to build with encouragement became considerable, became excessive, irresistible, and was much complained of in these years now come. Old Colonel Derschau is the King's Agent at Berlin in this matter—a hard, stiff man; squeezes men, all manner of men with the least capital, till they build.

Nüssler, for example, whom we once saw at Hanover, managing a certain contested Heritage for Friedrich Wilhelm—adroit Nüssler, though he has yet got no fixed appointment, nor pay except by the job, is urged to build—second year hence, 1733, occurs the case of Nüssler, and is copiously dwelt upon by Büsching his Biographer: "Build yourself a house in the Friedrichs Strasse!" urges Derschau. "But I have no pay, no capital!" pleads Nüssler. "Tush! your father-in-law, abstruse Kanzler von Ludwig, in Halle University, monster of law-learning there, is not he a monster of hoarded moneys withal? He will lend you, for his own and his Daughter's sake.[23] Or shall his Majesty compel him?" urges Derschau; and slowly, continually turns the screw upon Nüssler, till he too raises for himself a firm good house in the Friedrichs Stadt—Friedrichs Strasse, or *Street*, as they now call it, which the Tourist of these days knows. Substantial clear ashlar Street, miles or half miles long, straight as a line; Friedrich Wilhelm found it scrag and quagmire, and left it what the Tourist sees, by these hard methods. Thus Herr Privy Councilor Klinggräf too, Nüssler's next neighbor: he did not want to build; far from it; but was obliged, on worse terms than Nüssler. You have such work founding your house—for the Nüssler-Klinggräf spot was a fish-pool, and "carps were dug up" in founding—such piles, bound platform of solid beams; 4000 thalers gone before the first stone is laid;" and, in fact, the house must be built honestly, or it will be worse for the

[23] Büsching: *Beyträge*, i., 324.

house and you. "Cost me 12,000 thalers (£1800) in all, and is worth perhaps 2000!" sorrowfully ejaculates Nüssler when the job is over. Still worse with Privy Councilor Klinggräf: his house, the next to Nüssler's, is worth mere nothing to him when built; a soap-boiler offers him 800 thalers (£120) for it, and Nüssler, to avoid suffocation, purchases it himself of Klinggräf for that sum. Derschau, with his slow screw-machinery, is very formidable; and Büsching knows it for a fact "that respectable Berlin persons used to run out of the way of Bürgermeister Koch and him when either of them turned up on the streets!"

These things were heavy to bear. Truly, yes: where is the liberty of private capital, or liberty of almost any kind on those terms? Liberty to *annihilate* rubbish and chaos, under known conditions, you may have, but not the least liberty to keep them about you, though never so fond of doing it! What shall we say? Nüssler and the Soap-boiler do both live in houses more human than they once had. Berlin itself, and some other things, did not spring from Free-trade. Berlin City would to this day have been a Place of *Scrubs* ("the *Berlin*," a mere appellative noun to that effect) had Free-trade always been the rule there. I am sorry his Majesty transgresses the limits; and we, my friends, if we can make our Chaos into Cosmos by firing Parliamentary eloquence into it, and bombarding it with Blue-Books, we will much triumph over his Majesty one day!

Thus are the building operations exceedingly pushed forward, the ear of Jenkins torn off, and Victor Amadeus locked in ward, while our Crown-Prince, in the eclipsed state, is inspected by a Sage in pipe-clay, and Wilhelmina's wedding is coming on.

CHAPTER VI.

WILHELMINA'S WEDDING.

TUESDAY, 20th November, 1731, Wilhelmina's wedding-day arrived, after a brideship of eight months, and that young Lady's troublesome romance, more happily than might have been ex-

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pected, did at last wind itself up. Mamma's unreasonable humors continued more or less, but these also must now end. Old wooers and outlooks, "the four or three crowned heads," they lie far over the horizon, faded out of one's very thoughts, all these. Charles XII., Peter II. are dead; Weissenfels is not, but might as well be. Prince Fred, not yet wedded elsewhere, is doing French madrigals in Leicester House; tending toward the "West Wickham" set of Politicians, the Pitt-Lyttleton set; stands ill with Father and Mother, and will not come to much. August the Dilapidated-Strong is deep in Polish troubles, in Anti-Kaiser politics, in drinking-bouts; his great toe never mended, never will mend. Gone to the spectral state all there: here, blooming with life in its cheeks, is the one practical Fact, our good Hereditary Prince of Baireuth, privately our fate all along, which we will welcome cheerfully, and be thankful to Heaven that we have not died in getting it decided for us.

Wedding was of great magnificence; Berlin Palace and all things and creatures at their brightest: the Brunswick-Beverns here, and other high Guests; no end of pompous ceremonials, solemnities, and splendors—the very train of one's gown was "twelve yards long." Eschewing all which, the reader shall commodiously conceive it all by two samples we have picked out for him: one sample of a Person, high Guest present; one of an Apartment where the sublimities went on.

The Duchess Dowager of Sachsen-Meiningen, who has come to honor us on this occasion, a very large Lady verging toward sixty, she is the person: a living elderly Daughter of the Great Elector himself—half-sister to the late King, half-aunt to Friedrich Wilhelm—widow now of her third husband—a singular phenomenon to look upon for a moment through Wilhelmina's satirical spectacles. One of her three husbands, "Christian Ernst of Baireuth" (Margraf there, while the present Line was but expectant), had been a kind of Welsh-Uncle to the Prince now Bridegroom, so that she has a double right to be here. "She had found the secret of totally ruining Baireuth," says Wilhelmina; "Baireuth, and Courland as well, where her first wedlock was;" perhaps Meiningen was done to her hand? Here is the Portrait of "my Grand-Aunt," dashed off in very high colors, not by a flattering pencil:

"It is said she was very fond of pleasing in her youth; one saw as much still by her affected manners. She would have made an excellent actress to play fantastic parts of that kind. Her flaming red countenance, her shape, of such monstrous extent that she could hardly walk, gave her the air of a Female Bacchus. She took care to expose to view her"— a part of her person, large, but no longer beautiful—"and continually kept patting it with her hands, to attract attention thither. Though sixty gone"—fifty-seven in point of fact—"she was tricked out like a girl; hair done in ribbon-locks (*marronnés*), all filled with gewgaws of rose-pink color, which was the prevailing tint in her complexion, and so loaded with colored jewels you would have taken her for the rainbow."[1]

This charming old Lady, daughter of the *Grosse Kurfürst*, and so very fat and rubicund, had a Son once: he too is mentionable in his way, as a milestone (parish milestone) in the obscure Chronology of those parts. Her first husband was the Duke of Courland; to him she brought an heir, who became Duke in his turn, and was the final Duke, *last* of the "Kettler" or native Line of Dukes there. The Kettlers had been Teutsch Ritters, Commandants in Courland; they picked up that Country for their own behoof when the Ritterdom went down, and this was the last of them. He married Anne of Russia with the big cheek (Czar Peter's Niece, who is since become Czarina), and died shortly after, twenty years ago, with tears doubtless from the poor rose-pink Mother, far away in Baireuth and childless otherwise, and also, in a sense, to the sorrow of Courland, which was hereby left vacant, a prey to enterprising neighbors; and on those terms it was that Saxon Moritz (our dissolute friend, who will be *Maréchal de Saxe* one day) made his clutch at Courland, backed by moneys of the French Actress, rumor of which still floats vaguely about. Moritz might have succeeded could he have done the first part of the feat, fallen in love with swollen-cheeked Anne, Dowager there; but he could not; could only pretend it; Courland therefore (now that the Swollen-cheek is become Czarina) falls to one Bieren, a born Courlander, who could.[2] We hurry to the "Grand Apartment" in Berlin Schloss,

[1] Wilhelmina, i., 375.

[2] Last Kettler, Anne's Husband, died (leaving only an old Uncle, fallen into Papistry and other futility, who, till his death some twenty years aft-

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and glance rapidly, with Wilhelmina (in an abridged form), how magnificent it is:

Royal Apartment, third floor of the Palace at Berlin, one must say, few things equal it in the world. "From the Outer Saloon or Antechamber, called *Salle des Suisses*" (where the halberdier and valet people wait), "you pass through six grand rooms into a saloon magnificently decorated; thence through two rooms more, and so into what they call the Picture Gallery, a room ninety feet long. All this is in a line." Grand all this, but still only common in comparison. From the Picture Gallery you turn (to right or left is not said, nor does it matter) into a suite of Fourteen great rooms, each more splendid than the other: lustre from the ceiling of the first room, for example, is of solid silver; weighs, in pounds avoirdupois, I know not what, but in silver coin "10,000 crowns:" ceilings painted as by Correggio; "wall-mirrors between each pair of windows are twelve feet high, and their piers (*trumeaux*) are of massive silver; in front of each mirror table can be laid for twelve;" twelve Serenities may dine there, flanked by their mirror, enjoying the Correggiosities above, and the practical sublimities all round. "And this is but the first of the Fourteen;" and you go on increasing in superbness, till, for example, in the last, or superlative Saloon, you find "a lustre weighing 50,000 crowns, the globe of it big enough to hold a child of eight years, and the branches (*guéridons*) of it" I forget how many feet or fathoms in extent: silver to the heart. Nay, the music-balcony is of silver; wearied fiddler lays his elbow on balustrades of that precious metal. Seldom if ever was seen the like. In this superlative Saloon the Nuptial Benediction was given.[3]

Old King Friedrich, the expensive Herr, it was he that did the furnishing and Correggio painting of these sublime rooms; but this of the masses of wrought silver, this was done by Friedrich Wilhelm, incited thereto by what he saw at Dresden in August the Strong's Establishment; and reflecting, too, that silver is silver, whether you keep it in barrels in a coined form, or work it into chandeliers, mirror-frames, and music-balconies. These things we should not have mentioned except to say that the massive silver did prove a hoard available in after times

er, had to reside abroad and be nominal merely), 1711; Moritz's attempt with Adrienne Lecouvreur's cash was 1726; Anne became Sovereign of all the Russias (on her poor Cousin Peter II.'s death) 1730; Bieren (*Biron* as he tried to write himself, being of poor birth) did not get installed till 1737, and had, he and Courland both, several tumbles after that before getting to stable equilibrium. [3] Wilhelmina, i., 381; Nicolai, ii., 881.

against a rainy day. Massive silver (well mixed with copper first) was all melted down, stamped into current coins, native and foreign, and sent wandering over the world before a certain Prince got through his Seven-Years Wars and other pinches that are ahead!

In fine, Wilhelmina's Wedding was magnificent, though one had rubs too, and Mamma was rather severe. "Hair went all wrong by dint of over-dressing, and hung on one's face like a boy's. Crown-royal they had put (as indeed was proper) on one's head; hair was in twenty-four locks the size of your arm: such was the Queen's order. Gown was of cloth of silver trimmed with Spanish gold lace (*avec un point d'Espagne d'or*), train twelve yards long—one was like to sink to the earth in such equipment." Courage, my Princess! In fact, the Wedding went beautifully off, with dances and sublimities, slow solemn Torch-dance to conclude with, in those unparalleled upper rooms, Grand-Aunt Meiningen and many other stars and rainbows witnessing; even the Margravine of Schwedt, in her high colors, was compelled to be there. Such variegated splendor, such dancing of the Constellations—sublunary Berlin, and all the world, on tip-toe round it! Slow Torch-dance, winding it up, melted into the shades of midnight for this time, and there was silence in Berlin.

But on the following nights there were Balls of a less solemn character, far pleasanter for dancing purposes. It is to these—to one of these, that we direct the attention of all readers. Friday, 23d, there was again Ball and Royal Evening Party—"Grand Apartment" so called. Immense Ball, "seven hundred couples, all people of condition:" there were "Four Quadrilles," or dancing places in the big sea of quality figures, each at its due distance in the grand suite of rooms: Wilhelmina presides in Quadrille *Number One;* place assigned her was in the room called Picture Gallery; Queen and all the Principalities were with Wilhelmina; she is to lead off their quadrille and take charge of it, which she did with her accustomed fire and elasticity, and was circling there on the light fantastic toe, time six in the evening, when Grumkow, whom she had been dunning for his bargain about Friedrich the day before, came up:

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"I liked dancing," says she, "and was taking advantage of my chances. Grumkow came up, and interrupted me in the middle of a minuet: '*Eh, mon Dieu, Madame!*' said Grumkow, 'you seem to have got bit by the tarantula! Don't you see those strangers who have just come in?' I stopped short, and, looking all round, I noticed at last a young man, dressed in gray, whom I did not know. 'Go, then, embrace the Prince-Royal; there he is before you!' said Grumkow. All the blood in my body went topsyturvy for joy. 'O Heaven, my Brother?' cried I: 'but I don't see him; where is he? In God's name, let me see him!' Grumkow led me to the young man in gray. Coming near, I recognized him, though with difficulty: he had grown amazingly stouter (*prodigieusement engraissé*), shortened about the neck; his face, too, had much changed, and was no longer so beautiful as it had been. I sprang upon him with open arms (*sautai au cou*); I was in such a state I could speak nothing but broken exclamations: I wept, I laughed, like one gone delirious. In my life I have never felt so lively a joy.

"The first sane step was to throw myself at the feet of the King. King said, 'Are you content with me? You see I have kept my word!' I took my brother by the hand, and entreated the King to restore him his friendship. This scene was so touching it drew tears from the eyes of every body. I then approached the Queen. She was obliged to embrace me, the King being close opposite; but I remarked that her joy was only affected." Why, then, O Princess? Guess, if you can, the female humors of her Majesty!

"I turned to my Brother again; I gave him a thousand caresses, and said the tenderest things to him, to all of which he remained cold as ice, and answered only in monosyllables. I presented the Prince (my Husband), to whom he did not say one word. I was astonished at this fashion of procedure! But I laid the blame of it on the King, who was observing us, and who, I judged, might be intimidating my Brother. But even his countenance surprised me: he wore a proud air, and seemed to look down on every body."

A much-changed Crown-Prince. What can be the meaning of it? Neither King nor he appeared at supper: they were supping elsewhere with a select circle, and the whisper ran among us, His Majesty was treating him with great friendliness, at which the Queen, contrary to hope, could not conceal her secret pique. "In fact," says Wilhelmina, again too hard on mamma, "she did not love her children except as they served her ambitious views." The fact that it was I, and not she, who had achieved the Prince's deliverance, was painful to her Majesty: alas! yes, in some degree.

"Ball having recommenced, Grumkow whispered to me 'that the King was pleased with my frank kind ways to my Brother, and not pleased

with my brother's cold way of returning it: Does he simulate, and mean still to deceive me? or *is* that all the thanks he has for Wilhelmina? thinks his Majesty. Go on with your sincerity, Madam; and, for God's sake, admonish the Crown-Prince to avoid finessing!' Crown-Prince, when I did, in some interval of the dance, report this of Grumkow, and say, Why so changed and cold, then, Brother of my heart? answered that he was still the same, and that he had his reasons for what he did." Wilhelmina continues, and can not understand her Crown-Prince at all:

"Next morning, by the King's order, he paid me a visit. The Prince," my Husband, "was polite enough to withdraw, and left me and Sonsfeld alone with him. He gave me a recital of his misfortunes; I communicated mine to him," and how I had at last bargained to get him free again by my compliance. "He appeared much discountenanced at this last part of my narrative. He returned thanks for the obligations I had laid on him, with some caressings, which evidently did not proceed from the heart. To break this conversation, he started some indifferent topic, and, under pretense of seeing my Apartment, moved into the next room, where the Prince my Husband was. Him he ran over with his eyes from head to foot for some time; then, after some constrained civilities to him, went his way." What to make of all this? "Madam Sonsfeld shrugged her shoulders;" no end of Madam Sonsfeld's astonishment at such a Crown-Prince.

Alas! yes, poor Wilhelmina; a Crown-Prince got into terrible cognizance of facts since we last met him! Perhaps already sees not only what a Height of place is cut for him in this world, but also, in a dim way, what a solitude of soul, if he will maintain his height? Top of the frozen Schreckhorn—have you well considered such a position? And even the way thither is dangerous—is terrible in this case. Be not too hard upon your Crown-Prince, for it is certain he loves you to the last!

Captain Dickens, who alone of all the Excellencies was not at the Wedding, and never had believed it would be a wedding, but only a rumor to bring England round, duly chronicles this happy reappearance of the Prince-Royal: "About six yesterday evening, as the company was dancing—to the great joy and surprise of the whole Court;" and adds: "This morning the Prince came to the public Parade, where crowds of people of all ranks flocked to see his Royal Highness, and gave the most open demonstrations of pleasure."[4]

[4] Dispatch, 24th Nov., 1731.

30th Nov., 1731.

Wilhelmina, these noisy tumults, not all of them delightful, once done, gets out of the perplexed hurlyburly, home toward still Baireuth, shortly after New Year.[5] "Berlin was become as odious to me as it had once been dear. I flattered myself that, renouncing grandeurs, I might lead a soft and tranquil life in my new Home, and begin a happier year than the one that had just ended." Mamma was still perverse; but on the edge of departure Wilhelmina contrived to get a word of her Father, and privately open her heart to him. Poor Father, after all that has come and gone:

"My discourse produced its effect; he melted into tears, could not answer me for sobs; he explained his thoughts by his embracings of me. Making an effort, at length he said, 'I am in despair that I did not know thee. They had told me such horrible tales, I hated thee as much as I now love thee. If I had addressed myself direct to thee, I should have escaped much trouble, and thou too. But they hindered me from speaking; said thou wert ill-natured as the Devil, and wouldst drive to extremities I wanted to avoid. Thy Mother, by her intriguings, is in part the cause of the misfortunes of the family; I have been deceived and duped on every side. But my hands are tied; and though my heart is torn in pieces, I must leave these iniquities unpunished!' The Queen's intentions were always good, urged Wilhelmina. 'Let us not enter into that detail,' answered he: 'what is past is past; I will try to forget it;' and assured Wilhelmina that she was the dearest to him of the family, and that he would do great things for her still, only part of which came to effect in the sequel. 'I am too sad of heart to take leave of you,' concluded he: 'embrace your Husband on my part; I am so overcome that I must not see him.'"[6] And so they rolled away.

Crown-Prince was back to Cüstrin again many weeks before —back to Cüstrin, but under totally changed omens: his history, after that first emergence in Wilhelmina's dance, "23d November, about 6 P.M.," and appearance at Parade on the morrow (Saturday morning), had been as follows: Monday, November 26th, there was again grand Ball, and the Prince there, *not* in gray this time. Next day the Old Dessauer and all the higher Officers in Berlin petitioned, "Let us have him in the Army again, your Majesty!" Majesty consented; and so,

[5] 11th Jan., 1732 (Wilhelmina, ii., 2).

[6] Wilhelmina, ii., 4, who dates 11th January, 1732.

Friday, 30th, there was a grand dinner at Seckendorf's, Crown-Prince there in soldier's uniform again, a completely pardoned youth. His uniform is of the Goltz Regiment, Infantry—Goltz Regiment, which lies at Ruppin, at and about, in that moory Country to the Northeast, some thirty or forty miles from Berlin, whither his destination now is.

Crown-Prince had to resume his Kammer work at Cüstrin, and see the Buildings at Carzig for a three months longer, till some arrangements in the Regiment Goltz were perfected, and finishing improvements given to it. But "on the last day of February" (29th, 1732 being leap-year), his Royal Highness's Commission to be Colonel Commandant of said Regiment is made out, and he proceeds, in discharge of the same, to Ruppin, where his men lie; and so puts off the pike-gray coat, and puts on the military blue one,[7] never to quit it again, as turned out.

Ruppin is a little Town in that northwest Fehrbellin region: Regiment Goltz had lain in detached quarters hitherto, but is now to lie at Ruppin, the first Battalion of it there, and the rest within reach. Here, in Ruppin itself, or ultimately at Reinsberg in the neighborhood, was Friedrich's abode for the next eight years—habitual residence, with transient excursions, chiefly to Berlin in Carnival time, or on other great occasions, and always strictly on leave, his employment being that of Colonel of Foot, a thing requiring continual vigilance and industry in that Country, least of all to be neglected in any point by one in his circumstances. He did his military duties to a perfection satisfactory even to Papa, and achieved on his own score many other duties and improvements for which Papa had less value. These eight years, it is always understood, were among the most important of his life to him.

[7] Preuss, i., 69.

BOOK IX.

LAST STAGE OF FRIEDRICH'S APPRENTICESHIP: LIFE IN RUPPIN.

1732–1736.

CHAPTER I.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH CHRISTINA OF BRUNSWICK-BEVERN.

We described the Crown-Prince as intent to comply, especially in all visible external particulars, with Papa's will and pleasure; to distinguish himself by real excellence in Commandantship of the Regiment Goltz first of all. But, before ever getting into that, there has another point risen on which obedience, equally essential, may be still more difficult.

Ever since the grand Catastrophe went off *without* taking Friedrich's head along with it, and there began to be hopes of a pacific settlement, question has been, Whom shall the Crown-Prince marry? And the debates about it in the royal breast and in Tobacco Parliament, and rumors about it in the world at large, have been manifold and continual. In the Schulenburg Letters we saw the Crown-Prince himself much interested, and eagerly inquisitive on that head, as was natural; but it is not in the Crown-Prince's mind, it is in the Tobacco Parliament, and the royal breast as influenced there, that the thing must be decided. Who in the world will it be, then?

Crown-Prince himself hears now of this party, now of that. England is quite over, and the Princess Amelia sunk below the horizon. Friedrich himself appears a little piqued that Hotham carried his nose so high; that the English would not, in those life and death circumstances, abate the least from their "both marriages or none;" thinks they should have saved Wilhelmina, and taken his word of honor for the rest. England is now out of his head; all romance is too sorrowfully swept out; and instead of the "sacred air-cities of hope" in this high section of

his history, the young man is looking into the "mean clay hamlets of reality" with an eye well recognizing them for real—with an eye and heart already tempered to the due hardness for them. Not a fortunate result, though it was an inevitable one. We saw him flirting with the beautiful wedded Wreech; talking to Lieutenant General Schulenburg about marriage in a way which shook the pipe-clay of that virtuous man. He knows he would not get his choice if he had one; strives not to care; nor does he, in fact, much care, the romance being all out of it. He looks mainly to outward advantages—to personal appearance, temper, good manners; to "religious principle," sometimes rather in the reverse way (fearing an *overplus* rather), but always to likelihood of moneys by the match, as a very direct item. Ready command of money, he feels, will be extremely desirable in a Wife—desirable and almost indispensable in present straitened circumstances. These are the notions of this ill-situated Cœlebs.

The parties proposed first and last, and rumored of in Newspapers and the idle brains of men, have been very many—no limit to their numbers; it *may* be any body: an intending purchaser, though but possessed of sixpence, is in a sense proprietor of the whole Fair! Through Schulenburg we heard his own account of them last Autumn; but the far noblest of the lot was hardly glanced at, or not at all, on that occasion. The Kaiser's eldest Daughter, sole heiress of Austria and these vast Pragmatic Sanction operations—Archduchess Maria Theresa herself—it is affirmed to have been Prince Eugene's often-expressed wish that the Crown-Prince of Prussia should wed the future Empress,[1] which would indeed have saved immense confusions to mankind! Nay, she alone of Princesses, beautiful, magnanimous, brave, was the mate for such a Prince, had the Good Fairies been consulted, which seldom happens, and Romance itself might have become Reality in that case, with high results to the very soul of this young Prince! Wishes are free; and wise Eugene will have been heard, perhaps often, to express this wish, but that must have been all. Alas! the preliminaries, political, especially religious, are at once indispensable and im-

[1] Hormayr: *Allgemeine Geschichte der neuesten Zeit* (Wien, 1817), i., 13; cited in Preuss, i., 71.

possible: we have to dismiss that day-dream. A Papal-Protestant controversy still exists among mankind, and this is one penalty they pay for not having settled it sooner. The Imperial Court can not afford its Archduchess on the terms possible in that quarter.

What the Imperial Court can do is to recommend a Niece of theirs, insignificant young Princess, Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick-Bevern, who is Niece to the Empress, and may be made useful in this way to herself and us, think the Imperial Majesties; will be a new tie upon the Prussians and the Pragmatic Sanction, and keep the Alliance still surer for our Archduchess in times coming, think their Majesties. She, it is insinuated by Seckendorf in Tobacco Parliament, ought not she, Daughter of your Majesty's esteemed friend—modest-minded, innocent young Princess, with a Brother already betrothed in your Majesty's House—to be the Lady? It is probable she will.

Did we inform the reader once about Kaiser Karl's young marriage adventures, and may we, to remind him, mention them a second time? How Imperial Majesty, some five-and-twenty years ago, then only King of Spain, asked Princess Caroline of Anspach, who was very poor, and an orphan in the world, who at once refused, declining to think of changing her religion on such a score, and now governs England, telegraphing with Walpole as Queen there instead. How Karl, now Imperial Majesty, then King of Spain, next applied to Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, and met with a much better reception there; applied to old Anton Ulrich, reigning Duke, who writes big Novels, and does other foolish, good-natured things, who persuaded his Granddaughter that a change to Catholicism was nothing in such a case—that he himself should not care in the least to change. How the Granddaughter changed accordingly, went to Barcelona, and was wedded, and had to dun old Grandpapa, "Why don't you change, then?" Who did change thereupon, thinking to himself, "Plague on it, I must, then!" the foolish old Herr. He is dead; and his Novels, in six volumes quarto, are all dead; and the Granddaughter is Kaiserinn on those terms, a serene, monotonous, well-favored Lady, diligent in her Catholic exercises, of whom I never heard any evil, good rather, in her emi-

nent serene position. Pity, perhaps, that she had recommended her Niece for this young Prussian gentleman, whom it by no means did "attach to the Family" so very careful about him at Vienna! But if there lay a sin, and a punishment following on it, here or elsewhere, in her Imperial position, surely it is to be charged on foolish old Anton Ulrich, not on her, poor Lady, who had never coveted such height, nor durst for her soul take the leap thitherward till the serene old literary gentleman showed her how easy it was.

Well, old Anton Ulrich is long since dead,[2] and his religious accounts are all settled beyond cavil, and only the sad duty devolves on me of explaining a little what and who his rather insipid offspring are, so far as related to readers of this History. Anton Ulrich left two sons, the elder of whom was Duke, and the younger had an Appanage, Blankenburg by name. Only this younger had children, serene Kaiserinn that now is, one of them. The elder died childless[3] precisely a few months before the times we are now got to—reigning Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel,[4] all but certain Appanages, and does not concern us farther. To that supreme dignity the younger has now come, and his Appanage of Blankenburg and children with him, so that there is now only one outstanding Appanage (Bevern, not known to us yet), which also will perhaps get reunited if we cared for it. Ludwig Rudolf is the name of this new sovereign Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, or Duke in chief; age now sixty; has a shining, bustling, somewhat irregular Duchess, says Wilhelmina; and a nose—or rather almost no nose, for sad reasons![5] Other qualities or accidents I know not of him, except that he is Father of the Vienna Kaiserinn, Grandfather of the Princess whom Seckendorf suggests for our Friedrich of Prussia.

In Ludwig Rudolf's insipid offspring our readers are unex-

[2] 1714, age 70. Hübner, t. 190. [3] 1731, Michaelis, i., 132.

[4] "Welf-*booths*" (Hutted Camp of the Welfs), according to Etymology. "Brunswick," again, is *Braun's*-Wick, "Braun" (Brown) being an old militant Welf in those parts, who built some lodge for himself, as a convenience there, Year 880 say the uncertain old Books. Hübner, t. 149; Michaelis, &c. [5] Wilhelmina, ii., 121.

pectedly somewhat interested: let readers patiently attend, therefore. He had three Daughters, never any son. Two of his Daughters, eldest and youngest, are alive still; the middle one had a sad fate long ago. She married, in 1711, Alexius the Czarowitz of Peter the Great: foolish Czarowitz, miserable and making others miserable, broke her heart by ill conduct, ill usage, in four years, so that she died, leaving him only a poor small Peter II., who is now dead too, and that matter ended all but the memory of it. Some accounts bear that *she* did not die; that she only pretended it, and ran and left her intolerable Czarowitz; that she wedded, at Paris, in deep obscurity, an Officer just setting out for Louisiana; lived many years there as a thrifty soldier's wife; returned to Paris with her Officer reduced to half-pay, and told him—or told some select Official person after him, under sevenfold oath, being then a widow and necessitous—her sublime secret—sublime secret, which came thus to be known to a supremely select circle at Paris, and was published in Books, where one still reads it. No vestige of truth in it, except that perhaps a necessitous soldier's widow at Paris, considering of ways and means, found that she had some trace of likeness to the Pictures of this Princess, and had heard her tragic story.

Ludwig Rudolf's second Daughter is dead long years ago, nor has this fable as yet risen from her dust. Of Ludwig Rudolf's other two Daughters, we have said that one, the eldest, was the Kaiserinn—Empress Elizabeth Christina, age now precisely forty, with two beautiful Daughters, sublime Maria Theresa the elder of them, and no son that would live, which last little circumstance has caused the Pragmatic Sanction, and tormented universal Nature for so many years back! Ludwig Rudolf has a youngest Daughter, also married, and a Mother in Germany—to this day conspicuously so—of whom next, or rather of her Husband and Family circle, we must say a word.

Her Husband is no other than the esteemed Friend of Friedrich Wilhelm, Duke of Brunswick-Bevern by title, who, as a junior branch, lives on the Appanage of Bevern, as his Father did, but is sure now to inherit the Sovereignty and be Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel at large, he or his Sons, were the pres-

ent incumbent, Ludwig Rudolf, once out. Present incumbent, we have just intimated, is his Father-in-law; but it is not on that ground that he looks to inherit. He is Nephew of old Anton Ulrich, Son of a younger Brother (who was also "Bevern" in Anton's time), and is the evident Heir-male, old Anton being already fallen into the distaff, with nothing but three Granddaughters. Anton's heir will now be this Nephew: Nephew has wedded one of the Granddaughters, youngest of the Three, youngest Daughter of Ludwig Rudolf, Sovereign Duke that now is, which Lady, by the family she brought him, if no otherwise, is memorable or mentionable here, and may be called a Mother in Germany.

Father Bevern her Husband, Ferdinand Albert the name of him, is now just fifty, only ten years younger than his serene Father-in-law, Ludwig Rudolf, whom, I may as well say here, he does at last succeed, three years hence (1735), and becomes Duke of Brunswick in General, according to hope, but only for a few months, having himself died that same year.[6] Poor Duke; rather a good man, by all the accounts I could hear, though not of the qualities that shone. He is at present "Duke of Brunswick-Bevern"—such his actual nomenclature in those ever-fluctuating Sibyl's-leaves of German History-Books, Wilhelmina's and the others—expectant Duke of Brunswick in General;

[6] ANTON ULRICH (1633-1714), Duke in Chief; that is, Duke of Brunswick-*Wolfenbüttel.*

AUGUST WILHELM, elder Son and Heir, (1662, 1714, 1731); had no children.

LUDWIG RUDOLF, the younger Son (1671, 1731, 1735), appanaged in Blankenburg; Duke of Brunswick-*Blankenburg;* became *Wolfenbüttel* 1731; died 1st March, 1735. No Son; so that now the Bevern succeeded. Three Daughters:

Elizabeth Christina, the Kaiserinn, (1691, 1708, 1750).

Charlotte Christina (1694, 1711, 1715), Alexius of Russia's; had a *fabulous end.*

Antoinette Amelia (1695, 1712, 1762); Bevern's Wife—a "Mother in Germany."

FERDINAND ALBERT (1636–1687), his younger Brother appanaged in Bevern; that is, Duke of Brunswick-*Bevern.*

FERDINAND ALBERT, eldest Son (an elder had perished 1704, on the Schellenberg under Marlborough), followed in Bevern (1680, 1687–1704, 1735); Kaiser's soldier, Friedrich Wilhelm's friend; married his Cousin, Antoinette Amelia ("Mother in Germany," as we call her). Duke in Chief, 1st March, 1735, on Ludwig Rudolf's decease; died himself, 3d September same year.

Born 1713, Karl the Heir (to marry our Friedrich's sister).

1714, Anton Ulrich (Russia; tragedy of Czar Iwan).

1715, 8th November, Elizabeth Christina (Crown-Prince's).

1718, Ludwig Ernst (Holland, 1787).

1721, Ferdinand (Chatham's and England's) of the Seven-Years War.

1722, 1724, 1725, 1732, Four others; Boys the youngest Two, who were both killed in Friedrich's Wars.

much a friend of Friedrich Wilhelm: a kind of Austrian soldier he was formerly, and will again be for brief times; General-Feldmarschall so styled, but is not notable in War, nor otherwise at all, except for the offspring he had by this serene Spouse of his. Insipid offspring, the impatient reader says, but permits me to enumerate one or two of them:

1°. Karl, eldest Son, who is sure to be Brunswick in General, who is betrothed to Princess Charlotte of Prussia—"a satirical creature, she, fonder of my Prince than of him," Wilhelmina thinks. The wedding nevertheless took effect. Brunswick in General duly fell in, first to the Father; then, in a few months more, to Karl with his Charlotte; and from them proceeded, in due time, another Karl, of whom we shall hear in this History, and of whom all the world heard much in the French Revolution Wars in 1792, and still more tragically afterward. Shot, to death or worse, at the battle of Jena, October, 1806; "battle lost before it was begun"—such the strategic history they give of it. He peremptorily ordered the French Revolution to suppress itself, and that was the answer the French Revolution made him. From this Karl, what *new* Queens Caroline of England and portentous Dukes of Brunswick, sent upon their travels through the anarchic world, profitable only to Newspapers, we need not say!

2°. Anton Ulrich, named after his august Great-Grandfather, does not write novels like him; at present a young gentleman of eighteen; goes into Russia before long, hoping to beget Czars, which issues dreadfully for himself and the potential Czars he begot. The reader has heard of a potential "Czar Iwan," violently done to death in his room one dim moonlight night of 1764, in the Fortress of Schlüsselburg, middle of Lake Ladoga; misty moon looking down on the stone battlements, on the melancholy waters, and saying nothing. But let us not anticipate.

3°. Elizabeth Christina, to us more important than any of them, namesake of the Kaiserinn, her august Aunt, age now seventeen; insipid, fine-complexioned young lady, who is talked of for the Bride of our Crown-Prince, of whom the reader will hear more. Crown-Prince fears she is "too religious," and will have "*cagots*" about her (solemn persons in black, highly unconscious how little wisdom they have), who may be troublesome.

4°. A merry young Boy, now ten, called Ferdinand, with whom England within the next thirty years will ring for some time loud enough: the great "Prince Ferdinand" himself, under whom the Marquis of Granby and others became great, Chatham superintending it. This really was a respectable gentleman, and did considerable things—a Tris-

megistus in comparison with the Duke of Cumberland whom he succeeded — a cheerful, singularly polite, modest, well-conditioned man withal, to be slightly better known to us, if we live. He at present is a Boy of ten, chasing the thistle's beard.

5°. Three other sons, all soldiers, two of them younger than Ferdinand, whose names were in the gazettes down to a late period, whom we shall ignore in this place. The last of them was marched out of Holland, where he had long been Commander-in-chief on rather Tory principles, in the troubles of 1787. Others of them we shall see storming forward on occasion, valiantly meeting death in the field of fight, all conspicuously brave of character; but this shall be enough of them at present.

It is of these that Ludwig Rudolf's youngest daughter, the serene Ferdinand Albert's wife, is Mother in Germany—highly conspicuous in their day. If the question is put, it must be owned they are all rather of the insipid type; nothing but a kind of albuminous simplicity noticeable in them; no wit, originality, brightness in the way of uttered intellect. If it is asked, How came they to the least distinction in this world? the answer is not immediately apparent. But indeed they are Welf of the Welfs in this respect as in others. One asks, with increased wonder, noticing in the Welfs generally nothing but the same albuminous simplicity, and poverty rather than opulence of uttered intellect, or of qualities that shine, How the Welfs came to play such a part for the last thousand years, and still to be at it in conspicuous places?

Reader, I have observed that uttered intellect is not what permanently makes way, but *un*uttered. Wit, logical brilliancy, spiritual effulgency, true or *false*, how precious to idle mankind, and to the Newspapers and History Books, even when it is false; while, again, Nature and Practical Fact care next to nothing for it in comparison, even when it is true! Two silent qualities you will notice in these Welfs, modern and ancient, which Nature much values: *First*, consummate human Courage; a noble, perfect, and, as it were, unconscious superiority to fear. And then, *secondly*, much weight of mind; a noble, not too conscious Sense of what is Right and Not Right I have found in some of them, which means mostly *weight* or good gravitation, good observance of the perpendicular, and is called justice, veracity,

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high honor, and other names. These are fine qualities indeed, especially with an "albuminous simplicity" as vehicle to them. If the Welfs had not much articulate intellect, let us guess they made a good use, not a bad or indifferent, as is commoner, of what they had!

Who his Majesty's Choice is, and what the Crown-Prince thinks of it.

Princess Elizabeth Christina, the insipid Brunswick specimen, backed by Seckendorf and Vienna, proves, on consideration, the desirable to Friedrich Wilhelm in this matter; but his Son's notions, who as yet knows her only by rumor, do not go that way. Insipidity, triviality, the fear of "*cagotage*," and frightful fellows in black supremely unconscious what blockheads they are, haunts him a good deal; and as for any money coming, her sublime Aunt the Kaiserinn never had much ready money; one's resources on that side are likely to be exiguous. He would prefer the Princess of Mecklenburg, semi-Russian Catharine or Anna, of whom we have heard; would prefer the Princess of Eisenach (whose name he does not know rightly); thinks there are many Princesses preferable. Most of all he would prefer, what is well known of him in Tobacco Parliament, but known to be impossible this long while back, to go upon a round of travel—as, for instance, the Prince of Lorraine is now doing—and look about him a little.

These candid considerations the Crown-Prince earnestly suggests to Grumkow and the secret committee of Tobacco Parliament—earnestly again and again, in his Correspondence with that gentleman, which goes on very brisk at present. "Much of it lost," we hear, but enough and to spare is saved. Not a beautiful Correspondence; the tone of it shallow, hard of heart; tragically flippant, especially on the Crown-Prince's part; now and then even a touch of the hypocritical from him, slight touch and not with will: alas! what can the poor young man do? Grumkow—whose ground, I think, is never quite so secure since that Nosti business—professes ardent attachment to the real interests of the Prince, and does solidly advise him of what is feasible, what not, in head-quarters: very exemplary "attach-

ment;" credible to what length the Prince well enough knows. And so the Correspondence is unbeautiful; not very descriptive even—for poor Friedrich is considerably under mask while he writes to that address, and of Grumkow himself we want no more "description"—and is, in fact, on its own score, an avoidable article rather than otherwise, though perhaps the reader, for a poor involved Crown-Prince's sake, will wish an exact Excerpt or two before we quite dismiss it.

Toward turning off the Brunswick speculation, or turning on the Mecklenburg, or Eisenach, or any other in its stead, the Correspondence naturally avails nothing. Seckenkorf has his orders from Vienna; Grumkow has his pension—his cream-bowl duly set—for helping Seckendorf. Though angels pleaded, not in a tone of tragic flippancy, but with the voice of breaking hearts, it would be to no purpose. The Imperial Majesties have ordered, Marry him to Brunswick; "bind him the better to our House in time coming;" nay, the Royal mind at Potsdam gravitates of itself that way after the first hint is given. The Imperial will has become the Paternal one; no answer but obedience. What Grumkow will do will be, if possible, to lead or drive the Crown-Prince into obeying smoothly, or without breaking of harness again, which accordingly is pretty much the sum of his part in this unlovely Correspondence, the geeho-ing of an expert wagoner, who has got a fiery young Arab thoroughly tied into his dastard sand-cart, and has to drive him by voice, or at most by slight *crack* of whip, and does it. Can we hope a select specimen or two of these Documents, not on Grumkow's part, or for Grumkow's unlovely sake, may now be acceptable to the reader? A Letter or two picked from that large stock, in a legible state, will show us Father and Son, and how that tragic matter went on, better than description could.

Papa's Letters to the Crown-Prince during that final Cüstrin period, when Carzig and Himmelstädt were going on, and there was such progress in Economics, are all of hopeful ruggedly affectionate tenor, and there are a good few of them: style curiously rugged, intricate, headlong, and a strong substance of sense and worth tortuously visible every where. Letters so delightful to the poor retrieved Crown-Prince then and there, and which

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are still almost pleasant reading to third parties, once you introduce grammar and spelling. This is one exact specimen, most important to the Prince and us. Suddenly, one night, by estafette, his Majesty, meaning nothing but kindness, and grateful to Seckendorf and Tobacco Parliament for such an idea, proposes these terms (merely reduced to English and the common spelling):

To the Crown-Prince at Cüstrin (from Papa).

"Potsdam, 4th February, 1732.

"My dear Son Fritz,—I am very glad you need no more physic. But you must have a care of yourself some days yet, for the severe weather, which gives me and every body colds; so pray be on your guard (*nehmet Euch hübsch in Acht*).

"You know, my dear Son, that when my children are obedient, I love them much; so, when you were at Berlin, I from my heart forgave you every thing; and from that Berlin time, since I saw you, have thought of nothing but of your well-being, and how to establish you; not in the Army only, but also with a right Step-daughter, and so see you married in my lifetime. You may be well persuaded I have had the Princesses of Germany taken survey of, so far as possible, and examined by trusty people, what their conduct is, their education, and so on; and so a Princess has been found, the Eldest one of Bevern, who is well brought up, modest, and retiring, as women ought to be.

"You will, without delay (*cito*), write me your mind on this. I have purchased the Von Katsch House; the Feldmarschall," old Wartensleben, poor Katte's grandfather, "as Governor" of Berlin, "will get that to live in; and his Government House[7] I will have made new for you, and furnish it all, and give you enough to keep house yourself there; and will command you into the Army April coming" (which is quite a subordinate story, your Majesty!).

"The Princess is not ugly nor beautiful. You must mention it to no mortal; write indeed to Mamma (*der Mama*) that I have written to you. And when you shall have a Son, I will let you go on your Travels—wedding, however, can not be before winter next. Meanwhile I will try and contrive opportunity that you see one another a few times, in

[7] Fine enough old House, or Palace, built by the Great Elector; given by him to Graf Feldmarschall von Schomberg, the "Duke Schomberg," who was killed in the Battle of the Boyne: "same House, opposite the Arsenal, which belongs now (1855) to his Royal Highness Prince Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia." (Preuss, i., 73; and *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi., 12 n.)

all honor, yet so that you get acquainted with her. She is a God-fearing creature (*gottesfürchtiges Mensch*, which is all in all); will suit herself to you" (be *comportable* to you) "as she does to the Parents-in-law.

"God give his blessing to it, and bless You and your Posterity, and keep Thee as a good Christian. And have God always before your eyes; and don't believe that damnable *Particular* tenet" (Predestination); "and be obedient and faithful: so shall it, here in Time and there in Eternity, go well with thee; and whoever wishes that from the heart, let him say Amen.

"Your true Father to the death, FRIEDRICH WILHELM.

"When the Duke of Lorraine comes, I will have thee come. I think the Bride will be here then. Adieu; God be with you."[8]

This important Missive reached Cüstrin by estafette that same midnight, 4th–5th February, when Wolden, "Hofmarschall of the Prince's Court" (titular Gold-stick there, but with abundance of real functions laid on him), had the honor to awaken the Crown-Prince into the joy of reading. Crown-Prince instantly dispatched by another estafette the requisite responses to Papa and Mamma, of which Wolden does not know the contents at all, not he, the obsequious Gold-stick; but doubtless they mean "Yes," Crown-Prince appearing so overjoyed at this splendid evidence of Papa's love, as the Gold-stick could perceive.[9]

What the Prince's actual amount of joy was we shall learn better from the following three successive utterances of his, confidentially dispatched to Grumkow in the intermediate days, before Berlin or this "Duke of Lorraine" (whom our readers and the Crown-Prince are to wait upon), with actual sight of Papa and the Intended, came in course. Grumkow's Letters to the Crown-Prince in this important interval are not extant, nor if they were could we stand them; from the Prince's Answers it will be sufficiently apparent what the tenor of them was. Utterance *first* is about a week after that of the estafette at midnight:

[8] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 3d, p. 55.

[9] Wolden's *Letter* to Friedrich Wilhelm, "5th February, 1732:" in Preuss, ii., part 2d (or *Urkundenbuch*), p. 206. Mamma's answer to the message brought her by this return estafette, a mere formal *Very well*, written from the fingers outward, exists (*Œuvres*, xxvi., 65); the rest have happily vanished.

11th Feb., 1732.

To General Feldmarschall von Grumkow, at Potsdam (from the Crown-Prince).

"Cüstrin, 11th February, 1732.

"My dear General and Friend,—I was charmed to learn by your Letter that my affairs are on so good a footing" (Papa so well satisfied with my professions of obedience); "and you may depend on it I am docile to follow your advice. I will lend myself to whatever is possible for me; and provided I can secure the King's favor by my obedience, I will do all that is within my power.

"Nevertheless, in making my bargain with the Duke of Bevern, manage that the *Corpus Delicti*" (my Intended) "be brought up under her Grandmother" (Duchess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, Ludwig Rudolf's Spouse, an airy coquettish Lady; let her be the tutoress and model of my Intended, O General). "For I should prefer being made a" —what shall we say? by a light wife, "or to serve under the haughty *fontange*[10] of my Spouse" (as Ludwig Rudolf does, by all accounts), "than to have a blockhead who would drive me mad by her ineptitudes, and whom I should be ashamed to produce.

"I beg you labor at this affair. When one hates romance heroines as heartily as I do, one dreads those 'virtues' of the ferocious type" (*les vertus farouches*, so terribly aware that they are virtuous; "and I had rather marry the greatest"—(unnamable)—"in Berlin, than a devotee with half a dozen ghastly hypocrites (*cagots*) at her beck. If it were still *möglich*" (possible, in German) "to make her Calvinist" (*Réformée*, our Court Creed, which might have an allaying tendency, and at least would make her go with the stream)? "But I doubt that: I will insist, however, that her Grandmother have the training of her. What you can do to help in this, my dear friend, I am persuaded you will do.

"It afflicted me a little that the King still has doubts of me, while I am obeying in such a matter diametrically opposite to my own ideas. In what way shall I offer stronger proofs? I may give myself to the Devil, it will be to no purpose; nothing but the old song over again, doubt on doubt. Don't imagine I am going to disoblige the Duke, the Duchess, or the Daughter, I beseech you! I know too well what is due to them, and too much respect their merits, not to observe the strictest rules of what is proper, even if I hated their progeny and them like the pestilence.

"I hope to speak to you with open heart at Berlin." "You may think, too, how I shall be embarrassed, having to do the *Amoroso* perhaps without being it, and to take an appetite for mute ugliness—for I

[10] Species of topknot; so named from Fontange, an unfortunate female of Louis Fourteenth's, who invented the ornament.

don't much trust Count Seckendorf's taste in this article," in spite of his testimonies in Tobacco Parliament and elsewhere. "Monsieur, once more, get this Princess to learn by heart the *Ecole des Maris* and the *Ecole des Femmes;* that will do her much more good than *True Christianity* by the late Mr. Arndt![11] If, besides, she would learn steadiness of humor (*toujours danser sur un pied*), learn music; and, *nota bene*, become rather too free than too virtuous—ah! then, my dear General, then I should feel some liking for her, and a Colin marrying a Phyllis, the couple would be in accordance; but if she is stupid, naturally I renounce the Devil and her." "It is said she has a Sister, who at least has common sense. Why take the eldest, if so? To the King it must be all one. There is also a Princess Christina Marie of Eisenach" (real name being Christina *Wilhelmina*, but no matter), "who would be quite my fit, and whom I should like to try for. In fine, I mean to come soon into your Countries,[12] and perhaps will say like Cæsar, *Veni, vidi, vici.*" * *

Paragraph of tragic compliments to Grumkow we omit. Letter ends in this way:

"Your Baireuth News is very interesting; I hope, in September next" (time of a grand problem coming there for Wilhelmina), "my Sister will recover her first health. If I go traveling, I hope to have the consolation of seeing her for a fortnight or three weeks. I love her more than my life; and for all my obediences to the King, surely I shall deserve that recompense. The diversions for the Duke of Lorraine are very well schemed; but"—but what mortal can now care about them? Close, and seal.[13]

As to this Duke of Lorraine just coming, he is Franz Stephan, a pleasant young man of twenty-five, son of that excellent Duke Leopold Joseph whom young Lyttelton of Hagley was so taken with while touring in those parts in the Congress of Soissons time. Excellent Duke Leopold Joseph is since dead, and this Franz has succeeded to him, what succession there was; for Lorraine as a Dukedom has its neck under the foot of France this great while, and is evidently not long for this world. Old Fleury, men say, has his eye upon it. And, in fact, it was, as

[11] Johann Arndt ("late" this long while back): *Vom wahren Christenthum*, Magdeburg, 1610.

[12] Did come, 26th February, as we shall see.

[13] Förster, iii., 160–162; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi., 37–39.

11th Feb., 1732.

we shall see, eaten up by Fleury within four years time, and this Franz proved the last of all the Dukes there. Let readers notice him; a man of high destiny otherwise, of whom we are to hear much. For ten years past he has lived about Vienna, being a born Cousin of that House (Grandmother was Kaiser Leopold's own Sister); and it is understood, nay, it is privately settled he is to marry the transcendent Archduchess, peerless Maria Theresa herself, and is to reap, he, the whole harvest of that Pragmatic Sanction sown with such travail of the Universe at large. May be King of the Romans (which means successor to the Kaisership) any day, and actual Kaiser one day.

We may as well say here he did at length achieve these dignities, though not quite in the time or on the terms proposed. King of the Romans old Kaiser Karl never could quite resolve to make him, having always hopes of male progeny yet, which never came. For his peerless Bride he waited six years still (owing to accidents), "attachment mutual all the while;" did then wed, 1738, and was the happiest of men and expectant Kaisers; but found, at length, the Pragmatic Sanction to have been a strange sowing of dragon's teeth, and the first harvest reapable from it a world of armed men! For the present he is on a grand Tour for instruction and other objects; has been in England last; and is now getting homeward again, to Vienna, across Germany, conciliating the Courts as he goes—a pacific, friendly, eupeptic young man. Crown-Prince Friedrich, they say, took much to him in Berlin; did not quite swear eternal friendship, but kept some correspondence for a while, and "once sends him a present of salmon." But to proceed with the utterances to Grumkow.

Utterance *second* is probably of prior date, but introducible here, being accidental Fragment, with the date lost:

To the Feldmarschall von Grumkow (from the Crown-Prince; exact date lost).

"* * * As to what you tell me of the Princess of Mecklenburg," for whom they want a Brandenburg Prince, "could not *I* marry her? Let her come into this Country, and think no more of Russia: she would have a Dowry of two or three millions of rubles: only fancy how I could live with that! I think that project might succeed. The Princess is

Lutheran; perhaps she objects to go into the Greek Church? I find none of these advantages in this Princess of Bevern, who, as many people, even of the Duke's Court, say, is not at all beautiful, speaks almost nothing, and is given to pouting (*faisant la fâchée*). The good Kaiserinn has so little herself, that the sums she could afford her Niece would be very moderate."[14]

"Given to pouting," too! No, certainly; your Insipidity of Brunswick, without prospects of ready money; dangerous for *cagotage;* "not a word to say for herself in company, and given to pouting:" I do not reckon her the eligible article!

Seckendorf, Schulenburg, Grumkow, and all hands are busy in this matter, geeho-ing the Crown-Prince toward the mark set before him. With or without explosion, arrive there he must; other goal for him is none! In the mean while, it appears, illustrious Franz of Lorraine, coming on, amid the proper demonstrations, through Magdeburg and the Prussian Towns, has caught some slight illness, and been obliged to pause, so that Berlin can not have the happiness of seeing him quite so soon as it expected. The high guests invited to meet Duke Franz, especially the high Brunswicks, are already there. High Brunswicks, Bevern with Duchess, and still more important, with Son and with Daughter; insipid *Corpus delicti* herself has appeared on the scene; and Grumkow, we find, has been writing some description of her to the Crown-Prince. Description of an unfavorable nature; below the truth, not above it—to avert disappointment, nay, to create some gleam of inverse joy when the actual meeting occurs. That is his art in driving the fiery little Arab ignominiously yoked to him, and it is clear he has overdone it for once. This is Friedrich's *third* utterance to him, much the most emphatic there is:

To the General Feldmarschall von Grumkow.

"Cüstrin, 19th February, 1732.

"Judge, my dear General, if I can have been much charmed with the description you give of the abominable object of my desires! For the love of God, disabuse the King in regard to her" (show him that she is

[14] Fragment given in *Seckendorfs Leben*, iii., 249 n.

19th Feb., 1732.

a fool, then), "and let him remember well that fools commonly are the most obstinate of creatures.

"Some months ago he wrote a Letter to Wolden," the obsequious Gold-stick, "of his giving me the choice of several Princesses: I hope he will not give himself the lie in that. I refer you entirely to the Letter, which Schulenburg will have delivered"—little Schulenburg called here in passing your way; all hands busy. "For there is no hope of wealth, no reasoning, nor chance of fortune that could change my sentiment as expressed there" (namely, that I will not have her, whatever become of me); "and miserable for miserable, it is all one! Let the King but think that it is not for himself that he is marrying me, but for *my*self; nay, he too will have a thousand chagrins to see two persons hating one another, and the miserablest marriage in the world; to hear their mutual complaints, which will be to him so many reproaches for having fashioned the instrument of our yoke. As a good Christian, let him consider if it is well done to wish to force people; to cause divorces, and to be the occasion of all the sins that an ill-assorted marriage leads us to commit! I am determined to front every thing in the world sooner; and, since things are so, you may in some good way apprise the Duke" of Bevern "that, happen what may, I never will have her.

"I have been unfortunate (*malheureux*) all my life, and I think it is my destiny to continue so. One must be patient, and take the time as it comes. Perhaps a sudden tract of good fortune, on the back of all the chagrins I have made profession of ever since I entered this world, would have made me too proud. In a word, happen what will, I have nothing to reproach myself with. I have suffered sufficiently for an exaggerated crime" (that of "attempting to desert"—Heavens!)—"and I will not engage myself to extend my miseries (*chagrins*) into future times. I have still resources: a pistol-shot can deliver me from my sorrows and my life, and I think a merciful God would not damn me for that; but, taking pity on me, would, in exchange for a life of wretchedness, grant me salvation. This is whitherward despair can lead a young person, whose blood is not so quiescent as if he were seventy. I have a feeling of myself, Monsieur, and perceive that, when one hates the methods of force as much as I, our boiling blood will carry us always toward extremities."

* * "If there are honest people in the world, they must think how to save me from one of the most perilous passages I have ever been in. I waste myself in gloomy ideas; I fear I shall not be able to hide my grief on coming to Berlin. This is the sad state I am in, but it will never make me change from being," surely to an excessive degree, the illustrious Grumkow's most, &c., &c. "FRIDERIC."

"I have received a letter from the King, all agog (*bien coiffé*) about

the Princess. I think I may still finish the week here.[15] When his first fire of appprobation is spent, you might, praising her all the while, lead him to notice her faults. *Mon Dieu*, has he not already seen what an ill-assorted marriage comes to—my Sister of Anspach and her Husband, who hate one another like the fire? He has a thousand vexations from it every day. * * And what aim has the King? If it is to assure himself of me, that is not the way. Madame of Eisenach might do it; but a fool not (*point une bête*); on the contrary, it is morally impossible to love the cause of our misery. The King is reasonable, and I am persuaded he will understand this himself."[16]

Very passionate pleading, but it might as well address itself to the east winds. Have east winds a heart, that they should feel pity? *Jarni-bleu*, Herr Feldzeugmeister, only take care he don't overset things again!

Grumkow, in these same hours, is writing a Letter to the Prince, which we still have,[17] How charmed his Majesty is at such obedience: "shed tears of joy," writes Grumkow, "and said it was the happiest day of his life." Judge Grumkow's feelings soon after, on this furious recalcitration breaking out! Grumkow's Answer, which also we still have,[18] is truculence itself in a polite form: horror-struck as a Christian at the suicide notion, at the—in fact, at the whole matter, and begs, as a humble individual, not wishful of violent death and destruction upon self and family, to wash his poor hands of it altogether. Dangerous for the like of him: "interfering between Royal Father and Royal Son of such opposite humors would break the neck of any man," thinks Grumkow, and sums up with this pithy reminiscence: "I remember always what the King said to me at Wusterhausen, when your Royal Highness lay prisoner in the Castle of Cüstrin, and I wished to take your part: '*Nein, Grumkow, denket an diese Stelle, Gott gebe dass ich nicht wahr rede, aber mein Sohn stirbs nicht eines natürlichen Todes; und Gott gebe dass er nicht unter Henkers Hände komme.* No, Grumkow, think of what I now tell you: God grant it do not come true; but my Son won't die a natural death; God grant he do not come into the Hangman's hands yet!' I shuddered at these words, and

[15] 26th, did arrive in Berlin: Preuss (in *Œuvres*, xxvii., part 3d, p. 58 n.).

[16] *Œuvres de Frédéric*. xvi. 41–42.

[17] Ib., xvi., 43.

[18] Ib., p. 44–46.

26th Feb., 1732.
the King repeated them twice to me: that is true, or may I never see God's face, or have part in the merits of Our Lord." The Crown-Prince's "pleadings" may fitly terminate here.

Duke of Lorraine arrives in Potsdam and in Berlin.

Saturday, 23d February, 1732, his Serene Highness of Lorraine did at length come to hand—arrived in Potsdam that day, where the two Majesties, with the Serene Beverns, with the Prince Alexander of Würtemberg, and the other high guests, had been some time in expectation. Suitable persons invited for the occasion: Bevern, a titular Austrian Feldmarschall; Prince Alexander of Würtemberg, an actual one (poor old Eberhard Ludwig's Cousin, and likely to be Heir there soon): high quasi-Austrian Serenities, not to mention Schulenburg and others officially related to Austria, or acquainted with it. Nothing could be more distinguished than the welcome of Duke Franz; and the things he saw and did during his three-weeks visit are wonderful to Fassmann and the extinct Gazetteers: saw the Potsdam Giants do their "*exercitia*," transcendent in perfection; had a boar-hunt; "did divine service in the Potsdam Catholic Church;" went by himself to Spandau on the Tuesday (26th), where all the guns broke forth, and dinner was ready; King, Queen, and Party having made off for Berlin in the interim, to be ready for his advent there "in the evening about five." Majesties wait at Berlin with their Party, among whom, say the old Newspapers, "is his Royal Highness the Crown-Prince:" Crown-Prince just come in from Cüstrin; just blessed with the first sight of his Charmer, whom he finds perceptibly less detestable than he expected.

Serene Highness of Lorraine arrived punctually at five, with outburst of all the artilleries and hospitalities; balls, soirees, *exercitia* of the Kleist Regiment, of the Gens d'Armes; dinners with Grumkow, dinners with Seckendorf, evening party with the Margravine Philip (Margravine in high colors), one scenic miracle succeeding another for above a fortnight to come.

The very first spectacle his Highness saw, a private one, and of no interest to him, we shall mention here for our own behoof. "An hour after his arrival the Duke was carried away to his

Excellency Herr Creutz, the Finance Minister's, to attend a wedding there along with his Majesty—wedding of Excellency Creutz's only Daughter to the Herr *Hofjägermeister* von Hacke —*Hofjägermeister* (Master of the Hunt), and more specifically Captain Hacke, of the Potsdam Guard or Giant regiment, much and deservedly a favorite with his Majesty. Majesty has known a long while the merits military and other of this Hacke, a valiant, expert, exact man, of good stature, good service among the Giants and otherwise, though not himself gigantic; age now turned of thirty, and unluckily little but his pay to depend on. Majesty, by way of increment to Hacke, small increment on the pecuniary side, has lately made him "Master of the Hunt;" will, before long, make him Adjutant General, and his right-hand man in Army matters, were he only rich; has, in the mean while, made this excellent match for him, which supplies that defect. Majesty was the making of Creutz himself, who is grown very rich, and has but one Daughter: "Let Hacke have her!" his Majesty advised, and snatches off the Duke of Lorraine to see it done.[19]

Did the reader ever hear of Finance Minister Creutz, once a poor Regiments Auditor, when his Majesty, as yet Crown-Prince, found talent in him? Can readers fish up from their memory, twenty years back, any thing of a terrific Spectre walking in the Berlin Palace for certain nights during that "Stralsund Expedition" or famed Swedish War time, to the terror of mankind? Terrific Spectre, thought to be in Swedish pay; properly a spy Scullion, in a small concern of Grumkow *versus* Creutz?[20] This is the same Creutz, of whom we have never spoken more, nor shall again, now that his rich Daughter is well married to Hacke, a favorite of his Majesty's and ours. It was the Duke's first sight in Berlin, February 26th—prologue to the flood of scenic wonders there.

But perhaps the wonderfulest thing, had he quite understood it, was that of the 10th March, which he was invited to—last obligation laid upon the Crown-Prince, "to bind him to the House of Austria" that evening, of which take this account, external and internal, from authentic Documents in our hand.

[19] Fassmann, p. 430. [20] Antea, vol. i., p. 336–339; Wilhelmina.

Betrothal of Crown-Prince to the Brunswick Charmer, Niece of Imperial Majesty, Monday Evening, 10th March, 1732.

Document *first* is of an internal nature, from the Prince's own hand, written to his Sister four days before:

"*To the Princess Wilhelmina at Baireuth.*

"Berlin, 6th March, 1732.

"My dearest Sister,—Next Monday comes my Betrothal, which will be done just as yours was. The Person in question is neither beautiful nor ugly, not wanting for sense, but very ill brought up, timid, and totally behind in manners and social behavior (*manières du savoir-vivre*): that is the candid portrait of this Princess. You may judge by that, dearest Sister, if I find her to my taste or not. The greatest merit she has is that she has procured me the liberty of writing to you, which is the one solacement I have in your absence.

"You never can believe, my adorable Sister, how concerned I am about your happiness; all my wishes centre there, and every moment of my life I form such wishes. You may see by this that I preserve still that sincere friendship which has united our hearts from our tenderest years; recognize at least, my dear Sister, that you did me a sensible wrong when you suspected me of fickleness toward you, and believed false reports of my listening to talebearers; me, who love only you, and whom neither absence nor lying rumors could change in respect of you. At least don't again believe such things on my score, and never mistrust me till you have had clear proof, or till God has forsaken me, and I have lost my wits. And being persuaded that such miseries are not in store to overwhelm me, I here repeat how much I love you, and with what respect and sincere veneration I am, and shall be till death, my dearest Sister,

"Your most humble and faithful Brother and Valet,

"FRIDERICH."[21]

That was on the Thursday; Betrothal is on the Monday following. Document *second* is from poor old Fassmann, and quite of external nature, which we much abridge:

"Monday evening, all creatures are in gala, and the Royal Apartments up stairs are brilliantly alight; Duke of Lorraine, with the other high strangers, are requested to take their place up there, and wait for a short while. Prussian Majesty, Queen and Crown-Prince with him, proceeds then, in a solemn official manner, to the Durchlaucht of Bev-

[21] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 1st, p. 5.

ern's Apartment, in a lower floor of the Palace, where the Bevern Party, Duke, Duchess, Son, and intended Charmer are. Prussian Majesty asks the Durchlaucht and Spouse 'whether the Marriage, some time treated of, between that their Princess here present and this his Crown-Prince likewise here, is really a thing to their mind?' Serene Spouses answer to the effect, 'Yea, surely, very much!' Upon which they all solemnly ascend to the Royal Apartments up stairs" (where we have seen Wilhelmina dancing before now), "where Lorraine, Würtemberg, and the other sublimities are in waiting. Lorraine and the sublimities form a semicircle, with the two Majesties and pair of young creatures in the centre. You young creatures, you are of one intention with your parents in this matter? Alas! there is no doubt of it. Pledge yourselves, then, by exchange of rings, said his Majesty with due business brevity. The rings are exchanged; Majesty embraces the two young creatures with great tenderness," as do Queen and Serenities, and then all the world takes to embracing and congratulating, and so the Betrothal is a finished thing. Bassoons and violins, striking up, whirl it off in universal dancing—in "supper of above Two hundred and sixty persons," princely, or otherwise sublime in rank, "with spouses and noble ladies there" in the due proportion.[22]

Here is fraction of another Note from the Crown-Prince to his sister at Baireuth, a fortnight after that event:

Berlin, 24th March, 1732 (to Princess Wilhelmina).—* * "God be praised that you are better, dearest Sister! for nobody can love you more tenderly than I do. As to the Princess of Bevern" (my Betrothed), "the Queen" (Mamma, whom you have been consulting on these etiquettes) "bids me answer that you need not style her 'Highness,' and that you may write to her quite as to an indifferent Princess. As to 'kissing of the hands,' I assure you I have not kissed them, nor will kiss them; they are not pretty enough to tempt one that way. God long preserve you in perfect health! And you, preserve for me always the honor of your good graces; and believe, my charming Sister, that never brother in the world loved with such tenderness a sister so charming as mine; in short, believe, dear Sister, that, without compliments, and in literal truth, I am yours wholly (*tout à vous*),

"FRIDERICH."[23]

This is the Betrothal of the Crown-Prince to an Insipidity of Brunswick. Insipidity's private feelings, perhaps of a languidly glad sort, are not known to us; Crown-Prince's we have in part seen. He has decided to accept his fate without a murmur

[22] Fassmann, p. 432–433. [23] Ib., xxvii., part 1st, p. 5.

April, 1732.

farther. Against his poor Bride or her qualities not a word more. In the Schloss of Berlin, amid such tempests of female gossip (Mamma still secretly corresponding with England), he has to be very reserved, on this head especially. It is understood he did not, in his heart, nearly so much dislike the insipid Princess as he wished Papa to think he did.

Duke Franz of Lorraine went off above a week ago, on the Saturday following the Betrothal; an amiable, serene young gentleman, well liked by the Crown-Prince and every body. "He avoided the Saxon Court, though passing near it," on his way to old Kur-Maintz, "which is a sign," thinks Fassmann, "that mutual matters are on a weak footing in that quarter;" Pragmatic Sanction never accepted there, and plenty of intricacies existing. Crown-Prince Friedrich may now go to Ruppin and the Regiment Goltz, his business and destinies being now all reduced to a steady condition—steady sky, rather leaden, instead of the tempestuous thunder and lightning weather which there heretofore was. Leaden sky, he, if left well to himself, will perhaps brighten a little. Study will be possible to him; improvement of his own faculties, at any rate. It is much his determination. Outwardly, besides drilling the Regiment of Goltz, he will have a steady correspondence to keep up with his Brunswick Charmer; let him see that he be not slack in that.

CHAPTER II.

SMALL INCIDENTS AT RUPPIN.

FRIEDRICH, after some farther pause in Berlin till things were got ready for him, went to Ruppin. This is in the Spring of 1732;[1] and he continued to have his residence there till August, 1736. Four important years of young life, of which we must edeavor to give, in some intelligible condition, what traces go hovering about in such records as there are.

[1] Still in Berlin, 6th March; dates from *Nauen* (in the Ruppin neighborhood) for the first time, 25th April, 1732, among his *Letters* yet extant: Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 1st, p. 4; xvi., 49.

Ruppin, where lies the main part of the Regiment Goltz, and where the Crown-Prince Colonel of it dwells, is a quiet, dull little Town in that northwestern region; inhabitants, grown at this day to be 10,000, are perhaps guessable then at 2000. Regiment Goltz daily rolls its drums in Ruppin; Town otherwise lifeless enough, except on market-days; and the grandest event ever known in it, this removal of the Crown-Prince thither, which is doubtless much a theme, and proud temporary miracle to Ruppin at present. Of society there or in the neighborhood, for such a resident, we hear nothing.

Quiet Ruppin stands in grassy flat country, much of which is natural moor, and less of it reclaimed at that time than now. The environs, except that they are a bit of the Earth, and have a bit of the Sky over them, do not set up for loveliness. Natural woods abound in that region; also peat-bogs not yet drained, and fishy lakes and meres of a dark complexion: plenteous cattle there are, pigs among them; thick-soled husbandmen inarticulately toiling and moiling. Some glass-furnaces, a royal establishment, are the only manufactures we hear of. Not a picturesque country, but a quiet and innocent, where work is cut out, and one hopes to be well left alone after doing it. This Crown-Prince has been in far less desirable localities.

He had a reasonable house, two houses made into one for him, in the place. He laid out for himself a garden in the outskirts, with what they call a "temple" in it—some more or less ornamental garden-house—from which I have read of his "letting off rockets" in a summer twilight. Rockets to amuse a small dinner-party, I should guess—dinner of Officers, such as he had weekly or twice a week. On stiller evenings we can fancy him there in solitude, reading meditative, or musically fluting; looking out upon the silent death of Day: how the summer gloaming steals over the moorlands, and over all lands, shutting up the toil of mortals, their very flocks and herds collapsing into silence, and the big Skies and endless Times overarching him and them; with thoughts perhaps sombre enough now and then, but profitable if he face them piously.

His Father's affection is returning; would so fain return if it durst; but the heart of Papa has been sadly torn up: it is too

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good news to be quite believed that he has a son grown wise and doing son-like! Rumor also is very busy, rumor and the Tobacco Parliament for or against; a little rumor is capable of stirring up great storms in the suspicious paternal mind. All along during Friedrich's abode at Ruppin this is a constantly recurring weather symptom, very grievous now and then, not to be guarded against by any precaution, though steady persistence in the proper precaution will abate it, and as good as remove it in course of time. Already Friedrich Wilhelm begins to understand that "there is much in this Fritz"—who knows how much, though of a different type from Papa's?—and that it will be better if he and Papa, so discrepant in type, and ticklishly related otherwise, live not too constantly together, as heretofore, which is emphatically the Crown-Prince's notion too.

I perceive he read a great deal at Ruppin; what Books I know not specially, but judge them to be of more serious solid quality than formerly, and that his reading is now generally a kind of studying as well. Not the express Sciences or Technologies—not these in any sort, except the military, and that an express exception. These he never cared for, or regarded as the noble knowledges for a king or man. History and Moral Speculation—what mankind have done and been in this world (so far as "History" will give one any glimpse of that), and what the wisest men, poetical or other, have thought about mankind and their world—this is what he evidently had the appetite for; appetite insatiable, which lasted with him to the very end of his days. Fontenelle, Rollin, Voltaire, all the then French lights, and gradually others that lay deeper in the firmament—what suppers of the gods one may privately have at Ruppin, without expense of wine! Such an opportunity for reading he had never had before.

In his soldier business he is punctual, assiduous, having an interest to shine that way, and is, in fact, approvable as a practical officer and soldier by the strictest judge then living. Reads on soldiering withal; studious to know the rationale of it, the ancient and modern methods of it, the essential from the unessential in it; to understand it thoroughly, which he got to do. One already hears of conferences, correspondences with the

Old Dessauer on this head: "Account of the Siege of Stralsund," with plans, with diadactic commentaries, drawn up by that gunpowder Sage for behoof of the Crown-Prince, did actually exist, though I know not what has become of it. Now and afterward this Crown-Prince must have been a great military reader. From Cæsar's *Commentaries*, and earlier, to the Chevalier Folard and the Marquis Feuquière;[2] from Epaminondas at Leuctra to Charles XII. at Pultowa, all manner of Military Histories, we perceive, are at his finger-ends, and he has penetrated into the essential heart of each, and learned what it had to teach him. Something of this, how much we know not, began at Ruppin, and it did not end again.

On the whole, Friedrich is prepared to distinguish himself henceforth by strictly conforming, in all outward particulars possible, to the paternal will, and becoming the most obedient of sons; partly from policy and necessity, partly also from loyalty; for he loves this rugged Father, and begins to perceive that there is more sense in his peremptory notions than at first appeared. The young man is himself rather wild, as we have seen, with plenty of youthful petulance and longings after forbidden fruit. And then he lives in an element of gossip; his whole life enveloped in a vast Dionysius' Ear, every word and action liable to be debated in Tobacco Parliament. He is very scarce of money, too, Papa's allowance being extremely moderate, "not above 6000 thalers (£900)," says Seckendorf once.[3] There will be contradictions enough to settle: caution, silence, every kind of prudence will be much recommendable.

In all outward particulars the Crown-Prince will conform; in the inward he will exercise a judgment, and if he can not conform, will at least be careful to hide. To do his Commandant duties at Ruppin, and avoid offenses, is much his determination. We observe he takes great charge of his men's health; has the Regiment Goltz in a shiningly exact condition at the grand re-

[2] *Mémoires sur la Guerre* (specially on the Wars of Louis XIV., in which Feuquière had himself shone): a new Book at this time (Amsterdam, 1731; first *complete* edition is Paris, 1770, 4 vols. 4to); at Ruppin, and afterward, a chief favorite with Friedrich.

[3] Förster, iii., 114 (Seckendorf to Eugene).

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views; is very industrious now and afterward to get tall recruits, as a dainty to Papa; knows that nothing in Nature is so sure of conciliating that strange old gentleman; corresponds accordingly, in distant quarters; lays out, now and afterward, sums far too heavy for his means upon tall recruits for Papa. But it is good to conciliate in that quarter by every method and at every expense; Argus of Tobacco Parliament still watching one there, and Rumor needing to be industriously dealt with, difficult to keep down.

Such, so far as we can gather, is the general figure of Friedrich's life at Ruppin. Specific facts of it, anecdotes about it, are few in those dim Books; are uncertain as to truth, and without importance, whether true or not. For all his gravity and Colonelship, it would appear the old spirit of frolic has not quitted him. Here are two small incidents pointing that way, which stand on record, credible enough, though vague and without importance otherwise. Incident *first* is to the following feeble effect; indisputable, though extremely unmomentous: Regiment Goltz, it appears, used to have gold trimmings; the Colonel Crown-Prince petitioned that they might be of silver, which he liked better; Papa answers Yes. Regiment Goltz gets its new regimentals done in silver; the Colonel proposes they shall solemnly *burn* their old regimentals; and they do it, the Officers of them, *sub dio*, perhaps in the Prince's garden, stripping successively in the "Temple" there, with such degree of genial humor, loud laughter, or at least boisterous mock solemnity as may be in them. This is a true incident of the Prince's history, though a small one.

Incident *second* is of slightly more significance, and intimates, not being quite alone in its kind, a questionable habit or method the Crown-Prince must have had of dealing with Clerical Persons hereabout when they proved troublesome. Here are no fewer than three such Persons, or Parsons, of the Ruppin Country, who got mischief by him. How the first gave offense shall be seen, and how he was punished; offenses of the second and the third we can only guess to have been perhaps pulpit rebukes of said punishment, perhaps general preaching against military levities, want of piety, nay, open sinfulness in thoughtless young

men with cockades, whereby the thoughtless young men were again driven to think of nocturnal charivari? We will give the story in Dr. Büsching's own words, who looks before and after to great distances in a way worth attending to. The Herr Doctor, an endless Collector and Compiler on all manner of subjects, is very authentic always, and does not want for natural sense, but he is also very crude, and here and there not far from stupid, such his continual haste, and slobbery manner of working up those Hundred and odd Volumes of his:[4]

"The sanguine choleric temperament of Friedrich," says this Doctor, "drove him, in his youth, to sensual enjoyments and wild amusements of different kinds; in his middle age, to fiery enterprises; and in his old years, to decisions and actions of a righteous and vehement nature, yet so that the primary form of utterance, as seen in his youth, never altogether ceased with him. There are people still among us (1788) who have had, in their own experience, knowledge of his youthful pranks, and yet more are living who know that he himself, at table, would gayly recount what merry strokes were done by him, or by his order, in those young years. To give an instance or two.

"While he was at Neu-Ruppin as Colonel of the Infantry Regiment there, the Chaplain of it sometimes waited upon him about the time of dinner, having been used to dine occasionally with the former Colonel. The Crown-Prince, however, put him always off; did not ask him to dinner; spoke contemptuously of him in the presence of the Officers. The Chaplain was so inconsiderate, he took to girding at the Crown-Prince in his Sermons. 'Once on a time,' preached he, one day, 'there was Herod who had Herodias to dance before him; and he—he gave her John the Baptist's head for her pains.'" This *Herod*, Büsching says, was understood to mean, and meant, the Crown-Prince; *Herodias*, the merry corps of Officers who made sport for him; *John the Baptist's head* was no other than the Chaplain not invited to dinner! "To punish him for such a sally, the Crown-Prince, with the young Officers of his Regiment, went one night to the Chaplain's house," somewhere hard by, with cow's grass adjoining to it, as we see, and "first they knocked in the windows of his sleeping-room upon him" (*hinge*-windows, glass not entirely broken, we may hope); "next there were crackers" (*Schwärmer*, "enthusiasts," so to speak!) "thrown in upon him; and thereby the Chaplain and his poor Wife," more or less in an interesting condition, poor woman, "were driven out into the court-yard, and at

[4] See his Autobiography, which forms *Beyträge*, B. vi. (the biggest and last Volume)

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last into the dung-heap there," and so left, with their Head on a Charger to that terrible extent!

That is Büsching's version of the story, no doubt substantially correct, of which there are traces in other quarters, for it went farther than Ruppin, and the Crown-Prince had like to have got into trouble from it. "Here is piety!" said Rumor, carrying it to Tobacco Parliament. The Crown-Prince plaintively assures Grumkow that it was the Officers, and that they got punished for it. A likely story, the Prince's!

"When King Friedrich, in his old days, recounted this after dinner in his merry tone, he was well pleased that the guests, and even the pages and valets behind his back, laughed aloud at it." Not a pious old King, Doctor, still less an orthodox one! The Doctor continues: "In a like style, at Nauen, where part of his regiment lay, he had—by means of Herr von der Gröben, his First Lieutenant," much a comrade of his, as we otherwise perceive—"the Diaconus of Nauen and his Wife hunted out of bed, and thrown into terror of their lives one night:" offense of the Diaconus not specified. "Nay, he himself once pitched his gold-headed stick through Salpius, the Church Inspector's window"—offense again not specified, or perhaps merely for a little artillery practice?—"and the throw was so dexterous that it merely made a round hole in the glass; stick was lying on the floor; and the Prince," on some excuse or other, "sent for it next morning." "Margraf Heinrich of Schwedt," continues the Doctor, very trustworthy on points of fact, "was a diligent helper in such operations. Kaiserling," whom we shall hear of, "First Lieutenant von der Gröben," these were prime hands; "Lieutenant Buddenbrock" (old Feldmarschall's son) "used, in his old days, when himself grown high in rank and dining with the King, to be appealed to as witness for the truth of these stories."[5]

These are the two incidents at Ruppin, in such light as they have, and these are all. Opulent History yields from a ton of broken nails these two brass farthings, and shuts her pocket on

[5] Büsching: *Beyträge zu der Lebensgeschichte denkwürdiger Personen*, v. 19–21. Vol. v., wholly occupied with *Friedrich II., King of Prussia* (Halle, 1788), is accessible in French and other languages; many details, and (as Büsching's wont is) few or none not authentic, are to be found in it; a very great secret spleen against Friedrich is also traceable, for which the Doctor may have had his reasons, not obligatory upon readers of the Doctor. The truth is, Friedrich never took the least special notice of him; merely employed and promoted him, when expedient for both parties; and he really was a man of considerable worth, in an extremely crude form.

us again. A Crown-Prince given to frolic among other things, though aware that gravity would beseem him better. Much gay bantering humor in him, cracklings, radiations, which he is bound to keep well under cover in present circumstances.

CHAPTER III.

THE SALZBURGERS.

FOR three years past there has been much rumor over Germany of a strange affair going on in the remote Austrian quarter, down in Salzburg and its fabulous Tyrolese Valleys. Salzburg, city and territory, has an Archbishop not theoretically Austrian, but sovereign Prince, so styled; it is from him, and his orthodoxies, and pranks with his sovereign crosier, that the noise originates. Strange rumor of a body of the population discovered to be Protestant among the remote Mountains, and getting miserably ill used by the Right Reverend Father in those parts, which rumor, of a singular, romantic, religious interest for the general Protestant world, proves to be but too well founded. It has come forth in the form of practical complaint to the *Corpus Evangelicorum* at the Diet, without result from the Corpus —complaint to various persons—in fine, to his Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm, *with* result.

With result at last: actual "Emigration of the Salzburgers;" and Germany—in these very days, while the Crown-Prince is at Berlin betrothing himself, and Franz of Lorraine witnessing the *exercitia* and wonders there—sees a singular phenomenon of a touching idyllic nature going on, and has not yet quite forgotten it in our days. Salzburg Emigration was all in motion, flowing steadily onward, by various routes, toward Berlin, at the time the Betrothal took place; and seven weeks after that event, when the Crown-Prince had gone to Ruppin, and again could only hear of it, the first Installment of Emigrants arrived bodily at the Gates of Berlin, "30th April, at four in the afternoon;" Majesty himself and all the world going out to witness it, with something of a poetic, almost of a psalmist feeling, as well as with a practical on the part of his Majesty. First Installment

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this, copiously followed by others, all that year; and flowing on in smaller rills and drippings, for several years more, till it got completed. A notable phenomenon, full of lively picturesque and other interest to Brandenburg and Germany, which was not forgotten by the Crown-Prince in coming years, as we shall transiently find; nay, which all Germany still remembers, and even occasionally sings, of which this is, in brief, the history.

The Salzburg Country, northeastern slope of the Tyrol (Donau draining that side of it, Etsch or Adige the Italian side), is celebrated by the Tourist for its airy beauty, rocky mountains, smooth green valleys, and swift-rushing streams; perhaps some readers have wandered to Bad-Gastein, or Ischl, in these nomadic summers; have looked into Salzburg, Berchtesgaden, and the Bavarian-Austrian boundary-lands; seen the wooden-clock makings, salt-works, toy manufactures, of those simple people in their slouch hats, and can bear some testimony to the phenomena of Nature there. Salzburg is the Archbishop's City, metropolis of his bit of sovereignty that then was[1]—a romantic City, far off among its beautiful Mountains, shadowing itself in the Salza River, which rushes down into the Inn, into the Donau, now becoming great with the tribute of so many valleys. Salzburg we have not known hitherto except as the fabulous resting-place of Kaiser Barbarossa, but we are now slightly to see it in a practical light, and mark how the memory of Friedrich Wilhelm makes an incidental lodgment for itself there.

It is well known there was extensive Protestantism once in those countries. Prior to the Thirty-Years War, the fair chance was, Austria too would all become Protestant; an extensive minority among all ranks of men in Austria too, definable as the serious intelligence of mankind in those countries, having clearly adopted it, whom the others were sure to follow—in all ranks

[1] Tolerable description of it in the Baron Riesbeck's *Travels through Germany* (London, 1787, Translation by Maty, 3 vols. 8vo), i., 124–222; whose details otherwise, on this Emigration business, are of no authenticity or value. A kind of play-actor and miscellaneous Newspaper man in that time (not so opulent to his class as ours is), who takes the title of "Baron" on this occasion of coming out with a Book of Imaginary "*Travels*." Had personally lived, practicing the miscellaneous arts, about Lintz and Salzburg, and may be heard on the look of the Country, if on little else.

of men, only not in the highest rank, which was pleased rather to continue Official and Papal. Highest rank had its Thirty-Years War, "its sleek Fathers Lämmerlein and Hyacinth in Jesuit serge, its terrible Fathers Wallenstein in chain armor," and, by working late and early then and afterward, did manage at length to trample out Protestantism, they know with what advantage by this time—trample out Protestantism, or drive it into remote nooks, where, under sad conditions, it might protract an unnoticed existence. In the Imperial Free-Towns, Ulm, Augsburg, and the like, Protestantism continued, and under hard conditions contrives to continue; but in the country parts, except in unnoticed nooks, it is extinct. Salzburg Country is one of those nooks, an extensive Crypto-Protestantism lodging, under the simple slouch hats, in the remote valleys there. Protestantism peaceably kept concealed, hurting nobody; wholesomely forwarding the wooden-clock manufacture, and arable or grazier husbandries of those poor people. More harmless sons of Adam, probably, did not breathe the vital air than those dissentient Salzburgurs, generation after generation of them giving offense to no creature.

Successive Archbishops had known of this Crypto-Protestantism, and in remote periods had made occasional slight attempts upon it, but none at all for a long time past. All attempts that way, as ineffectual for any purpose but stirring up strife, had been discontinued for many generations,[2] and the Crypto-Protestantism was again become a mythical romantic object, ignored by Official persons. However, in 1727, there came a new Archbishop, one "Firmian," Count Firmian by secular quality, of a strict lean character, zealous rather than wise, who had brought his orthodoxies with him in a rigid and very lean form.

Right Reverend Firmian had not been long in Salzburg till he smelled out the Crypto-Protestantism, and determined to haul it forth from the mythical condition into the practical, and, in fact, to see his law-beagles there worry it to death as they ought. Hence the rumors that had risen over Germany in 1729: Law-terriers penetrating into human cottages in those remote Salzburg valleys, smelling out some German Bible or devout Book,

[2] Buchholz, i., 148–151.

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making lists of Bible-reading cottagers, haling them to the Right Reverend Father in God, thence to prison, since they would not undertake to cease reading; with fine, with confiscation, tribulation; for the peaceable Salzburgers, respectful creatures, doffing their slouch hats almost to mankind in general, were entirely obstinate in that matter of the Bible: "Can not, your Reverence; must not, dare not!" and went to prison or whithersoever rather; a wide cry rising, Let us sell our possessions and leave Salzburg then, according to Treaty of Westphalia, Article so and so. "Treaty of Westphalia? Leave Salzburg?" shrieked the Right Reverend Father: "Are we getting into open mutiny, then? Open extensive mutiny!" shrieked he. Borrowed a couple of Austrian regiments—Kaiser and we always on the pleasantest terms—and marched the most refractory of his Salzburgers over the frontiers (retaining their properties and families), whereupon noise rose louder and louder.

Refractory Salzburgers sent Deputies to the Diet; appealed, complained to the *Corpus Evangelicorum*, Treaty of Westphalia in hand, without result. *Corpus*, having verified matters, complained to the Kaiser, to the Right Reverend Father. The Kaiser, intent on getting his Pragmatic Sanction through the Diet, and anxious to offend nobody at present, gave good words, but did nothing; the Right Reverend Father answered a Letter or two from the *Corpus*, and then said at last he wished to close the Correspondence, had the honor to be, and answered no farther when written to. *Corpus* was without result. So it lasted through 1730; rumor, which rose in 1729, waxing ever louder into practicable or impracticable shape through that next year; tribulation increasing in Salzburg, and noise among mankind. In the end of 1730, the Salzburgers sent Two Deputies to Friedrich Wilhelm at Berlin—solid-hearted, thick-soled men, able to answer for themselves, and give real account of Salzburg and the phenomena: this brought matters into a practicable state.

"Are you actual Protestants, the Treaty of Westphalia applicable to you? Not mere fanatic mystics, as Right Reverend Firmian asserts; protectible by no Treaty?" That was Friedrich Wilhelm's first question; and he set his two chief Berlin Clergymen, learned Roloff one of them, a divine of much fame,

to catechise the two Salzburg Deputies, and report upon the point. Their Report, dated Berlin, 30th November, 1730, with specimens of the main questions, I have read,[3] and can fully certify, along with Roloff and friend, that here are orthodox Protestants, apparently of very pious peaceable nature, suffering hard wrong; orthodox beyond doubt, and covered by the Treaty of Westphalia; whereupon his Majesty dismisses them with assurance, "Return, and say there shall be help!" and straightway lays hand on the business, strong, swift, steady hand as usual, with a view that way.

Salzburg being now a clear case, Friedrich Wilhelm writes to the Kaiser—to the King of England, King of Denmark; orders preparations to be made in Preussen, vacant messuages to be surveyed, moneys to be laid up; bids his man at the Regensburg Diet signify that, unless this thing is rectified, his Prussian Majesty will see himself necessitated to take effectual steps: "reprisals" the first step, according to the old method of his Prussian Majesty. Rumor of the Salzburg Protestants rises higher and higher. Kaiser intent on conciliating every *Corpus*, Evangelical and other, for his Pragmatic Sanction's sake, admonishes Right Reverend Firmian; intimates at last to him that he will actually have to let these poor people emigrate if they demand it, Treaty of Westphalia being express. In the end of 1731 it has come thus far.

"Emigrate, says your Imperial Majesty? Well, they shall emigrate," answers Firmian; "the sooner the better!" And straightway, in the dead of winter, marches, in convenient divisions, some Nine hundred of them over the frontiers: "Go about your business, then; emigrate—to the Old One, if you like!" "And our properties, our goods and chattels?" ask they. "Be thankful you have kept your skins. Emigrate, I say!" And the poor Nine hundred had to go out in the rigor of winter, "hoary old men among them, and women coming near their time," and seek quarters in the wide world, mostly unknown to them. Truly Firmian is an orthodox Herr, acquainted with the laws of fair usage and the time of day. The sleeping Barbarossa does not awaken upon him within the Hill here, but in the

[3] Fassmann, p. 446-448.

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Roncalic Fields, long ago, I should not have liked to stand in his shoes!

Friedrich Wilhelm, on this procedure at Salzburg, intimates to his Halberstadt and Minden Catholic gentlemen that their Establishments must be locked up and incomings suspended; that they can apply to the Right Reverend Firmian upon it, and bids his man at Regensburg to signify to the Diet that such is the course adopted here. Right Reverend Firmian has to hold his hand; finds both that there shall be Emigration, and that it must go forward on human terms, not inhuman; and that, in fact, the Treaty of Westphalia will have to guide it, not he henceforth. Those poor ousted Salzburgers cower into the Bavarian cities till the weather mend, and his Prussian Majesty's arrangements be complete for their brethren and them.

His Prussian Majesty has been maturing his plans all this while; gathering moneys, getting lands ready. We saw him hanging Schlubhut in the Autumn of 1731, who had peculated from said moneys, and surveying Preussen under storms of thunder and rain on one occasion. Preussen is to be the place for these people; Tilsit and Memel region, same where the big Fight of Tannenberg and ruin of the Teutsch Ritters took place; in that fine fertile Country there are homes got ready for this Emigration out of Salzburg.

Long ago, at the beginning of this History, did not the reader hear of a Pestilence in Prussian Lithuania—Pestilence in old King Friedrich's time, for which the then Crown-Prince, now Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm, vainly solicited help from the Treasury, and only brought about partial change of Ministry and no help? "Fifty-two Towns" were more or less entirely depopulated; hundreds of thousands of fertile acres fell to waste again, the hands that had plowed them being swept away. The new Majesty, so soon as ever the Swedish War was got rid of, took this matter diligently in hand; built up the fifty-two ruined towns; issued Proclamations once and again (Years 1719, 1721) to the Wetterau, to Switzerland, Saxony, Schwaben,[4] inviting Colonists to come, and, on favorable terms, till and reap there. His terms are favorable, well considered, and are honestly kept.

[4] Buchholz, i., 148.

He has a fixed set of terms for Colonists: their road-expenses thither, so much a day allowed each traveling soul; homesteads, plowing implements, cattle, land, await them at their journey's end; their rent and services, accurately specified, are light, not heavy; and "immunities" from this and that are granted them, for certain years, till they get well nestled. Excellent arrangements; and his Majesty has, in fact, got about 20,000 families in that way, and still there is room for thousands more; so that, if the tyrannous Firmian took to tribulating Salzburg in that manner, Heaven had provided remedies and a Prussian Majesty. Heaven is very opulent; has alchemy to change the ugliest substances into beautifulest. Privately to his Majesty, for months back, this Salzburg Emigration is a most manageable matter. Manage well, it will be a godsend to his Majesty, and fit as by pre-established harmony into the ancient Prussian sorrow; and "two afflictions well put together shall become a consolation," as the proverb promises! Go along, then, Right Reverend Firmian, with your Emigration there; only no foul play in it, or Halberstadt and Minden get locked; for the rest of the matter we will undertake.

And so, February 2d, 1732, Friedrich Wilhelm's Proclamation[5] flew abroad over the world—brief and business-like, cheering to all but Firmian—to this purport: "Come, ye poor Salzburgers, there are homes provided for you. Apply at Regensburg, at Halle; Commissaries are appointed; will take charge of your long march and you. Be kind, all Christian German Princes; do not hinder them and me." And in a few days farther, still early in February (for the matter is all ready before proclaiming), an actual Prussian Commissary hangs out his announcements at Donauwörth, old City known to us, within reach of the Salzburg Boundaries; collects, in a week or two, his first lot of Emigrants, near a thousand strong, and fairly takes the road with them.

A long road and a strange; I think above five hundred miles before we get to Halle, within Prussian land, and then seven hundred more to our place there, in the utmost East. Men, women, infants, and hoary grandfathers are here; most of their

[5] Copy of it in Mauvillon, February, 1732, ii., 311.

property sold, still on ruinous conditions; think of it, your Majesty. Their poor bits of preciosities and heir-looms they have with them, made up in succinct bundles, stowed on ticketed baggage-wains: "some have their own poor cart and horse to carry the too old and the too young, those that can not walk" —a pilgrimage like that of the Children of Israel: such a pilgrim caravan as was seldom heard of in our Western Countries. These poor succinct bundles; the making of them up and stowing of them; the pangs of simple hearts in those remote native valleys; the tears that were not seen, the cries that were addressed to God only; and then, at last, the actual turning out of the poor caravan, in silently practical condition, staff in hand, no audible complaint heard from it, ready to march, practically marching here—which of us can think of it without emotion, sad and yet in a sort blessed!

Every Emigrant man has four *groschen* a day (fourpence odd) allowed him for road expenses, every woman three groschen, every child two; and regularity itself, in the shape of Prussian Commissaries, presides over it. Such marching of the Salzburgers, host after host of them, by various routes, from February onward—above Seven thousand of them this year, and Ten thousand more that gradually followed—was heard of at all German firesides and in all European lands—a phenomenon much filling the general ear and imagination, especially at the first emergence of it. We will give from poor old authentic Fassmann, as if caught up by some sudden photograph apparatus, a rude but undeniable glimpse or two into the actuality of this business: the reader will in that way sufficiently conceive it for himself.

Glimpse *first* is of an Emigrant party arriving, in the cold February days of 1732, at Nördlingen, Protestant Free Town in Bavaria: Three hundred of them; first section, I think, of those Nine hundred who were packed away unceremoniously by Firmian last winter, and have been wandering about Bavaria, lodging "in Kaufbeuern" and various preliminary Towns till the Prussian Commissaries are by this time got to Donauwörth; but these poor Salzburgers are ahead of them, wandering under the voluntary principle as yet. Nördlingen, in Bavaria, is an

old Imperial Free Town; Protestantism not suppressed there, as it has been all round; scene of some memorable fighting in the Thirty-Years War, especially of a bad defeat to the Swedes and Bernhard of Weimar, the worst they had in the course of that bad business. The Salzburgers are in number Three hundred and thirty-one; time, "first days of February, 1732; weather very cold and raw." The charitable Protestant Town has been expecting such an advent:

"Two chief Clergymen, and the Schoolmaster and Scholars, with some hundreds of citizens and many young people, went out to meet them; there, in the open field, stood the Salzburgers, with their wives and their little ones, with their bullock-carts and baggage-wains," pilgriming toward unknown parts of the Earth. "'Come in, ye blessed of the Lord! Why stand ye without?' said the Parson, solemnly, by way of welcome; and addressed a Discourse to them," devout and yet human, true every word of it, enough to draw tears from any Fassmann that were there; Fassmann and we not far from weeping without words. "Thereupon they ranked themselves two and two, and marched into the Town," straight to the Church, I conjecture, Town all out to participate; "and there the two reverend gentlemen successively addressed them again from appropriate texts: Text of the first reverend gentleman was, *And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.*[6] Text of the second was, *Now the Lord had said unto Abraham, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee.*"[7] Excellent texts; well handled, let us hope, especially with brevity. "After which the strangers were distributed, some into public houses, others home by the citizens to lodge.

"Out of the Spital there was distributed to each person, for the first three days, a half pound of flesh-meat, bread, and a measure of beer. The remaining days they got in money six *kreutzers* (twopence) each, and bread. On Sunday, at the Church doors there was a collection: no less than eight hundred *gulden*" (£80; population, say, three thousand) "for this object. At Sermon they were put into the central part of the Church," all Nördlingen lovingly encompassing them, "and were taught in two sermons," texts not given, "*What the true Church is built of*, and then *Of true Faith, and what love a Christian ought to have*," Nördlingen copiously shedding tears the while (*viele Thränen vergos-*

[6] Matthew, xix., 29.

[7] Genesis, xii., 1.

sen), as it well might. "Going to Church and coming from it, each Landlord walked ahead of his party; party followed two and two. On other days there was much catechising of them at different parts of the Town"—orthodox enough, you see; nothing of superstition or fanaticism in the poor people—"they made a good testimony of their Evangelical truth.

"The Baggage-wagons which they had with them, ten in number, upon which some of their old people sat, were brought into the Town. The Baggage was unloaded, and the packages, Two hundred and eighty-one of them in all" (for Fassmann is Photography itself), "were locked in the Zoll-Haus. Over and above what they got from the Spital, the Church collection, and the Town-chest, Citizens were liberal; daily sent them food, or daily had them by fours and fives to their own houses to meat." And so let them wait for the Prussian Commissary, who is just at hand: "they would not part from one another, these Three hundred and thirty-one," says Fassmann, "though their reunion was but of that accidental nature."[8]

Glimpse *second:* not dated; perhaps some ten days later, and a Prussian Commissary with this party:

"On their getting to the Anspach Territory, there was so incredible a joy at the arrival of these exiled Brothers in the Faith (*Glaubens-Brüder*) that in all places, almost in the smallest hamlets, the bells were set a tolling, and nothing was heard but a peal of welcome from far and near." Prussian Commissary, when about quitting Anspach, asked leave to pass through Bamberg; Bishop of Bamberg, too orthodox a gentleman, declined; so the Commissary had to go by Nürnberg and Baireuth. Ask not if his welcome was good in those Protestant places. "At Erlangen, fifteen miles from Nürnberg, where are French Protestants and a Dowager Margravine of Baireuth"—Widow of Wilhelmina's Father-in-law's predecessor (if the reader can count that); *daughter* of Weissenfels, who was for marrying Wilhelmina not long since!—"at Erlangen, Serene Dowager snatched up fifty of them into her own House for Christian refection; and Burghers of means had twelve, fifteen, and eighteen of them, following such example set. Nay, certain French Citizens, prosperous and childless, besieged the Prussian Commissary to allow them a few Salzburg children for adoption; especially one Frenchman was extremely urgent and specific; but the Commissary, not having any order, was obliged to refuse."[9] These must have been interesting days for the two young Margravines, forwarding Papa's poor Pilgrims in that manner.

"At Baireuth," other side of Nürnberg, "it was toward Good Friday

[8] Fassmann, p. 439–440.

[9] Ib., p. 449.

when the Pilgrims under their Commissarius arrived. They were lodged in the Villages about, but came copiously into the Town—came all in a body to Church on Good Friday, and at coming out, were one and all carried off to dinner, a very scramble arising among the Townsfolk to get hold of Pilgrims and dine them. Vast numbers were carried to the Schloss:" one figures Wilhelmina among them, figures the Hereditary Prince and old Margraf: their treatment there was "beyond belief," says Fassmann; "not only dinner of the amplest quality and quantity, but much money added and other gifts." From Baireuth the route is toward Gera and Thüringen, circling the Bamberg Territory: readers remember Gera, where the Gera Bond was made? "At Gera, a commercial gentleman dined the whole party in his own premises, and his wife gave eight groschen to each individual of them; other two persons, brothers in the place, doing the like. One of the poor pilgrim women had been brought to bed on the journey a day or two before: the Commissarius lodged her in his own inn, for greater safety; Commissarius returning to his inn, finds she is off, nobody at first can tell him whither: a lady of quality (*vornehme Dame*) has quietly sent her carriage for the poor pilgrim sister, and has her in the right softest keeping. No end to people's kindness: many wept aloud, sobbing out, 'Is this all the help we can give?' Commissarius said, 'There will others come shortly; them also you can help.'"

In this manner march these Pilgrims. "From Donauwörth, by Anspach, Nürnberg, Baireuth, through Gera, Zeitz, Weissenfels, to Halle," where they are on Prussian ground, and within few days of Berlin. Other Towns, not upon the first straight route to Berlin, demand to have a share in these grand things; share is willingly conceded: thus the Pilgrims, what has its obvious advantages, march by a good variety of routes. Through Augsburg, Ulm (instead of Donauwörth), thence to Frankfurt; from Frankfurt some direct to Leipzig; some through Cassel, Hanover, Brunswick, by Halberstadt and Magdeburg instead of Halle. Starting all at Salzburg, landing all at Berlin, their routes spread over the Map of Germany in the intermediate space.

"Weissenfels Town and Duke distinguished themselves by liberality; especially the Duke did"—poor old drinking Duke; very Protestant all these Saxon Princes, except the Apostate or Pseudo-Apostate the Physically Strong, for sad political reasons. "In Weissenfels Town, while the Pilgrim procession walked, a certain rude fellow, flax-dresser by trade, by creed Papist or worse, said floutingly, 'The Archbishop ought to have flung you all into the river, you—!' Upon which a men-

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ial servant of the Duke's suddenly broke in upon him in the way of actuality, the whole crowd blazing into flame; and the flaxman would certainly have got irreparable damage had not the Town-guard instantly hooked him away."

April 21st, 1732, the first actual body, a good nine hundred strong,[10] got to Halle, where they were received with devout jubilee, psalm-singing, spiritual and corporeal refection, as at Nördlingen and the other stages, "Archidiaconus Franke" being prominent in it—I have no doubt, a connection of that "*chien de Franke*" whom Wilhelmina used to know. They were lodged in the Waisenhaus (old Franke's *Orphan-house*); Official List of them was drawn up here, with the fit speciality; and, after three days, they took the road again for Berlin. Useful Buchholz, then a very little boy, remembers the arrival of a Body of these Salzburgers—not this, but a later one in August, which passed through his native Village, Pritzwalk in the Priegnitz; how village and village authorities were all awake, with opened stores and hearts; how his Father, the Village Parson, preached at five in the afternoon. The same Buchholz, coming afterward to College at Halle, had the pleasure of discovering two of the Commissaries, two of the three who had mainly superintended in this Salzburg Pilgrimage. Let the reader also take a glance at them, as specimens worth notice:

Commissarius First: "Herr Von Reck was a nobleman from the Hanover Country, of very great piety, who, after his Commission was done, settled at Halle, and lived there, without servant, in privacy, from the small means he had, seeking his sole satisfaction in attendance on the Theological and Ascetic College Lectures, where I used to see him constantly in my student time."

Commissarius Second: "Herr Göbel was a medical man by profession, and had the regular degree of Doctor, but was in no necessity to apply his talents to the gaining of bread. His zeal for religion had moved him to undertake this Commission. Both these gentlemen I have often seen in my youth," but do not tell you what they were like farther; "and both their Christian names have escaped me."

A third Commissarius was of Preussen, and had religious literary tendencies. I suppose these Three served gratis—volunteers; but no doubt under oath, and tied by strict enough Prussian law. Physician,

[10] Buchholz, i., 156.

Chaplain, Road-guide, here they are, probably of supreme quality, ready to our hand.[11]

Buchholz, after "his student time," became a poor Country Schoolmaster, and then a poor Country Parson in his native Altmark. His poor Book is of innocent, clear, faithful nature, with some vein of "unconscious geniality" in it here and there; a Book by no means so destitute of human worth as some that have superseded it. This was posthumous, this "*Newest History*," and has a *Life* of the Author prefixed. He has four previous Volumes on the "*Ancient History of Brandenburg*," which are not known to me. About the year 1745 there were Four poor Schoolmasters in that region (two at Havelberg, one at Seehausen, one at Werben), of extremely studious turn, who, in spite of the Elbe which ran between, used to meet on stated nights for colloquy, for interchange of Books and the like. One of them, the Werben one, was this Buchholz; another, Seehausen, was the Winckelmann so celebrated in after years. A third, one of the Havelberg pair, "went into Mecklenburg in a year or two as Tutor to Karl Ludwig, the Prince of Strelitz's children, whom also mark; for the youngest of these three Strelitz children was no other than the actual "Old Queen Charlotte" (ours and George III.'s), just ready for him with her Hornbooks about that time: Let the poor man have what honor he can from that circumstance! "Prince Karl Ludwig," rather a foolish-looking creature, we may fall in with personally by-and-by.

It was the 30th April, 1732, seven weeks and a day since Crown-Prince Friedrich's Betrothal, that this first body of Salzburg Emigrants, nine hundred strong, arrived at Berlin; "four in the afternoon, at the Brandenburg Gate;" Official persons, nay, Majesty himself, or perhaps both Majesties, waiting there to receive them. Yes, ye poor footsore mortals, there is the dread King himself; stoutish short figure in blue uniform and white wig, straw-colored waistcoat, and white gaiters; stands uncommonly firm on his feet; reddish, blue-reddish face, with eyes that pierce through a man: look upon him, and yet live if you are true men. His Majesty's reception of these poor people

[11] Buchholz: *Neueste Preussisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte* (Berlin, 1775, 2 vols. 4to), i., 155 n.

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could not but be good; nothing now wanting in the formal kind. But better far, in all the essentialities of it, there had not been hitherto, nor was henceforth, the least flaw. This Salzburg Pilgrimage has found for itself, and will find, regulation, guidance, ever a stepping-stone at the needful place; a paved road, so far as human regularity and punctuality could pave one. That is his Majesty's shining merit. "Next Sunday after sermon, they" (this first lot of Salzburgers) "were publicly catechised in church, and all the world could hear their pertinent answers, given often in the very Scripture texts, or express words of Luther."

His Majesty more than once took survey of these Pilgrimage Divisions when they got to Berlin—a pleasant sight, if there were leisure otherwise. On various occasions, too, her Majesty had large parties of them over to Monbijou, to supper there in the fine gardens, and "gave them Bibles" among other gifts, if in want of Bibles through Firmian's industry. Her Majesty was Charity itself—Charity and Grace combined—among these Pilgrims. On one occasion she picked out a handsome young lass among them, and had Painter Pesne over to take her portrait. Handsome lass, by Pesne, in her Tyrolese Hat, shone thenceforth on the walls of Monbijou, and fashion thereupon took up the Tyrolese Hat, "which has been much worn since by the beautiful part of the Creation," says Buchholz, "but how many changes they have introduced in it no pen can trace."

At Berlin the Commissarius ceased, and there was usually given the Pilgrims a Candidatus Theologiæ, who was to conduct them the rest of the way, and be their Clergyman when once settled. Five hundred long miles still. Some were shipped at Stettin; mostly they marched, stage after stage—four groschen a day. At the farther end they found all ready; tight cottages, tillable fields, all implements furnished, and stock—even to "*Federvieh*," or Chanticleer with a modicum of Hens. Old neighbors, and such as liked each other, were put together; fields grew green again, desolate scrubs and scrags yielding to grass and corn. Wooden clocks even came to view, for Berchtesgaden neighbors also emigrated; and Swiss came, and Bavarians and French; and old trades were revived in those new localities.

Something beautifully real idyllic in all this, surely; yet do not fancy that all went like clockwork; that there were not jarrings at every step, as is the way in all things real. Of the Prussian Minister chiefly concerned in settling this new Colony I have heard one saying, forced out of him on some pressure: "There must be somebody for a scolding-stock and scapegoat; I will be it, then!" And then the Salzburg Officials, what a humor they were in! No Letters allowed from those poor Emigrants; the wickedest rumors circulated about them: "All cut to pieces by inroad of the Poles;" "Pressed for soldiers by the Prussian drill-sergeant;" "All flung into the Lakes and stagnant waters there; drowned to the last individual," and so on. Truth, nevertheless, did slowly pierce through; and the "*Grosse Wirth*," our idyllic real Friedrich Wilhelm, was wanting in nothing. Lists of their unjust losses in Salzburg were, on his Majesty's order, made out and authenticated by the many who had suffered in that way there—forced to sell at a day's notice, and the like: with these his Majesty was diligent in the Imperial Court, and did get what human industry could of compensation, a part but not the whole. Contradictory noises had to abate. In the end, sound purpose, built on fact and the Laws of Nature, carried it; lies, vituperations, rumor, and delusion sank to zero, and the true result remained. In 1738, the Salzburg Emigrant Community in Preussen held, in all their Churches, a Day of Thanksgiving, and admitted piously that Heaven's blessing, of a truth, had been upon this King and them. There we leave them, a useful solid population ever since in those parts, increased by this time we know not how many fold.

It cost Friedrich Wilhelm enormous sums, say the Old Histories, probably "ten *tons of gold*"—that is to say, ten Hundred thousand Thalers; almost £150,000, no less! But he lived to see it amply repaid, even in his own time; how much more amply since, being a man skillful in investments to a high degree indeed. Fancy £150,000 invested there, in the Bank of Nature herself, and a Hundred millions invested, say at Balaclava, in the Bank of Newspaper rumor, and the respective rates of interest they will yield a million years hence! This was the most idyllic of Friedrich Wilhelm's feats, and a very real one the while.

We have only to add or repeat that Salzburgers to the number of about 7000 souls arrived at their place this first year, and in the year or two following, less noted by the public, but faring steadily forward upon their four groschen a day, 10,000 more. Friedrich Wilhelm would have gladly taken the whole; "but George II. took a certain number," say the Prussian Books (George II., or pious trustees instead of him), "and settled them at Ebenezer in Virginia"—read Ebenezer *in Georgia*, where General Oglethorpe was busy founding a Colony.[12] There at Ebenezer I calculate they might go ahead, too, after the questionable fashion of that country, and increase and swell, but have never heard of them since.

Salzburg Emigration was a very real transaction on Friedrich Wilhelm's part, but it proved idyllic too, and made a great impression on the German mind. Readers know of a Book called *Hermann and Dorothea?* It is written by the great Goethe, and still worth reading. The great Goethe had heard, when still very little, much talk among the elders about this Salzburg pilgrimage, and how strange a thing it was, twenty years ago and more.[13] In middle life he threw it into Hexameters, into the region of the air, and did that unreal Shadow of it—a pleasant work in its way, since he was not inclined for more.

CHAPTER IV.

PRUSSIAN MAJESTY VISITS THE KAISER.

MAJESTY seeing all these matters well in train—Salzburgers under way, Crown-Prince betrothed according to his Majesty's and the Kaiser's (not to *her* Majesty's, and high-flying little George of England, my Brother the Comedian's) mind and will, begins to think seriously of another enterprise, half business, half pleasure, which has been hovering in his mind for some time. "Visit to my Daughter at Baireuth" he calls it publicly,

[12] Petition to Parliament, 10th (21st) May, 1738, by Oglethorpe and his Trustees, for £10,000 to carry over these Salzburgers, which was granted: Tindal's *Rapin* (London, 1769), xx., 184.

[13] 1749 was Goethe's birth-year.

but it means intrinsically Excursion into Böhmen, to have a word with the Kaiser, and see his Imperial Majesty in the body for once. Too remarkable a thing to be omitted by us here.

Crown-Prince does not accompany on this occasion; Crown-Prince is with his regiment all this while, busy minding his own affairs in the Ruppin quarter; only hears, with more or less interest, of these Salzburg Pilgrim movements, of this Excursion into Böhmen. Here are certain scraps of Letters, which, if once made legible, will assist readers to conceive his situation and employments there—Letters otherwise of no importance, but worth reading on that score. The *first* (or rather first three, which we huddle into one) is from "Nauen," few miles off Ruppin, where one of our Battalions lies, requiring frequent visits there:

1. *To Grumkow, at Berlin* (from the Crown-Prince.)

"Nauen, 25th April, 1732.

"Monsieur, my dearest Friend,—I send you a big mass of papers, which a certain gentleman named Plötz has transmitted me. In faith, I know not in the least what it is; I pray you present it" (to his Majesty, or in the proper quarter), "and make me rid of it.

"To-morrow I go to Potsdam" (a drive of forty miles southward) "to see the exercise, and if we do it here according to pattern. *Neue Besen kehren gut*" (New brooms sweep clean, *in German*); "I shall have to illustrate my new character" of Colonel, "and show that I am *ein tüchtiger Officier* (a right Officer). Be what I may, I shall to you always be," &c., &c.

Nauen, 7th May, 1732. "* * Thousand thanks for informing me how every thing goes on in the world. Things far from agreeable, those leagues" (imaginary, in Tobacco Parliament) "suspected to be forming against our House! But if the Kaiser don't abandon us"—"if God second the valor of 80,000 men resolved to spend their life," "let us hope there will nothing bad happen.

"Meanwhile, till events arrive, I make a pretty stir here (*me trémousse ici d'importance*) to bring my Regiment to its requisite perfection, and I hope I shall succeed. The other day I drank your dear health, Monsieur, and I wait only the news from my Cattle-stall that the Calf I am fattening there is ready for sending to you. I unite Mars and Housekeeping, you see. Send me your Secretary's name, that I may address your Letters that way," our Correspondence needing to be secret in certain quarters. * * "With a" truly infinite esteem, "FRÉDÉRIC."

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Nauen, 10*th May*, 1732. "You will see by this that I am exact to follow your instruction, and that the *Schulz* of Tremmen" (Village in the Brandenburg quarter, with a *Schulz* or Mayor to be depended on) "becomes for the present the mainspring of our correspondence. I return you all the things (*pièces*) you had the goodness to communicate to me, except *Charles Douze*,[1] which attaches me infinitely. The particulars hitherto unknown which he reports; the greatness of that Prince's actions, and the perverse singularity (*bizarrerie*) of his fortune—all this, joined to the lively, brilliant, and charming way the Author has of telling it, renders this Book interesting to the supreme degree. * * * I send you a fragment of my correspondence with the most illustrious Sieur Crochet," some French Envoy or Emissary, I conclude: "you perceive we go on very sweetly together, and are in a high strain. I am sorry I burned one of his Letters, wherein he assured me he would in the Versailles Ante-chamber itself speak of me to the King, and that my name had actually been mentioned at the King's Levee. It certainly is not my ambition to choose this illustrious mortal to publish my renown; on the contrary, I should think it soiled by such a mouth, and prostituted if he were the publisher. But enough of the Crochet: the kindest thing we can do for so contemptible an object is to say nothing of him at all."[2]

Letter *Second* is to Jägermeister Hacke, Captain of the Potsdam Guard, who stands in great nearness to the King's Majesty, and, in fact, is fast becoming his factotum in Army details. We, with the Duke of Lorraine and Majesty in person, saw his marriage to the Excellency Creutz's Fräulein Daughter not long since, who, we trust, has made him happy; rich he is at any rate, and will be Adjutant General before long: powerful in such intricacies as this that the Prince has fallen into.

The Letter has its obscurities; turns earnestly on Recruits tall and short; nor have idle Editors helped us, by the least hint, toward "reading" it with more than the *eyes*. Old Dessauer at this time is Commandant at Magdeburg; Buddenbrock, now passing by Ruppin, we know for a high old General, fit to carry messages from Majesty: we can guess that the flattering Dessauer has sent his Majesty Five gigantic men from the Magdeburg regiments, and that Friedrich is ordered to hustle out Thirty of insignificant stature from his own, by way of counter-

[1] Voltaire's new Book, lately come out, "Bâle, 1731."

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi., 49, 51.

gift to the Dessauer, which Friedrich does instantly, but can not, for his life, see how (being totally cashless) he is to replace them with better, or replace them at all!

2. *To Captain Hacke, of the Potsdam Guard.*

"Ruppin, 15th July, 1732.

"*Mein Gott*, what a piece of news Buddenbrock has brought me! I am to get nothing out of Brandenburg, my dear Hacke? Thirty men I had to sift out of my company in consequence" (of Buddenbrock's order), "and where am I now to get other thirty? I would gladly give the King tall men, as the Dessauer at Magdeburg does, but I have no money; and I don't get, or set up for getting, six men for one" (thirty short for five tall), "as he does. So true is that Scripture: To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath.

"Small art, that the Prince of Dessau's and the Magdeburg Regiments are fine, when they have money at command, and thirty men *gratis* over and above! I, poor devil, have nothing, nor shall have, all my days. Prithee, dear Hacke (*bitte Ihn, lieber Hacke*), think of all that; and if I have no money allowed, I must bring Asmus[3] alone as Recruit next year, and my Regiment will to a certainty be rubbish (*Kroop*). Once I had learned a German Proverb,

"'*Versprechen und halten* (To promise and to keep)
Ziemt wohl Jungen und Alten (Is pretty for young and for old)!'

"I depend alone on you (*Ihn*), dear Hacke; unless you help, there is a bad outlook. To-day I have knocked again" (written to Papa for money); "and if that does not help, it is over. If I could get any money to borrow, it would do; but I need not think of that. Help me, then, dear Hacke! I assure you I will ever remember it, who, at all times, am my dear Herr Captain's devoted (*ganz ergebener*) servant and friend, FRIDERICH."[4]

To which add only this Note, two days later, to Seckendorf, indicating that the process of "borrowing" has already, in some form, begun—process which will have to continue, and to develop itself; and that his Majesty, as Seckendorf well knows, is resolved upon his Bohemian journey:

3. *To the General Feldzeugmeister Graf von Seckendorf.*

"Ruppin, 17th July, 1732.

"My very dear General,—I have written to the King that I owed

[3] Recruit unknown to me.

[4] In German: *Œuvres*, xxvii., part 3d, p. 177.

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you 2125 *thalers* for the Recruits, of which he says there are 600 paid; there remain, therefore, 1525, which he will pay you directly.

"The King is going to Prague: I shall not be of the party" (as you will). "To say truth, I am not very sorry, for it would infallibly give rise to foolish rumors in the world. At the same time, I should have much wished to see the Emperor, Empress, and Prince of Lorraine, for whom I have a quite particular esteem. I beg you, Monsieur, to assure him of it; and to assure yourself that I shall always be, with a great deal of consideration, *Monsieur, mon très-cher Général*," &c.

"FRÉDÉRIC."

And now for the Bohemian Journey, "Visit at Kladrup," as they call it; Ruppin being left in this assiduous and wholesome, if rather hampered condition.

Kaiser Karl and his Empress, in this summer of 1732, were at Karlsbad, taking the waters for a few weeks. Friedrich Wilhelm, who had long, for various reasons, wished to see his Kaiser face to face, thought this would be a good opportunity. The Kaiser himself, knowing how it stood with the Jülich and Berg and other questions, was not anxious for such an interview; still less were his official people, among whom the very ceremonial for such a thing was matter of abstruse difficulty. Seckendorf accordingly had been instructed to hunt wide, and throw in discouragements so far as possible, which he did, but without effect. Friedrich Wilhelm had set his heart upon the thing; wished to behold for once a Head of the Holy Roman Empire and Supreme of Christendom; also to see a little, with his own eyes, into certain matters Imperial.

And so, since an express visit to Karlsbad might give rise to newspaper rumors, and will not suit, it is settled there shall be an accidental intersection of routes as the Kaiser travels homeward, say in some quiet Bohemian Schloss or Hunting-seat of the Kaiser's own, whither the King may come incognito; and thus, with a minimum of noise, may the needful passage of hospitality be done. Easy all of this; only the Vienna Ministers are dreadfully in doubt about the ceremonial, Whether the Imperial hand can be given (I forget if for kissing or for shaking)? nay, at last they manfully declare that it can not be given, and wish his Prussian Majesty to understand that it must be re-

fused.[5] "*Res summæ consequentiæ*," say they, and shake solemnly their big wigs. Nonsense (*Narrenpossen*)! answers the Prussian Majesty. You, Seckendorf, settle about quarters, reasonable food, reasonable lodging, and I will do the ceremonial.

Seckendorf—worth glancing into, for biographical purposes, in this place—has written to his Court that, as to the victual department, his Majesty goes upon good common meat—flesh, to which may be added all manner of river-fish and crabs; sound old Rhenish is his drink, with supplements of brown and of white beer. Dinner-table to be spread always in some airy place, garden-house, tent, big clean barn—Majesty likes air, of all things; will sleep, too, in a clean barn or garden-house: better any thing than being stifled, thinks his Majesty, who, for the rest, does not like mounting stairs.[6] These are the regulations, and we need not doubt they were complied with.

Sunday, 27th July, 1732, accordingly, his Majesty, with five or six carriages, quits Berlin before the sun is up, as is his wont: eastward, by the road for Frankfurt on the Oder; "intends to look at Schulenburg's regiment," which lies in those parts—Schulenburg's regiment for one thing; the rest is secret from the profane vulgar. Schulenburg's regiment (drawn up for Church, I should suppose) is soon looked at; Schulenburg himself, by preappointment, joins the traveling party, which now consists of the King and Eight: known figures, seven, Buddenbrock, Schulenburg, Waldau, Derschau, Seckendorf, Grumkow, Captain Hacke of the Potsdam Guard, and for eighth the Dutch Embassador Ginkel, an accomplished knowing kind of man, whom also my readers have occasionally seen. The conversation, road-colloquy, could it interest any modern reader? It has gone all to dusk; we can only know that it was human, solid for the most part, and had much tobacco intermingled. They were all of the Calvinistic persuasion, of the military profession; knew that life is very serious, that speech without cause is much to be avoided. They traveled swiftly, dined in airy places: they are a *fact*, they and their summer dust-cloud there, whirling through the vacancy of that dim Time, and have an interest for us, though an unimportant one.

[5] Förster, i., 328. [6] Seckendorf's Report (in Förster, i., 330).

29th July, 1732.

The first night they got to Grünberg, a pleasant town of vineyards and of looms, across the Silesian frontier. They are now turning more southeastward; they sleep here, in the Kaiser's territory, welcomed by some Official persons, who signify that the overjoyed Imperial Majesty has, as was extremely natural, paid the bill every where. On the morrow, before the shuttles awaken, Friedrich Wilhelm is gone again, toward the Glogau region, intending for Liegnitz that night; coursing rapidly through the green Silesian Lowlands, blue Giant Mountains (*Riesengebirge*) beginning to rise on the south and left. Dines at noon under a splendid tent, in a country place called Polkwitz,[7] with country Nobility (sorrow on them, and yet thanks to them) come to do reverence. At night he gets to Liegnitz.

Here is Liegnitz, then. Here are the Katzbach and the Blackwater (*Schwarzwasser*), famed in war, your Majesty; here they coalesce, gray ashlar houses (not without inhabitants unknown to us) looking on. Here are the venerable walls and streets of Liegnitz, and the Castle which defied Baty Khan and his Tartars five hundred years ago.[8] Oh, your Majesty, this Liegnitz, with its princely Castle, and wide rich Territory, the bulk of the Silesian Lowland, whose is it if right were done? Hm, his Majesty knows full well; in Seckendorf's presence, and going on such an errand, we must not speak of certain things. But the undisputed truth is, Duke Friedrich II., come of the Sovereign Piasts, made that *Erbverbrüderung*, and his Grandson's Grandson died childless; so the heirship fell to *us*, as the biggest wig in the most benighted chancery would have to grant; only the Kaiser will not, never would; the Kaiser plants his armed self on Schlesien, and will hear no pleading. Jägerndorf too, which we purchased with our own money—No more of that; it is too miserable. Very impossible too, while we have Berg and Jülich in the wind!

At Liegnitz Friedrich Wilhelm "reviews the garrison, cavalry and infantry," before starting; then off for Glatz, some sixty miles before we can dine. The goal is toward Bohemia

[7] "Balkowitz," say Pöllnitz (ii., 407) and Förster, which is not the correct name.

[8] 1241, the Invasion, and Battle here, of this unexpected Barbarian.

all this while; and his Majesty, had he liked the mountain passes, and the unlevel ways of the Giant Mountains, might have found a shorter road and a much more picturesque one. Road abounding in gloomy valleys, intricate rock labyrinths, haunts of Sprite *Rübezahl*, sources of the Elbe, and I know not what. Majesty likes level roads, and interesting rock labyrinths built by man rather than by Nature. Majesty makes a wide sweep round to the east of all that; leaves the Giant Mountains and their intricacies as a blue Sierra far on his left; had rather see Glatz Fortress than the caverns of the Elbe, and will cross into Bohemia where the Hills are fallen lowest. At Glatz, during dinner, numerous Nobilities are again in waiting. Glatz is in Jägerndorf region: Jägerndorf, which we purchased with our own money, is and remains ours, in spite of the mishaps of the Thirty-Years War—*ours* the darkest Chancery would be obliged to say from under the immensest wig! Patience, your Majesty; Time brings roses!

From Glatz, after viewing the works, drilling the guard a little, not to speak of dining, and dispatching the Nobilities, his Majesty takes the road again; turns now abruptly westward, across the Hills at their lowest point, into Bohemia, which is close at hand. Lewin, Nachod, these are the Bohemian villages, with their remnant of Czechs; not a prosperous population to look upon; but it is the Kaiser's own Kingdom, "King of Bohemia" one of his Titles ever since Sigismund *Super-Grammaticam's* time. And here now, at the meeting of the waters (*Elbe* one of them, a brawling mountain stream), is Jaromierz, respectable little Town, with an Imperial Officiality in it, where the Official Gentlemen meet us all in gala: "Thrice welcome to this Kingdom, your Majesty!" and signify that they are to wait upon us henceforth while we do the Kaiser's Kingdom of Bohemia that honor.

It is Tuesday night, 29th July, this first night in Bohemia. The Official Gentlemen lead his Majesty to superb rooms, newhung with crimson velvet, and the due gold fringes and tresses —very grand indeed, but probably not so airy as we wish. "This is the way the Kaiser lodges in his journeys, and your Majesty is to be served like him." The goal of our journey is

31st July, 1732.

now within few miles. Wednesday, 30th July, 1732, his Majesty awakens again within these crimson velvet hangings with the gold tresses and fringes, not so airy as he could wish; dispatches Grumkow to the Kaiser, who is not many miles off, to signify what honor we would do ourselves.

It was on Saturday last that the Kaiser and Kaiserinn, returning from Karlsbad, illuminated Prag with their serene presence; "attended high mass, vespers," and a good deal of other worship, as the meagre old Newspapers report for us, on that and the Sunday following. And then "on Monday, at six in the morning," both the Majesties left Prag for a place called Chlumetz, southwestward thirty miles off, in the Elbe region, where they have a pretty Hunting Castle; Kaiser intending "sylvan sport for a few days," says the old rag of a Newspaper, "and then to return to Prag." It is here that Grumkow, after a pleasant morning's drive of thirty miles with the sun on his back, finds Kaiser Karl VI., and makes his announcements, and diplomatic inquiries what next.

Had Friedrich Wilhelm been in Potsdam or Wusterhausen, and heard that Kaiser Karl was within thirty miles of him, Friedrich Wilhelm would have cried, with open arms, Come, come! But the Imperial Majesty is otherwise hampered; has his rhadamanthine Aulic Councilors, in vast amplitude of wig, sternly engaged in study of the etiquettes: they have settled that the meeting can not be in Chlumetz, lest it might lead to night's lodgings and to intricacies. "Let it be at Kladrup," say the Ample-wigged—Kladrup, an Imperial Stud or Horse-Farm half a dozen miles from this, where there is room for nothing more than dinner. There let the meeting be to-morrow at a set hour, and, in the mean time, we will take precautions for the etiquettes. So it is settled, and Grumkow returns with the decision in a complimentary form.

Through Königgrätz, down the right bank of the Upper Elbe, on the morrow morning, Thursday, 31st July, 1732, Friedrich Wilhelm rushes on toward Kladrup; finds that little village, with the Horse Edifices, looking snug enough in the valley of Elbe; alights, welcomed by Prince Eugenio von Savoye with

word that the Kaiser is not come, but steadily expected soon. Prince Eugenio von Savoye—Ach Gott, it is another thing, your Highness, than when we met in the Flanders Wars long since—at Malplaquet that morning, when your Highness had been to Brussels, visiting your Lady Mother in case of the worst! Slightly grayer your Highness is grown; I too am nothing like so nimble; the great Duke, poor man, is dead! Prince Eugenio von Savoye, we need not doubt, took snuff, and answered in a sprightly appropriate manner.

Kladrup is a Country House as well as a Horse-Farm: a square court is the interior, as I gather, the Horse buildings at a reverent distance, forming the fourth side. In the centre of this court—see what a contrivance the Aulic Councilors have hit upon—there is a wooden stand built, with three staircases leading up to it, one for each person, and three galleries leading off from it into suites of rooms: no question of precedence here, where each of you has his own staircase and own gallery to his apartment! Friedrich Wilhelm looks down like a rhinoceros on all those cobwebberies. No sooner are the Kaiser's carriage-wheels heard within the court, than Friedrich Wilhelm rushes down by what staircase is readiest, forward to the very carriage-door, and flings his arms about the Kaiser, embracing and embraced, like mere human friends glad to see one another. On these terms they mount their wooden stand, Majesty of Prussia, Kaiser, Kaiserinn, each by his own staircase; see, for a space of two hours, the Kaiser's foals and horses led about, which at least fills up any gap in conversation that may threaten to occur. The Kaiser, a little man of high and humane air, is not bright in talk; the Empress, a Brunswick Princess of fine carriage, Granddaughter of old Anton Ulrich who wrote the Novels, is likewise of mute humor in public life; but old Nord-Teutschland, cradle of one's existence; Brunswick reminiscences; news of your Imperial Majesty's serene Father, serene Sister, Brother-in-Law the Feldmarschall, and Insipid Niece whom we have had the satisfaction to betroth lately, furnish small-talk where needful.

Dinner being near, you go by your own gallery to dress. From the drawing-room Friedrich Wilhelm leads out the Kaiser-

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inn; the Kaiser, as Head of the world, walks first, though without any lady. How they drank the healths, gave and received the ewers and towels, is written duly in the old Books, but was as indifferent to Friedrich Wilhelm as it is to us; what their conversation was let no man presume to ask—dullish, we should apprehend, and perhaps *better* lost to us? But where there are tongues there are topics: the Loom of Time wags always, and with it the tongues of men. Kaiser and Kaiserinn have both been in Karlsbad lately; Kaiser and Kaiserinn both have sailed to Spain in old days, and been in sieges and things memorable: Friedrich Wilhelm, solid Squire Western of the North, does not want for topics, and talks as a solid rustic gentleman will. Native politeness he knows on occasion; to etiquette, so far as concerns his own pretensions, he feels callous altogether, dimly sensible that the Eighteenth Century is setting in, and that solid musketeers and not gold-sticks are now the important thing. "I felt mad to see him so humiliate himself," said Grumkow afterward to Wilhelmina, "*j'enrageais dans ma peau:*" why not?

Dinner lasted two hours; the Empress rising, Friedrich Wilhelm leads her to her room, then retires to his own, and "in a quarter of an hour" is visited there by the Kaiser, "who conducts him," in so many minutes exact by the watch, "back to the Empress" for a sip of coffee, as one hopes, which may wind up the Interview well. The sun is still a good space from setting when Friedrich Wilhelm, after cordial adieus, neglectful of etiquette, is rolling rapidly toward Nimburg, thirty miles off on the Prag Highway, and Kaiser Karl with his Spouse move deliberately toward Chlumetz to hunt again. In Nimburg Friedrich Wilhelm sleeps that night, Imperial Majesties, in a much-tumbled world of wild horses, ceremonial ewers, and Eugenios of Savoy and Malplaquet probably peopling his dreams. If it please Heaven, there may be another private meeting a day or two hence.

Nimburg! Ah! your Majesty, Son Fritz will have a night in Nimburg too—riding slowly thither amid the wrecks of Kolin Battle, not to sleep well; but that happily is hidden from your Majesty. Kolin, Czaslau (Chotusitz), Elbe Teinitz—here in this Kladrup region your Majesty is driving amid poor Villages

which will be very famous by-and-by. And Prag itself will be doubly famed in war, if your Majesty knew it, and the Ziscaberg be of bloodier memory than the Weissenberg itself! His Majesty, the morrow's sun having risen upon Nimburg, rolls into Prag successfully about eleven A.M., Hill of Zisca not disturbing him; goes to the Klein-Seite Quarter, where an Aulic Councilor with fine Palace is ready; all the cannon thundering from the walls at his Majesty's advent; and Prince Eugenio, the ever-present, being there to receive his Majesty, and, in fact, to invite him to dinner this day at half past twelve. It is Friday, 1st of August, 1732.

By a singular chance, there is preserved for us in Fassmann's Book what we may call an Excerpt from the old *Morning Post* of Prag, bringing that extinct Day into clear light again, recalling the vanished Dinner-Party from the realms of Hades as a thing that once actually *was*. The List of the Dinner guests is given complete—vanished ghosts, whom, in studying the old History-Books, you can, with a kind of interest, fish up into visibility at will. There is Prince Eugenio von Savoye at the bottom of the table, in the Thurn and Taxis Palace where he lodges; there, bodily, the little man in gold-laced coat of unknown cut; the eyes and the temper bright and rapid as usual, or more; nose not unprovided with snuff, and lips, in consequence, rather open. Be seated, your Majesty, high gentlemen all.

A big chair of state stands for his Majesty at the upper end of the table: his Majesty will none of it; sits down close by Prince Eugene at the very bottom, and opposite Prince Alexander of Würtemberg, whom we had at Berlin lately, a General of note in the Turkish and other wars: here probably there will be better talk; and the big chair may preside over us in vacancy, which it does. Prince Alexander, Imperial General against the Turks, and Heir-Apparent of Würtemberg withal, can speak of many things—hardly much of his serene Cousin the reigning Duke, whose health is in a too interesting state, the good though unlucky man. Of the Grävenitz sitting now in limbo, or traveling about disowned, *toujours un lavement à ses trousses*, let there be deep silence. But the Prince Alexander can answer abundantly on other heads. He comes to his inheritance a few months

hence—actual reigning Duke, the poor serene Cousin having died; and perhaps we shall meet him transiently again.

He is Ancestor of the Czars of Russia, this Prince Alexander, who is now dining here in the body along with Friedrich Wilhelm and Prince Eugene: Paul of Russia, unbeautiful Paul, married the second time, from Mümpelgard (what the French call Montbeillard, in Alsace), a serene Granddaughter of his, from whom come the Czars—thanks to her or not. Prince Alexander is Ancestor withal of our present "Kings of Würtemberg," if that mean any thing: Father (what will mean something) to the serene Duke, still in swaddling-clothes,[9] who will be Son-in-law to Princess Wilhelmina of Baireuth (could your Majesty foresee it), and will do strange pranks in the world, upon Poet Schiller and others. Him too, and Brothers of his, were they born and become of size, we shall meet. A noticeable man, and not without sense, this Prince Alexander, who is now of a surety eating with us, as we find by the extinct *Morning Post* in Fassmann's old Book.

Of the other eating figures, Stahrenbergs, Sternbergs, Kinsky Embassador to England, Kinsky Embassador to France, high Austrian dignitaries, we shall say nothing: who would listen to us? Hardly can the Hof-Kanzler Count von Sinzendorf, supreme of Aulic men, who holds the rudder of Austrian State Policy, and probably feels himself loaded with importance beyond most mortals now eating here or elsewhere, gain the smallest recognition from oblivious English readers of our time. It is certain he eats here on this occasion, and to his Majesty he does not want for importance. His Majesty, intent on Jülich and Berg and other high matters, spends many hours next day in earnest private dialogue with him. We mention farther, with satisfaction, that Grumkow and Ordnance-Master Seckendorf are both on the list, and all our Prussian party, down to Hacke of the Potsdam Grenadiers, friend Schulenburg visibly eating among the others. Also that the dinner was glorious (*herrlich*), and ended about five;[10] after which his Majesty went to two evening parties of a high order in the Hradschin Quarter or

[9] Born 21st January, 1732; Karl Eugen the name of him (Michaelis, iii., 450).

[10] Fassmann, p. 474.

elsewhere: cards in the one (unless you liked to dance, or grin idle talk from you), and supper in the other.

His Majesty amused himself for four other days in Prag, interspersing long earnest dialogues with Sinzendorf, with whom he spent the greater part of Saturday[11]—results as to Jülich and Berg of a rather cloudy nature. On Saturday came the Kaiser too and Kaiserinn to their high House, the Schloss in Prag, and there occurred, in the incognito form, "as if by accident," three visits or counter-visits, two of them of some length. The King went dashing about; saw, deliberately or in glimpses, all manner of things, from "the Military Hospital" to "the Tongue of St. Nepomuk" again—Nepomuk, an imaginary Saint of those parts, pitched into the Moldau, as is fancied and fabled, by wicked King Wenzel (King and Deposed Kaiser whom we have heard of), for speaking and refusing to speak—Nepomuk is now become the Patron of Bridges in consequence; stands there in bronze on the Bridge of Prag, and still shows a dried Tongue in the world:[12] this latter, we expressly find, his Majesty saw.

On Sunday, his Majesty, nothing of a straitlaced man, attended divine or quasi-divine worship in the Cathedral Church, where high Prince Bishops delivered *palliums*, did histrionisms, "manifested the *absurdität* of Papistry" more or less. Coming out of the Church, he was induced to step in and see the rooms of the Schloss, or Imperial Palace. In one of the rooms, as if by accident, the Kaiser was found lounging: "Extremely delighted to see your Majesty!" and they had the first of their long or considerable dialogues together; purport has not transpired. The second considerable dialogue was on the morrow, when Imperial Majesty, as if by accident, found himself in the Count Nostitz Palace, where Friedrich Wilhelm lodges. Delighted to be so fortunate again! Hopes your Majesty likes Prag? Eternal friendship, *Oh ja:* and as to Jülich and Berg? Particulars have not transpired.

Prag is a place full of sights: his Majesty, dashing about in

[11] Pöllnitz, ii., 411.

[12] *Die Legende vom heiligen Johann von Nepomuk*, von D. Otto Abel (Berlin, 1855); an acute bit of Historical Criticism.

all quarters, has a busy time, affairs of state (Jülich and Berg principally) alternating with what we now call the *lions*. Zisca's drum, for instance, in the Arsenal here? Would your Majesty wish to see Zisca's own skin, which he bequeathed to be a drum when *he* had done with it? "*Narrenpossen!*" for indeed the thing is fabulous, though in character with Zisca. Or the Council-Chamber window out of which "the Three Prag Projectiles fell into the Night of things," as a modern Historian expresses it? Three Official Gentlemen, flung out one morning,[13] 70 feet, but fell on "sewerage," and did not die, but set the whole world on fire? That is too certain, as his Majesty knows: that brought the crowning of the Winter-King, Battle of the Weissenberg, Thirty-Years War, and lost us Jägerndorf and much else.

Or Wallenstein's Palace—did your Majesty look at that? A thing worth glancing at on the score of History and even of Natural History. That rugged son of steel and gunpowder could not endure the least noise in his sleeping-room or even sitting-room—a difficulty in the soldiering way of life—and had, if I remember, one hundred and thirty houses torn away in Prag, and sentries posted all round in the distance, to secure silence for his much meditating indignant soul. And yonder is the Weissenberg, conspicuous in the western suburban region; and here in the eastern, close by, is the Ziscaberg. O Heaven, your Majesty, on this Zisca Hill will be a new "Battle of Prag," which will throw the Weissenberg into eclipse; and there is awful fighting coming on in these parts again!

The *third* of the considerable dialogues in Prag was on this same Monday night, when his Majesty went to wait upon the Kaiserinn, and the Kaiser soon accidentally joined them. Precious gracious words passed—on Berg and Jülich nothing particular that we hear—and the High Personages, with assurances of everlasting friendship, said adieu, and met no more in this world. On his toilet-table Friedrich Wilhelm found a gold Tobacco-box, sent by the highest Lady extant—gold Tobacco-box, item gold Tobacco-stopper or Pipe-picker: such the parting gifts of her Imperial Majesty. Very precious indeed, and grateful to

[13] 13th (23d) May, 1618 (Köhler, p. 507).

the honest heart, yet testifying too (as was afterward suggested to the royal mind) what these high people think of a rustic Orson King, and how they fling their nose into the air over his Tabagies and him.

On the morrow morning early Friedrich Wilhelm rolls away again homeward by Karlsbad, by Baireuth, all the cannon of Prag saying thrice Good speed to him. "He has had a glorious time," said the Berlin Court-lady to Queen Sophie one evening; "no end of kindness from the Imperial Majesties; but has he brought Berg and Jülich in his pocket?" Alas! not a fragment of them, nor of any solid thing whatever, except it be the gold Tobacco-box, and the confirmation of our Claims on East Friesland (cheap liberty to let us vindicate them if we can), if you reckon that a solid thing. These two Imperial gifts, such as they are, he has consciously brought back with him; and perhaps, though as yet unconsciously, a third gift, of much more value, once it is developed into clearness—some dim trace of insight into the no-meaning of these high people, and how they consider *us* as mere Orsons and wild Bisons, whom they will do the honor to consume as provision, if we behave well!

The great King Friedrich, now Crown-Prince at Ruppin, writing of this Journey long afterward—hastily, incorrectly, as his wont is, in regard to all manner of minute outward particulars, and somewhat maltreating, or at least misplacing, even the inward meaning, which was well known to him *without* investigation, but which he is at no trouble to *date* for himself, and has dated at random—says, in his thin, rapid way, with much polished bitterness,

"His" (King Friedrich Wilhelm's) "experience on this occasion served to prove that good faith and the virtues, so contrary to the corruption of the age, do not succeed in it. Politicians have banished sincerity (*la candeur*) into private life: they look upon themselves as raised quite above the laws which they enjoin on other people, and give way without reserve to the dictates of their own depraved mind.

"The guaranty of Jülich and Berg, which Seckendorf had formally promised in the name of the Emperor, went off in smoke; and the Imperial Ministers were in a disposition so opposed to Prussia, the King saw clearly" (not for some years yet) "that if there was a Court in Europe intending to cross his interests, it was certainly that of Vienna.

9th Aug., 1732.

This Visit of his to the Emperor was like that of Solon to Crœsus" (Solon not recognizable in the grenadier costume amid the tobacco-smoke and dim accompaniments!), "and he returned to Berlin rich still in his own virtue. The most punctilious censors could find no fault in his conduct except a probity carried to excess. The Interview ended as those of Kings often do: it cooled" (not for some time yet), "or, to say better, it extinguished the friendship there had been between the two Courts. Friedrich Wilhelm left Prag full of contempt" (dimly, altogether unconsciously, *tending* to have some contempt, and in the end to be full of it) "for the deceitfulness and pride of the Imperial Court, and the Emperor's Ministers disdained a Sovereign who looked without interest on frivolous ceremonials and precedences. Him they considered too ambitious in aiming at the Berg and Jülich succession; them he regarded" (came to regard) "as a pack of knaves who had broken their word, and were not punished for it."

Very bitter, your Majesty, and, in all but the dates, true enough. But what a drop of concentrated absynth follows next, by way of finish, which might itself have corrected the dating!

"In spite of so many objects of discontent, the King wedded his Eldest Son" (my not too fortunate self), "out of complaisance to the Vienna Court, with a Princess of Brunswick-Bevern, Niece to the Empress:" bitter fact, necessitating change of date in the paragraphs just written.[14]

Friedrich Wilhelm, good soul, cherishes the Imperial gifts, Tobacco-box included; claps the Arms of East Friesland on his escutcheon; will take possession of Friesland, if the present Duke die heirless, let George of England say what he will. And so he rolls homeward by way of Baireuth. He staid but a short while in Karlsbad; has warned his Wilhelmina that he will be at Baireuth on the 9th of the month.[15]

Wilhelmina is very poorly—"near her time," as wives say—rusticating in "the Hermitage," a Country-House in the vicinity of Baireuth; Husband and Father-in-law gone away toward the Bohemian frontier to hunt boars. Oh, the bustle and the bother that high Lady had getting her little Country-House stretched out to the due pitch to accommodate every body, espe-

[14] *Œuvres de Frédéric* (*Mémoires de Brandebourg*), i., 162, 163.
[15] Wilhelmina, ii., 55.

cially her foolish Sister of Anspach and foolish Brother-in-law and suite, with whom, by negligence of servants and otherwise, there had like to have risen incurable quarrel on the matter. But the dexterous young Wife, gladdest, busiest, and weakliest of hopeful creatures, contrived to manage every thing, like a female Field-marshal as she was. Papa was delighted; bullied the foolish Anspach people, or would have done so, had not I intervened, that the matter might die. Papa was gracious, happy—very anxious about me in my interesting state. "Thou hast lodged me to perfection, good Wilhelmina. Here I find my wooden stools, tubs to wash in—all things as if I were at Potsdam: a good girl; and thou must take care of thyself, my child (*mein Kind*)."

At dinner, his Majesty, dreading no ill, but intent only on the practical, got into a quiet, but to me most dreadful lecture to the old Margraf (my Father-in-law) upon debt, and money, and arrears: How he, the Margraf, was cheated at every turn, and led about by the nose, and kept weltering in debt; how he should let the young Margraf go into the offices to supervise, and, withal, to learn tax-matters and economics betimes; how he (Friedrich Wilhelm) would send him a fellow from Berlin who understood such things, and would drill his scoundrels for him! To which the old Margraf, somewhat flushed in the face, made some embarrassed assent, knowing it in fact to be true, and accepted the Berlin man; but he made me (his poor Daughter-in-law) smart for it afterward: "Not quite dead *yet*, Madam; you will have to wait a little!" and other foolish speech, which required to be tempered down again by a judicious female mind.

Grumkow himself was pleasant on this occasion; told us of Kladrup, the Prag etiquettes, and how he was like to go mad seeing his Majesty so humiliate himself. Fräulein Grumkow, a niece of his, belonging to the Austrian Court, who is over here with the rest, a satirical intriguing baggage, she, I privately perceive, has made a conquest of my Foolish Brother-in-law, the Anspach Margraf here, and there will be jealousies, and a cat and dog life over yonder worse than ever! Tush! why should we talk? These are the phenomena at Baireuth, Husband and Father-in-law having quitted their boar-hunt and hurried home.

Oct., 1732.

After three days Friedrich Wilhelm rolled away again—lodged once more at Meuselwitz with abstruse Seckendorf and his good old Wife, who do the hospitalities well when they must, in spite of the single candle once visible. On the morrow after which, 14th August, 1732, his Majesty is off again, "at four in the morning," toward Leipzig, intending to be at home that night, though it is a long drive. At Leipzig, not to waste time, he declines entering the Town—positively will not, though the cannon-salvoes are booming all round; "breakfasts in the suburbs with a certain Horse-dealer (*Ross-Händler*) now deceased:" respectable Centaur, capable, no doubt, of bargaining a little about cavalry mountings while one eats with appetite and at one's ease, which done, Majesty darts off again, the cannon-salvoes booming out a second time, and by assiduous driving gets home to Potsdam about eight at night. And so has happily *ended* this Journey to Kladrup.[16]

CHAPTER V.

GHOST OF THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE RISES; TO NO PURPOSE.

WE little expected to see the "Double Marriage" start up into vitality again at this advanced stage, or, of all men, Seckendorf, after riding 25,000 miles to kill the Double Marriage, engaged in resuscitating it! But so it is; by endless intriguing, matchless in History or Romance, the Austrian Court had, at such expense to the parties and to itself, achieved the first problem of stifling the harmless Double Marriage, and now, the wind having changed, it is actually trying its hand the opposite way.

Wind is changed; consummate Robinson has managed to do his thrice salutary "Treaty of Vienna;"[1] to clout up all differences between the Sea-Powers and the Kaiser, and restore the old Law of Nature—Kaiser to fight the French, Sea-Powers to feed and pay him while engaged in that necessary job. And

[16] Fassmann, p. 474–479; Wilhelmina, ii., 46–55; Pöllnitz, ii., 407–412; Förster, i., 328–334.

[1] 16th March, 1731, the *tail* of it (accession of the Dutch, of Spain, &c.) not quite coiled up till 20th February, 1732: Schöll, i., 218–222.

now it would be gratifying to the Kaiser if there remained on this side of the matter no rent any where; if between his chief Sea ally and his chief Land one, the Britannic Majesty and the Prussian, there prevailed a complete understanding, with no grudge left.

The honor of this fine resuscitation project is ascribed to Robinson by the Vienna people: "Robinson's suggestion," they always say. How far it was, or whether at all it was or not, nobody knows. Guess rather, if necessary, it had been the Kaiser's own! Robinson, as the thing proceeds, is instructed from St. James's to "look on and not interfere;"[2] Prince Eugene too, we can observe, is privately against it, though officially urgent, and doing his best. Who knows, or need know?

Enough that High Heads are set upon it; that the diplomatic wigs are all wagging with it from about the beginning of October, 1732, and rumors are rife and eager, occasionally spurting out into the Newspapers: Double Marriage after all, hint the old Rumors: Double Marriage somehow or other; Crown-Prince to have his English Princess, Prince Fred of England to console the Brunswick one for loss of her Crown-Prince; or else Prince Karl of Brunswick to—And half a dozen other ways, which Rumor can not settle to its satisfaction. The whispers upon it, from Hanover, from Vienna, at Berlin, and from the Diplomatic world in general, occasionally whistling through the Newspapers, are manifold and incessant, not worthy of the least attention from us here.[3] What is certain is, Seckendorf, in the end of October, is corresponding on it with Prince Eugene; has got instructions to propose the matter in Tobacco Parliament, and does not like it at all. Grumkow, who perhaps has seen dangerous clouds threatening to mount upon him, and never been quite himself again in the Royal Mind since that questionable *Nosti* business, dissuades earnestly, constantly. "Nothing but mischief will come of such a proposal," says Grumkow steadily, and for his own share absolutely declines concern in it.

But Prince Eugene's orders are express; remonstrances, cunctations only strengthen the determination of the High Heads or

[2] Dispatches, in State Paper Office.
[3] Förster, iii., 108, 111, 113, 120, 122.

5th Dec., 1732.

Head: Forward with this beautiful scheme! Seckendorf, puckered into dangerous anxieties, but summoning all his cunning, has at length, after six weeks hesitation, to open it, as if casually, in some favorable hour, to his Prussian Majesty. December 5th, 1732, as we compute—a kind of epoch in his Majesty's life. Prussian Majesty stares wide-eyed, the breath as if struck out of him; repeats, "Jülich and Berg absolutely secured, say you? But—hm, na!" and has not yet taken in the unspeakable dimensions of the occurrence. "What? Imperial Majesty will make me break my word before all the world? Imperial Majesty has been whirling me about, face now to the east, face straightway round to the west. Imperial Majesty does not feel that I am a man and king at all; takes me for a mere machine, to be seesawed and whirled hither and thither like a rotatory Clothes-horse to dry his Imperial Majesty's linen upon. *Tausend Himmel!*"

The full dimensions of all this did not rise clear upon the intellect of Prussian Majesty—a slow intellect, but a true and deep, with terrible earthquakes and poetic fires lying under it—not at once, or for months, perhaps years to come. But they had begun to dawn upon him painfully here; they rose gradually into perfect clearness: all things seen at last as what they were, with huge submarine earthquake for consequence, and total change of mind toward Imperial Majesty and the drying of his Pragmatic linen in Friedrich Wilhelm. Amiable Orson, true to the heart—amiable, though terrible when too much put upon!

This dawning process went on for above two years to come, painfully, reluctantly, with explosions, even with tears. But here, directly on the back of Seckendorf's proposal, and recorded from a sure hand, is what we may call the peep of day in that matter: First Session of Tobacco Parliament close after that event. Event is on the 5th December, 1732; Tobacco Session is of the 6th—glimpse of it is given by Speaker Grumkow himself; authentic to the bone.

Session of Tobacco Parliament, 6th December, 1732.

Grumkow, shattered into "headache" by this Session, writes Report of it to Seckendorf before going to bed. Look, reader,

into one of the strangest Political Establishments, and how a strange Majesty comports himself there directly after such Proposal from Vienna to marry with England still! "Schwerin" is incidentally in from Frankfurt on the Oder, where his Regiment and business usually lie; the other Honorable Members we sufficiently know. Majesty has been a little out of health lately; perceptibly worse the last two days. "Syberg" is a Gold-Cook (Alchemical gentleman of very high professions), come to Berlin some time ago, whom his Majesty, after due investigation, took the liberty to hang.[4] Readers can now understand what Speaker Grumkow writes and dispatches by his lackey in such haste:

"I never saw such a scene as this evening. Derschau, Schwerin, Buddenbrock, Rochow, Flanz were present. We had been about an hour in the Red Room" (languidly doing our tobacco off and on), "when he" (the King) "had us shifted into the Little Room, drove out the servants, and cried, looking fixedly at me, 'No, I can not endure it any longer! *Es stosset mir das Herz ab*,' cried he, breaking into German: 'It crushes the heart out of me; to make me do a bit of scoundrelism, me, me! No, I say; no, never! Those damned intrigues, may the Devil take them!'

"*Ego* (Grumkow). 'Of course I know of nothing. But I do not comprehend your Majesty's inquietude, coming thus on the sudden, after our common indifferent mood.'

"*King*. 'What, make me a villain! I will tell it right out. Certain damned scoundrels have been about betraying me. People that should have known me better have been trying to lead me into a dishonorable scrape'—(Here I called in the hounds, *Je rompis les chiens*," reports Grumkow, "for he was going to blab every thing; I interrupted, saying):

"*Ego*. 'But, your Majesty, what is it ruffles you so? I know not what you talk of. Your Majesty has honorable people about you; and the man who lets himself be employed in things against your Majesty must be a traitor.'

"*King*. 'Yes, *ja, ja*. I will do things that will surprise them! I—'

"And, in short, a torrent of exclamations, which I strove to soften by all manner of incidents and contrivances, succeeding at last" by dexterity and time (but at this point the light is now blown out, and we *see* no more), "so that he grew quite calm again, and the rest of the evening passed gently enough.

[4] Förster, iii., 126.

6th Dec., 1732.

"Well, you see what the effect of your fine Proposal is, which you said he would like! I can tell you, it is the most detestable incident that could have turned up. I know you had your orders; but you may believe and depend on it, he has got his heart driven rabid by the business, and says, 'who knows now whether that villain Syberg' Goldcook, that was hanged the other day, 'was not set on by some people to poison me?' In a word, he was like a madman.

"What struck me most was when he repeated, 'Only think! Think! Who would have expected it of people that should have known me, and whom I know, and have known, better than they fancy!'" Pleasant passage for Seckendorf to chew the cud upon through the night-watches!

"In fine, as I was somewhat confused, and anxious, above all, to keep him from exploding with the secret, I can not remember every thing. But Derschau, who was more at his ease, will be able to give you a full account. He" (the King) "said more than once, '*This* was his sickness; the thing that ailed him, this: it gnawed his heart, and would be the death of him!' He certainly did not affect; he was in a very convulsive condition." (*Jarni-Bleu*, here is a piece of work, Herr Seckendorf!) "Adieu; I have a headache." Whereupon to bed.

"GRUMKOW."[5]

This Hansard Report went off direct to Prince Eugene, and ought to have been a warning to the high Vienna heads and him; but they persisted not the less to please Robinson or themselves, considering his Prussian Majesty to be, in fact, a mere rotatory Clothes-horse for drying the Imperial linen on, and to have no intellect at all, because he was without guile, and had no vulpinism at all, in which they were very much mistaken indeed. History is proud to report that the guileless Prussian Majesty, steadily attending to his own affairs in a wise manner, though hoodwinked and led about by Black Artists as he had been, turned out, when Fact and Nature subsequently pronounced upon it, to have had more intellect than the whole of them together—to have been, in a manner, the only one of them that had any real "intellect," or insight into Fact and Nature at all. Consummate Black-art Diplomacies, overnetting the Universe, went entirely to water, running down the gutters to the last drop; and a prosperous Drilled Prussia, compact, organic in every part, from diligent plow-sock to shining bayonet and iron

[5] Förster, iii., 135, 136.

ramrod, remained standing. "A full Treasury and 200,000 well-drilled men would be the one guarantee to your Pragmatic Sanction," Prince Eugene had said. But that bit of insight was not accepted at Vienna; Black-art and Diplomatic spider-webs from pole to pole being thought the preferable method.

Enough, Seckendorf was ordered to manipulate and soothe down the Prussian Majesty, as surely would be easy; to continue his galvanic operations on the Double Match, or produce a rotation in the purposes of the royal breast, which he diligently strove to do when once admitted to speech again; Grumkow steadily declining to meddle, and only Queen Sophie, as we can fancy, auguring joyfully of it. Seckendorf, admitted to speech the third day after that explosive Session, snuffles his softest, his cunningest; continues to ride diligently the concluding portion (such it proved) of his 25,000 miles with the Prussian Majesty up and down through winter and spring, but makes not the least progress—the reverse rather.

Their dialogues and arguings on the matter, here and elsewhere, are lost in air, or gone wholly to a single point unexpectedly preserved for us. One day, riding through some village, Priort some say his Majesty calls it, some give another name, Advocate Seckendorf, in the fervor of pleading and arguing, said some word which went like a sudden flash of lightning through the dark places of his Majesty's mind, and never would go out of it again while he lived after. In passionate moments his Majesty spoke of it sometimes, a clangorous pathos in his tones, as of a thing hideous, horrible, never to be forgotten, which had killed him—death from a friend's hand. "It was the 17th of April, 1733,[6] riding through Priort, a man said something to me; it was as if you had turned a dagger about in my heart. That man was he that killed me; there and then I got my death!"

A strange passion in that utterance; the deep dumb soul of

[6] All the Books (Förster, ii., 142, for one) mention this utterance of his Majesty, on what occasion we shall see farther on, and give the date "1732," not 1733; but, except as amended above, it refuses to have any sense visible at this distance. The Village of Priort is in the Potsdam region.

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his Majesty, of dumb poetic nature, suddenly brought to a fatal clearness about certain things. "Oh, Kaiser, Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire, and this is your return for my loyal faith in you? I had nearly killed my Fritz, my Wilhelmina, broken my Feekin's heart and my own, and reduced the world to ruins for your sake; and because I was of faith more than human, you took me for a dog! Oh, Kaiser, Kaiser!" Poor Friedrich Wilhelm, he spoke of this often, in excited moments, in his later years, the tears running down his cheeks, and the whole man melted into tragic emotion; but if Fritz were there, the precious Fritz whom he had almost killed for their sake, he would say, flashing out into proud rage, "There is one that will avenge me, though; that one! *Da steht Einer, der mich rächen wird!*"[7] Yes, your Majesty, perhaps that one. And it will be seen whether *you* were a rotatory Clothes-horse to dry their Pragmatic linen upon, or something different a good deal.

CHAPTER VI.

KING AUGUST MEDITATING GREAT THINGS FOR POLAND.

In the New Year's days of 1733, the topic among diplomatic gentlemen, which set many big wigs wagging, and even tremulously came out in the gray leaves of gazetteers and garreteers of the period, was a royal drama dimly supposed to be getting itself up in Poland at this time. Nothing known about it for certain, much guessed. "Something in the rumor!" nods this wig; "Nothing!" wags that, slightly oscillating; and gazetteers, who would earn their wages, and have a peck of coals apiece to glad them in the cold weather, had to watch with all eagerness the movements of King August, our poor old friend, the Dilapidated-Strong, who is in Saxony at present, but bound for Warsaw shortly, just about lifting the curtain on important events, it is thought and not thought. Here are the certainties of it, now clear enough, so far as they deserve a glance from us.

January 10th, 1733, August the Dilapidated-Strong of Poland has been in Saxony, looking after his poor Electorate a little.

[7] Förster, ii., 153.

and is on the road from Dresden homeward again; will cross a corner of the Prussian Dominions, as is his wont on such occasions. Prussian Majesty, if not appearing in person, will as usual, by some Official of rank, send a polite Well-speed-you as the brother Majesty passes. This time, however, it was more than politeness, the Polish Majesty having, as was thought, such intricate affairs in the wind. Let Grumkow, the fittest man in all ways, go, and do the greeting to his old Patroon—greeting, or whatever else may be needed.

Patroon left Dresden—"having just opened the Carnival," or fashionable Season there; opened, and nothing more—January 10th, 1733,[1] being in haste home for a Polish Diet close at hand; on which same day Grumkow, we suppose, drives forth from Berlin to intersect him in the Neumark, about Crossen, and have a friendly word again, in those localities, over jolly wine. Intersection took place duly; there was exuberant joy on the part of the Patroon, and such a dinner and night of drinking as has seldom been. Abstruse things lie close ahead of August the Dilapidated-Strong, important to Prussia, and for which Prussia is important; let Grumkow try if he can fish the matter into clearness out of these wine-cups. And then August, on his side, wishes to know what the Kaiser said at Kladrup lately: there is much to be fished into clearness.

Many are the times August the Strong has made this journey; many are the carousals, on such and other occasions, Grumkow and he have had. But there comes an end to all things. This was their last meeting, over flowing liquor or otherwise, in the world. Satirical History says they drank all night, endeavoring to pump one another, and with such enthusiasm that they never recovered it—drank themselves to death at Crossen on that occasion.[2] It is certain August died within three weeks; and people said of Grumkow, who lived six years longer, he was never well after this bout. Is it worth any human creature's while to look into the plans of this precious pair of individuals? Without the least expense of drinking, the secrets they were pumping out of each other are now accessible enough—if it were

[1] Fassmann: *Leben Friedrich Augusti des Grossen*, p. 994.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric* (*Mémoires de Brandebourg*), i., 163.

11th Jan., 1733.

of importance now. One glance I may perhaps commend to the reader out of these multifarious Note-books in my possession:

"August, by change of his religion and other sad operations, got to be what they called the King of Poland thirty-five years ago; but, though looking glorious to the idle public, it has been a crown of stinging nettles to the poor man—a sedan-chair running on rapidly, with the bottom broken out! To say nothing of the scourgings he got, and poor Saxony along with him, from Charles XII., on account of this Sovereignty so-called, what has the thing itself been to him? In Poland, for these thirty-five years, the individual who had least of his real will done in public matters, has been, with infinite management and display of such good-humor as at least deserves credit, the nominal Sovereign Majesty of Poland. Anarchic Grandees have been kings over him; ambitious, contentious, unmanageable; very fanatical too, and never persuaded that August's Apostasy was more than a sham one, not even when he made his Prince apostatize too. Their Sovereignty has been a mere peck of troubles, disgraces, and vexations; for those thirty-five years, an ever-boiling pot of mutiny, contradiction, insolence, hardly tolerable even to such nerves as August's.

"August, for a long time back, has been thinking of schemes to clap some lid upon all that. To make the Sovereignty hereditary in his House: that, with the good Saxon troops we have, would be a remedy: and, in fact, it is the only remedy. John Casimir (who abdicated long ago, in the Great Elector's time, and went to Paris—much charmed with Ninon de l'Enclos there) told the Polish Diets, with their *liberum veto*, and 'right of confederation' and rebellion, they would bring the Country down under the feet of mankind, and reduce their Republic to zero one day, if they persisted. They have not failed to persist. With some Hereditary King over it, and a regulated Saxony to lean upon, truly might it not be a change to the better? To the worse it could hardly be, thinks August the Strong, and goes intent upon that method this long while back; and at length hopes now, in few days longer, at the Diet just assembling, to see fruits appear, and the thing actually begin.

"The difficulties truly are many, internal and external; but there are calculated methods too. For the internal: Get up, by bribery, persuasion, some visible Minority to countenance you; with these manœuvre in the Diets; on the back of these, the 30,000 Saxon troops. But then what will the neighboring Kings say? The neighboring Kings, with their big-mouthed manifestoes, pities for an oppressed Republic, overwhelming forces, and invitations to 'confederate' and revolt: without their tolerance first had, nothing can be done. That is the external

difficulty, for which too there is a remedy. Cut off sufficient outlying slices of Poland; fling these to the neighboring Kings to produce consent: Partition of Poland, in fact; large sections of its Territory sliced away: that will be the method, thinks King August.

"Neighboring Kings, Kaiser, Prussia, Russia, to them it is not grievous that Poland should remain in perennial anarchy, in perennial impotence; the reverse rather: a dead horse, or a dying, in the next stall, he at least will not kick upon us, think the neighboring Kings. And yet, under another similitude, you do not like your next-door neighbor to be always on the point of catching fire; smoke issuing, thicker or thinner, through the slates of his roof as a perennial phenomenon! August will conciliate the neighboring Kings. Russia, big-cheeked Anne Czarina there, shall have not only Courland peaceably henceforth, but the Ukraine, Lithuania, and other large outlying slices; that surely will conciliate Russia. To Austria, on its Hungarian border, let us give the Country of Zips; nay, there are other sops we have for Austria. Pragmatic Sanction, hitherto refused as contrary to plain rights of ours—that, if conceded to a spectre-hunting Kaiser? To Friedrich Wilhelm we could give West Preussen—West Preussen, torn away three hundred years ago, and leaving a hiatus in the very continuity of Friedrich Wilhelm: would not that conciliate him? Of all enemies or friends, Friedrich Wilhelm, close at hand with 80,000 men capable of fighting at a week's notice, is by far the most important.

"These are August's plans: West Preussen for the nearest neighbor; Zips for Austria; Ukraine, Lithuania, and appendages for the Russian Czarina: handsome Sections to be sliced off, and flung to good neighbors: as it were, all the outlying limbs and wings of the Polish Territory sliced off; compact body to remain, and become, by means of August and Saxon troops, a Kingdom with government, not an imaginary Republic without government any longer. In fact, it was the 'Partition of Poland,' such as took effect forty years after, and has kept the Newspapers weeping ever since—Partition of Poland *minus* the compact interior held under government by a King with Saxon troops or otherwise. Compact interior, in that effective Partition, forty years after, was left as anarchic as ever, and had to be again partitioned, and cut away altogether, with new torrents of loud tears from the Newspapers, refusing to be comforted to this day.

"It is not said that Friedrich Wilhelm had the least intention of countenancing August in these dangerous operations, still less of going shares with August; but he wished much, through Grumkow, to have some glimpse into the dim program of them, and August wished much to know Friedrich Wilhelm's and Grumkow's humor toward them. Grumkow and August drank copiously, or copiously pressed drink on

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one another, all night (11th–12th January, 1733, as I compute; some say at Crossen, some say at Frauendorf, a royal domain near by), with the view of mutually fishing out those secrets, and killed one another in the business, as is rumored."

What were Grumkow's news at home-coming I did not hear, but he continues very low and shaky; refuses, almost with horror, to have the least hand in Seckendorf's mad project of resuscitating the English Double Marriage, and breaking off the Brunswick one, at the eleventh hour and after word pledged. Seckendorf himself continues to dislike and dissuade; but the High Heads at Vienna are bent on it, and command new strenuous attempts, literally at the last moment, which is now come.

CHAPTER VII.

CROWN-PRINCE'S MARRIAGE.

SINCE November last Wilhelmina is on visit at Berlin—first visit since her marriage; she stays there for almost ten months —not under the happiest auspices, poor child. Mamma's reception of her, just off the long winter journey, and extenuated with fatigues and sickly chagrins, was of the most cutting cruelty: "What do you want here? What is a mendicant like you come hither for?" And next night, when Papa himself came home, it was little better. "Ha! ha!" said he, "here you are; I am glad to see you." Then holding up a light to take view of me, "How changed you are!" said he: "What is little Frederica" (my little Baby at Baireuth) "doing?" And on my answering, continued: "I am sorry for you, on my word. You have not bread to eat, and, but for me, you might go begging. I am a poor man myself, not able to give you much, but I will do what I can. I will give you now and then a twenty or a thirty shillings (*par dix ou douze florins*), as my affairs permit: it will always be something to assuage your want. And you, Madam," said he, turning to the Queen, "you will sometimes give her an old dress, for the poor child hasn't a shift to her back."[1] This rugged paternal banter was taken too literally by

[1] Wilhelmina, ii., 85.

Wilhelmina in her weak state, and she was like "to burst in her skin," poor Princess.

So that—except her own good Hereditary Prince, who was here, "over from Pasewalk" and his regimental duties, waiting to welcome her, in whose true heart, full of honest human sunshine toward her, she could always find shelter and defense—native Country and Court offer little to the brave Wilhelmina. Chagrins enough are here; chagrins also were there. At Baireuth our old Father Margraf has his crotchets, his infirmities and outbreaks; takes more and more to liquor, and does always keep us frightfully bare in money. No help from Papa here either on the finance side; no real hope any where (thinks Seckendorf, when we consult him) except only in the Margraf's death: "old Margraf will soon drink himself dead," thinks Seckendorf, "and in the mean while there is Vienna, and a noble Kaiserinn who knows *her* friends in case of extremity!" thinks he.[2] Poor Princess, in her weak, shattered state, she has a heavy time of it; but there is a tough spirit in her; bright, sharp, like a swift sabre, not to be quenched in any coil, but always cutting its way and emerging unsubdued.

One of the blessings reserved for her here, which most of all concerns us, was the occasional sight of her Brother. Brother in a day or two[3] ran over from Ruppin, on short leave, and had his first interview. Very kind and affectionate; quite the old Brother again; and "blushed" when, at supper, Mamma and the Princesses, especially that wicked Charlotte (Papa not present), tore up his poor Bride at such a rate. "Has not a word to answer you but *Yes* or *No*," said they; "stupid as a block." "But were you ever at her toilette?" said the wicked Charlotte: "Out of shape completely; considerable waddings, I promise you; and then"—still worse features, from that wicked Charlotte, in presence of the domestics here—wicked Charlotte, who is to be her Sister-in-law soon, and who is always flirting with my Husband, as if she liked that better! Crown-Prince retired

[2] Wilhelmina, ii., 81–111.

[3] "18th November," she says, which date is wrong, if it were of moment (see *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 1st, where their *Correspondence* is.)

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directly after supper, as did I to my apartment, where in a minute or two he joined me.

"To the question, How with the King and you? he answered, 'That his situation was changing every moment; that sometimes he was in favor, sometimes in disgrace; that his chief happiness consisted in absence. That he led a soft and tranquil life with his Regiment at Ruppin, study and music his principal occupations; he had built himself a House there, and laid out a Garden, where he could read and walk about.' Then as to his Bride, I begged him to tell me candidly if the portrait the Queen and my Sister had been making of her was the true one. 'We are alone,' replied he, 'and I will conceal nothing from you. The Queen, by her miserable intrigues, has been the source of our misfortunes. Scarcely were you gone when she began again with England; wished to substitute our Sister Charlotte for you; would have had me undertake to contradict the King's will again, and flatly refuse the Brunswick Match, which I declined. That is the source of her venom against this poor Princess. As to the young Lady herself, I do not hate her so much as I pretend; I affect complete dislike, that the King may value my obedience more. She is pretty, a complexion lily and rose; her features delicate; face altogether of a beautiful person. True, she has no breeding, and dresses very ill; but I flatter myself, when she comes hither, you will have the goodness to take her in hand. I recommend her to you, my dear Sister; and beg your protection for her.' It is easy to judge, my answer would be such as he desired."[4]

For which small glimpse of the fact itself, at first hand, across a whirlwind of distracted rumors new and old about the fact, let us be thankful to Wilhelmina. Seckendorf's hopeless attempts to resuscitate extinct English things, and make the Prussian Majesty break his word, continue to the very last, but are worth no notice from us. Grumkow's Drinking-bout with the Dilapidated-Strong at Crossen, which follows now in January, has been already noticed by us. And the Dilapidated-Strong's farewell next morning, "Adieu, dear Grumkow; I think, I shall not see you again!" as he rolled off toward Warsaw and the Diet, will require farther notice, but must stand over till this Marriage be got done, of which latter Event, Wilhelmina once more kindling the old dark Books into some light for us, the essential particulars are briefly as follows:

Monday, 8th June, 1733, the Crown-Prince is again over

[4] Wilhelmina, ii., 89,

from Ruppin: King, Queen, and Crown-Prince are rendezvoused at Potsdam, and they set off with due retinues toward Wolfenbüttel, toward Salzdahlum, the Ducal Schloss there, Sister Wilhelmina sending blessings, if she had them, on a poor Brother in such interesting circumstances. Mamma was "plunged in black melancholy," King not the least; in the Crown-Prince nothing particular to be remarked. They reached Salzdahlum, Duke Ludwig Rudolf the Grandfather's Palace—one of the finest Palaces, with Gardens, with Antiques, with Picture Galleries no end—a mile or two from Wolfenbüttel; built by old Anton Ulrich, and still the ornament of those parts: reached Salzdahlum Wednesday, the 10th, where Bride, with Father, Mother, much more Grandfather, Grandmother, and all the sublimities interested, are waiting in the highest gala; Wedding to be on Friday next.

Friday morning this incident fell out, notable and somewhat contemptible: Seckendorf, who is of the retinue, following his bad trade, visits his Majesty, who is still in bed: "Pardon, your Majesty; what shall I say for excuse? Here is a Letter just come from Vienna, in Prince Eugene's hand: Prince Eugene, or a Higher, will say something while it is still time!" Majesty, not in impatience, reads the little Prince's and the Kaiser's Letter: "Give up this, we entreat you for the last time; marry with England after all!" Majesty reads, quiet as a lamb; lays the Letter under his pillow; will himself answer it; and does straightway, with much simple dignity, to the effect, "For certain, Never, my always respected Prince!"[5] Seckendorf, having thus shot his last bolt, does not stay many hours longer at Salzdahlum; may as well quit Friedrich Wilhelm altogether for any good he will henceforth do upon him. This is the one incident between the Arrival at Salzdahlum and the Wedding there.

Same Friday, 12th June, 1733, at a more advanced hour, the Wedding itself took effect—Wedding which, in spite of the mad rumors and whispers in the Newspapers, Diplomatic Dispatches, and elsewhere, went off, in all respects, precisely as other weddings do—a quite human Wedding now and afterward. Officiating Clergyman was the Reverend Herr Mosheim—readers

[5] Account of the Interview by Seckendorf, in Förster, iii., 143–55; Copy of the Answer itself is in the State Paper Office here.

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know with approval the *Ecclesiastical History* of Mosheim—he, in the beautiful Chapel of the Schloss, with Majesties and Brunswick Sublimities looking on, performed the ceremony; and Crown-Prince Friedrich of Prussia has fairly wedded the Serene Princess Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick-Bevern, age eighteen coming, manners rather awkward, complexion lily and rose; and History is right glad to have done with the wearisome affair, and know it settled on any tolerable terms whatever. Here is a Note of Friedrich's to his dear Sister which has been preserved:

To Princess Wilhelmina of Baireuth, at Berlin.

"Salzdahlum, Noon, 12th June, 1733.

"My dear Sister,—A minute since the whole Ceremony was got finished, and God be praised it is over! I hope you will take it as a mark of my friendship that I give you the first news of it.

"I hope I shall have the honor to see you again soon, and to assure you, my dear Sister, that I am wholly yours (*tout à vous*). I write in great haste, and add nothing that is merely formal. Adieu.[6]

"FRÉDÉRIC."

One Keyserling, the Prince's favorite gentleman, came over express with this Letter and the more private news, Wilhelmina being full of anxieties. Keyserling said the Prince was inwardly "well content with his lot, though he had kept up the old farce to the last, and pretended to be in frightful humor on the very morning, bursting out upon his valets in the King's presence, who reproved him, and looked rather pensive"—recognizing, one hopes, what a sacrifice it was. The Queen's Majesty, Keyserling reported, "was charmed with the style and ways of the Brunswick Court, but could not endure the Princess Royal" (new Wife), "and treated the two Duchesses like dogs (*commes des chiens*)."[7] Reverend Abbot Mosheim (such his title; Head Churchman, theological chief of Helmstädt University in those parts, with a couple of extinct little *Abbacies* near by to help his stipend) preached next Sunday, "On the Marriage of the Righteous:" felicitous appropriate Sermon, said a grateful Public;[8]

[6] *Œuvres*, xxvii., part 1st, p. 9. [7] Wilhelmina, ii., 114.

[8] Text, Psalm xcii., 12: "Sermon printed in Mosheim's *Works*."

and, in short, at Salzdahlum all goes, if not as merry as some marriage-bells, yet without jarring to the ear.

On Tuesday both the Majesties set out toward Potsdam again, "where his Majesty," having business waiting, "arrived some time before the Queen." Thither also, before the week ends, Crown-Prince Friedrich, with his Bride, and all the Serenities of Brunswick escorting, are upon the road, duly detained by complimentary harangues, tedious scenic evolutions, at Magdeburg and the intervening Towns: grand entrance of the Princess Royal into Berlin is not till the 27th, last day of the week following. That was such a day as Wilhelmina never saw: no sleep the night before; no breakfast can one taste: between Charlottenburg and Berlin there is a Review of unexampled splendor: "above eighty carriages of us," and only a tent or two against the flaming June sun: think of it! Review begins at four A.M. Poor Wilhelmina thought she would verily have died of heat, and thirst, and hunger, in the crowded tent, under the flaming June sun, before the Review could end itself and march into Berlin, trumpeting and salvoing, with the Princess Royal at the head of it.[9]

Of which grand flaming day, and of the unexampled balls and effulgent festivities that followed, "all Berlin ruining itself in dresses and equipages," we will say nothing farther, but give only, what may still have some significance for readers, Wilhelmina's Portrait of the Princess Royal on their first meeting, which had taken place at Potsdam two days before. The Princess Royal had arrived at Potsdam too, on that occasion, across a grand Review, Majesty himself riding out, Majesty and Crown-Prince, who had preceded her a little, to usher in the poor young creature, Thursday, June 25th, 1733:

"The King led her into the Queen's Apartment; then seeing, after she had saluted us all, that she was much heated and dispowdered (*dépoudrée*), he bade my Brother take her to her own room. I followed them thither. My Brother said to her, introducing me, 'This is a Sister I adore, and am obliged to beyond measure. She has had the goodness to promise me that she will take care of you, and help you with her good counsel; I wish you to respect her beyond even the King

[9] Wilhelmina, ii., 127–129.

and Queen, and not to take the least step without her advice: do you understand?' I embraced the Princess Royal, and gave her every assurance of my attachment; but she remained like a statue, not answering a word. Her people not being come, I repowdered her myself, and readjusted her dress a little, without the least sign of thanks from her, or any answer to all my caressings. My Brother got impatient at last, and said aloud, 'Devil's in the blockhead (*Peste soit de la bête*): thank my Sister, then!' She made me a courtesy on the model of that of Agnès in the *Ecole des femmes*. I took her back to the Queen's Apartment, little edified by such a display of talent.

"The Princess Royal is tall; her figure is not fine, stooping slightly or hanging forward as she walks or stands, which gives her an awkward air. Her complexion is of dazzling whiteness, heightened by the liveliest colors: her eyes are pale blue, and not of much promise for spiritual gifts. Mouth small; features generally small—dainty (*mignons*) rather than beautiful; and the countenance altogether is so innocent and infantine, you would think this head belonged to a child of twelve. Her hair is blond, plentiful, curling in natural locks. Teeth are unhappily very bad, black and ill set, which are a disfigurement in this fine face. She has no manners, nor the least vestige of tact; has much difficulty in speaking and making herself understood; for most part you are obliged to guess what she means, which is very embarrassing."[10]

The Berlin gayeties—for Karl, Heir-Apparent of Brunswick, brother to this Princess Royal, wedded his Charlotte, too, about a week hence[11]—did not end, and the serene Guests disappear till far on in July, after which an Inspection with Papa, and then Friedrich got back to Ruppin, and his old way of life there; intrinsically the old studious, quietly diligent way of life, varied by more frequent excursions to Berlin, where as yet the Princess Royal usually resides, till some fit residence be got ready in the Ruppin Country for a wedded Crown-Prince and her.

The young Wife had an honest, guileless heart, if little articulate intellect; considerable inarticulate sense; did not fail to learn tact, perpendicular attitude, speech enough, and I hope kept well clear of pouting (*faire la fâchée*), a much more dangerous rock for her. With the gay temper of eighteen, and her native loyalty of mind, she seems to have shaped herself success-

[10] Wilhelmina, ii., 119–121.

[11] 2d July, 1732.

fully to the Prince's taste, and growing yearly gracefuler and better-looking, was an ornament and pleasant addition to his Ruppin existence. These first seven years, spent at Berlin or in the Ruppin quarter, she always regarded as the flower of her life.[12]

Papa, according to promise, has faithfully provided a Crown-Palace at Berlin, all trimmed and furnished for occasional residences there—the late "Government House" (originally *Schomberg* House), new built, which is, to this day, one of the distinguished Palaces of Berlin. Princess Royal had Schönhausen given her, a pleasant royal Mansion some miles out of Berlin, on the Ruppin side. Furthermore, the Prince Royal, being now a wedded man, has, as is customary in such case, a special *Amt* (Government District) set apart for his support—the "Amt of Ruppin," where his business lies. What the exact revenues of Ruppin are is not communicated, but we can justly fear they were far too frugal, and excused the underhand borrowing, which is evident enough as a painful shadow in the Prince's life henceforth. He does not seem to have been wasteful, but he borrows all round, under sevenfold secrecy, from benevolent Courts—from Austria, Russia, England; and the only pleasant certainty we notice in such painful business is that, on his Accession, he pays with exactitude—sends his Uncle George of England, for example, the complete amount in rouleaus of new coin by the first courier that goes.[13]

A thought too frugal, his Prussian Majesty; but he means to be kind, bountiful, and occasionally launches out into handsome munificence. This very Autumn, hearing that the Crown-Prince and his Princess fancied Reinsberg, an old Castle in their Amt Ruppin, some miles north of them, his Majesty, without word spoken, straightway purchased Reinsberg, Schloss and Territory, from the owner, gave it to his Crown-Prince, and gave him money to new-build it according to his mind,[14] which the Crown-Prince did, with much interest, under very wise architectural advice, for the next three years; then went into it to reside;

[12] Büsching (Autobiography, *Beyträge*, vi.) heard her say so in advanced years.

[13] Dispatch (of adjacent date) in the State Paper Office here.

[14] 23d Oct., 1733–16th March, 1734 (Preuss, i., 75),

yet did not cease new-building, improving, artistically adorning, till it became in all points the image of his taste.

A really handsome, princely kind of residence, that of Reinsberg, got up with a thrift that most of all astonishes us, in which improved locality we shall by-and-by look in upon him again. For the present we must to Warsaw, where tragedies and troubles are in the wind, which turn out to be not quite without importance to the Crown-Prince and us.

CHAPTER VIII.

KING AUGUST DIES, AND POLAND TAKES FIRE.

MEANWHILE, over at Warsaw, there has an event fallen out —Friedrich, writing rapidly from vague reminiscence, as he often does, records it as "during the marriage festivities;"[1] but it was four good months earlier—Event which we must now look at for a moment.

In the end of January last we left Grumkow in a low and hypochondriacal state, much shaken by that drinking-bout at Crossen, when the Polish Majesty and he were so anxious to pump one another by copious priming with Hungary wine. About a fortnight after, in the first days of February following (day is not given), Grumkow reported something curious. "In my presence," says Wilhelmina, "and that of forty persons," for the thing was much talked about, "Grumkow said to the King one morning, 'Ah! Sire, I am in despair; the poor Patroon is dead! I was lying broad awake last night; all on a sudden the curtains of my bed flew asunder: I saw him; he was in a shroud; he gazed fixedly at me; I tried to start up, being dreadfully taken; but the phantom disappeared!'" Here was an illustrious ghost-story for Berlin in a day or two, when the Courier came. "Died at the very time of the phantom; Death and phantom were same night," say Wilhelmina and the miraculous Berlin public, but do not say *what* night for either of them it was;[2] by help of which latter circumstance the phantom be-

[1] *Œuvres* (*Mém. de Brandebourg*), i., 163.

[2] Wilhelmina, ii., 98: event happened 1st February; news of it came to Berlin 4th February: Fassmann (p. 485); Buchholz; &c.

comes reasonably unmiraculous again, in a nervous system tremulous from drink. "They had been sad at parting," Wilhelmina says, "having drunk immensities of Hungary wine; the Patroon almost weeping over his Grumkow: 'Adieu, my dear Grumkow,' said he, 'I shall never see you more!'"

Miraculous or not, the catastrophe is true: August, the once Physically Strong, lies dead, and their will be no Partition of Poland for the present. He had the Diet ready to assemble, waiting for him at Warsaw, and good trains laid in the Diet, capable of fortunate explosion under a good engineer. Engineer, alas! The Grumkow drinking-bout had awakened that old sore in his foot: he came to Warsaw, eager enough for business, but with his stock of strength all out, and Death now close upon him. The Diet met, 26–27th January; engineer all alert about the good trains laid, and the fortunate exploding of them; when, almost on the morrow—"Inflammation has come on!" said the Doctors, and were futile to help farther. The strong body and its life was done, and nothing remained but to call in the Archbishop with his extreme unctions and soul apparatus.

August made no moaning or recalcitrating; took, on the prescribed terms, the inevitable that had come. Has been a very great sinner, he confesses to the Archbishop: "I have not at present strength to name my many and great sins to your Reverence," said he; "I hope for mercy on the"—on the usual rash terms. Terms perhaps known to August to be rash—to have been frightfully rash; but what can he now do? Archbishop thereupon gives absolution of his sins; Archbishop does—a baddish, unlikely kind of man, as August well knows. August "laid his hand on his eyes" during such sad absolution mummery, and in that posture had breathed his last before it was well over.[3] Unhappy soul, who shall judge him? Transcendent King of edacious Flunkeys, not without fine qualities, which he turned to such a use amid the temptations of this world!

Poland has to find a new King.

His death brought vast miseries on Poland; kindled foolish

[3] "Sunday, 1st February, 1733, quarter past 4 A.M." (Fassmann: *Leben Friderici Augusti Königs in Pohlen*, p. 994–997).

Europe generally into fighting, and gave our Crown-Prince his first actual sight and experience of the facts of War; for which reason, hardly for another, the thing having otherwise little memorability at present, let us give some brief synopsis of it, the briefer the better. Here, excerpted from multifarious old Note-books, are some main heads of the affair:

"On the disappearance of August the Strong, his plans of Partitioning Poland disappeared too, and his fine trains in the Diet abolished themselves. The Diet had now nothing to do but proclaim the coming Election, giving a date to it, and go home to consider a little whom they would elect.[4] A question weighty to Poland, and not likely to be settled by Poland alone or chiefly; the sublime Republic, with *liberum veto*, and Diets capable only of anarchic noise, having now reached such a stage that its Neighbors every where stood upon its skirts, asking 'Whitherward, then, with your anarchy? Not this way; we say that way!' and were apt to get to battle about it before such a thing could be settled. A house in your street, with perpetual smoke coming through the slates of it, is not a pleasant house to be neighbor to! One honest interest the neighbors have in an Election Crisis there, That the house do not get on fire and kindle them. Dishonest interests, in the way of theft and otherwise, they may have without limit.

"The poor house, during last Election Crisis—when August the Strong was flung out, and Stanislaus brought in; Crisis presided over by Charles XII., with Czar Peter and others hanging on the outskirts as Opposition party—fairly got into flame,[5] but was quenched down again by that stout Swede, and his Stanislaus, a native Pole, was left peaceably as King for the years then running. Years ran, and Stanislaus was thrown out, Charles himself being thrown out, and had to make way for August the Strong again—an ejected Stanislaus, King only in title, known to most readers of this time.[6]

"Poor man, he has been living in Zweibrück, in Weissenburg, and

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[4] "Interregnum proclaimed," 11th February; Preliminary Diet to meet 21st April; meets; settles, before May is done, that the Election shall *begin* 25th August: it must *end* in six weeks thereafter, by law of the land.

[5] Description of it in Köhler: *Münzbelustigungen*, vi., 228-230.

[6] Stanislaus, Lesczinsky "Woywode of Posen," born 1677: King of Poland, Charles XII. superintending, 1704 (age then 27); driven out 1709, went to Charles XII. at Bender; to Zweibrück, 1714; thence, on Charles's death at Weissenburg (Alsace, or Strasburg Country); Daughter married to Louis XV., 1725. Age now 56.—Hübner, t. 97; *Histoire de Stanislas I., Roi de Pologne* (English translation, London, 1741), p. 96–126; &c.

such places, in that Debatable French-German region, which the French are more and more getting stolen to themselves in late centuries: generally on the outskirts of France he lives, having now connections of the highest quality with France. He has had fine Country-houses in that Zweibrück (*Two-Bridge*, Deux-Ponts) region; had always the ghost of a Court there; plenty of money—a sinecure Country-gentleman life; and no complaints have been heard from him. Charles XII., as proprietor of Deux-Ponts, had first of all sent him into those parts for refuge, and, in general, easy days have been the lot of Stanislaus there.

"Nor has History spoken of him since except on one small occasion: when the French Politician Gentlemen, at a certain crisis of their game, chose a Daughter of his to be Wife for young Louis XV., and bring royal progeny, of which they were scarce. This was in 1724–5, Duc de Bourbon, and other Politicians male and female, finding that the best move: a thing wonderful to the then Gazetteers for nine days, but not now worth much talk. The good young Lady, it is well known, a very pious creature, and sore tried in her new station, did bring royal progeny enough, and might as well have held her hand, had she foreseen what would become of them, poor souls! This was a great event for Stanislaus, the sinecure Country-gentleman in his French-German rustication. One other thing I have read of him, infinitely smaller, out of those ten years: in Zweibrück Country, or somewhere in that French-German region, he 'built a pleasure cottage,' conceivable to the mind, 'and called it *Schuhflick* (Shoe-Patch)'[7] a name that touches one's fancy on behalf of the innocent soul. Other fact I will not remember of him. He is now to quit Shoe-Patch and his pleasant Weissenburg Castle; to come on the public stage again, poor man, and suffer a second season of mischances and disgraces still worse than the first, as we shall see presently, a new Polish Election Crisis having come!

"What individual the Polish Grandees would have chosen for King if entirely left alone to do it? is a question not important, and indeed was never asked in this or in late Elections. Not the individual who could have *been* a King among them were they, for a long time back, in the habit of seeking after; not him, but another, and indeed reverse kind of individual—the one in whom there lay most *nourishment*—nourishment of any kind, even of the cash kind, for a practical Polish Grandee; so that the question was no longer of the least importance to Poland or the Universe, and in point of fact, the frugal Destinies had ceased to have it put in that quarter. Not Grandees of Poland, but Intrusive Neighbors carrying Grandees of Poland 'in their breeches

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[7] Büsching: *Erdbeschreibung*, v., 1194.

pocket' (as our phrase is), were the voting parties. To that pass it was come. Under such stern penalty had Poland and its Grandees fallen, by dint of false voting; the frugal Destinies had ceased to ask about their vote, and they were become machines for voting with, or pistols for fighting with, by bad Neighbors who cared to vote! Nor did the frugal Destinies consider that the proper method either, but had, as we shall see, determined to abolish that too in about forty years more."

Of the Candidates; of the Conditions. How the Election went.

It was under such omens that the Polish Election of 1733 had to transact itself. Austria, Russia, Prussia, as next Neighbors, were the chief voting parties, if they cared to intrude, which Austria and Russia were clear for doing; Prussia not clear, or not beyond the indispensable or evidently profitable. Seckendorf, and one Löwenwolde, the Russian Embassador at Berlin, had, some time ago, in foresight of this event, done their utmost to bring Friedrich Wilhelm into co-operation, offering fine baits, "Berg and Jülich" again among others, but nothing definite came of it: peaceable, reasonably safe Election in Poland—other interest Friedrich Wilhelm has not in the matter, and compliance, not co-operation, is what can be expected of him by the Kaiser and Czarina. Co-operating or even complying, these Three could have settled it, and would, had no other Neighbor interfered; but other neighbors *can* interfere; any neighbor that has money to spend, or likes to bully in such a matter; and that proved to be the case in this unlucky instance.

Austria and Russia, with Prussia complying, had—a year ago, before the late August's decease, his life seeming then an extremely uncertain one, and foresight being always good—privately come to an understanding[8] "in case of a Polish Election:

"1°. That France was to have no hand in it whatever—no tool of France to be King; or, as they more politely expressed it, having their eye upon Stanislaus, No Piast or native Pole could be eligible.

"2°. That neither could August's Son, the new August, who

[8] 31st December, 1731, "Treaty of Löwenwolde" (which never got completed or became valid): Schöll, ii., 223.

would then be Kurfürst of Saxony, be admitted King of Poland. And, on the whole,

"3°. That an Emanuel, Prince of Portugal, would be the eligible man." Emanuel of Portugal, King of Portugal's Brother, a gentleman without employment, as his very Title tells us—gentleman never heard of before or since, in those parts or elsewhere, but doubtless of the due harmless quality, as Portugal itself was—he is to be the Polish King, vote these intrusive neighbors. What the vote of Poland itself may be, the Destinies do not, of late, ask, finding it a superfluous question.

So had the Three Neighbors settled this matter, or rather, I should say, so had Two of them, for Friedrich Wilhelm wanted, now or afterward, nothing in this Election but that it should not take fire and kindle him—Two of the Neighbors; and of these two, perhaps we might guess the Kaiser was the principal contriver and suggester, France and Saxony being both hateful to him—obstinate refusers of the Pragmatic Sanction, to say nothing more. What the Czarina, Anne with the big cheek, specially wanted, I do not learn, unless it were peaceable hold of Courland, or perhaps merely to produce herself in these parts, as a kind of regulating Pallas, along with the Jupiter Kaiser of Western Europe, which might have effects by-and-by.

Emanuel of Portugal was not elected, nor so much as spoken of in the Diet; nor did one of these Three Regulations take effect, but much the contrary, other Neighbors having the power to interfere. France saw good to interfere, a rather distant Neighbor; Austria, Russia, could not endure the French vote at all, and so the whole world got on fire by the business.

France is not a near neighbor, but it has a Stanislaus much concerned, who is eminently under the protection of France—who may be called the "*Father* of France" in a sense, or even the "Grandfather," his Daughter being Mother of a young creature they call Dauphin, or "Child of France?" Fleury and the French Court decide that Stanislaus, Grandfather of France, was once King of Poland; that it will behoove, for various reasons, he be King again. Some say old Fleury did not care for Stanislaus; merely wanted a quarrel with the Kaiser, having got himself in readiness, "with Lorraine in his eye,"

25th Aug., 1733.

and seeing the Kaiser not ready. It is likelier the hot young spirits, Belleisle and others, controlled old Fleury into it. At all events, Stanislaus is summoned from his rustication; the French Embassador at Warsaw gets his instructions. French Embassador opens himself largely at Warsaw by eloquent speech, by copious money, on the subject of Stanislaus; finds large audience, enthusiastic receptivity; and readers will now understand the following chronological phenomena of the Polish Election:

"*August 25th*, 1733. This day the Polish Election begins. So has the Preliminary Diet (kind of Polish *Caucus*) ordered it; Preliminary Diet itself a very stormy matter; minority like to be 'thrown out of window,' to be 'shot through the head' on some occasions.[9] Actual Election begins; continues *sub dio*, 'in the Field of Wola,' in a very tempestuous fashion; bound to conclude within six weeks. Kaiser has his troops assembled over the border, in Silesia, 'to protect the freedom of election;' Czarina has 30,000 under Marshal Lacy, lying on the edge of Lithuania, bent on a like object; will increase them to 50,000 as the plot thickens.

"So that Emanuel of Portugal is not heard of, and French interference is, with a vengeance; and Stanislaus, a born Piast, is overwhelmingly the favorite. Intolerable to Austria, to Russia; the reverse to Friedrich Wilhelm, who privately thinks him the right man. And Kurfürst August of Saxony is the other Candidate, with troops of his own in the distance, but without support in Poland, and depending wholly on the Kaiser and Czarina for his chance. And our 'three settled points' are gone to water in this manner!

"August, seeing there was not the least hope in Poland's own vote, judiciously went to the Kaiser first of all: 'Imperial Majesty, I will accept your Pragmatic Sanction root and branch—swallow it whole; make me King of Poland!' 'Done!' answers Imperial Majesty:[10] brings the Czarina over, by good offers of August's and his, and now there is an effective Opposition Candidate in the field, with strength of his own, and good backing close at hand. Austrian, Russian embassadors at Warsaw lift up their voice like the French one, open their purse, and bestir themselves, but with no success in the Field of Wola, except to the stirring up of noise and tumult there. They must look to other fields for success. The voice of Wola, and of Poland, if it had now a voice, is enthusiastic for Stanislaus.

"*September 7th*. A couple of quiet-looking Merchants arrive in

[9] *History of Stanislaus* (cited above), p. 136.

[10] 16th July, 1733; Treaty in Schöll, ii., 224-231.

Warsaw, one of whom is Stanislaus in person. Newspapers say he is in the French Fleet of War, which is sailing minatory toward these coasts; and there is, in truth, a Gentleman in Stanislaus's Clothes on board there, to make the Newspapers *believe*. Stanislaus himself drove through Berlin a day or two ago; gave the sentry a ducat at the Gate, to be speedy with the passports, whom Friedrich Wilhelm affected to put under arrest for such negligent speed. And so, on the 10th of the month, Stanislaus, being now rested and trimmed, makes his appearance on the Field of Wola itself, and captivates all hearts by the kind look of him; so that, on the second day after, 12th September, 1733, he is, as it were, unanimously elected — with acclamation, with enthusiasm— and sees himself actual King of Poland, if France send proper backing to continue him there, as surely she will not fail? But there are alarming news that the Russians are advancing: Marshal Lacy with 30,000, and re-enforcements in the rear of him.

"*September* 22*d*. Russians advancing more and more; no French help arrived yet, and the enthusiastic Polish Chivalry being good for nothing against regular musketry, King Stanislaus finds that he will have to quit Warsaw, and seek covert elsewhere. Quits Warsaw this day; gets covert in Dantzig; and, in fact, from this 22d of September, day of the autumnal equinox, 1733, is a fugitive, blockaded, besieged Stanislaus: an Imaginary King thenceforth. His Real Kingship had lasted precisely ten days.

"*October* 3*d*. Lacy and his Russians arrive in the suburbs of Warsaw, intent upon 'protecting freedom of election.' Bridges being broken, they do not yet cross the River, but invite the free electors to come across and vote: 'A real King is very necessary, Stanislaus being an imaginary one, brought in by compulsion, by threats of flinging people out of window, and the like.' The free electors do not cross; whereupon a small handful, now free enough, and *not* to be thrown out of window, whom Lacy had about him, proceed to elect August of Saxony: he, on the 5th of October, still one day within the legal six weeks, is chosen and declared the real King, 'twelve senators and about six hundred gentlemen' voting for him there, free they in Lacy's quarters, the rest of Poland having lain under compulsion when voting for Stanislaus. That is the Polish Election so far as Poland can settle it. 'We said the Destinies had ceased, some time since, to ask Poland for its vote; it is other people who have now got the real power of voting. But that is the correct state of the poll at Warsaw, if important to any body."

August is crowned in Cracow before long—"August III.," whom we shall meet again in important circumstances. Lacy and his Russians have voted for August; able, they, to disperse

5th Oct., 1733.
all manner of enthusiastic Polish Chivalry, which indeed, we observe, usually stands but one volley from the Russian musketry, and flies elsewhither, to burn and plunder its own domestic enemies. Far and wide, robbery and arson are prevalent in Poland; Stanislaus lying under covert in Dantzig, an imaginary King ever since the equinox, but well trusting that the French will give him a plumper vote. French War-fleet is surely under way hither.

Poland on fire; Dantzig stands Siege.

These are the news our Crown-Prince hears at Ruppin in the first months of his wedded life there, with what interest we may fancy. Brandenburg is next neighbor, and these Polish troubles reach far enough, the ever-smoking house having taken fire, and all the street threatening to get on blaze. Friedrich Wilhelm, nearest neighbor, stands anxious to quench, carefully sweeping the hot coals across again from his own borders, and will not interfere on one or the other side for any persuasion.

Dantzig, strong in confidence of French help, refuses to give up Stanislaus when summoned; will stand siege rather. Stands siege; furious lengthy siege, with enthusiastic defense, "a Lady of Rank firing off the first gun" against the Russian batteries. Of the Siege of Dantzig, which made the next Spring and Summer loud for mankind (February–June, 1734), we shall say nothing—our own poor field, which also grows loud enough, lying far away from Dantzig—except,

First, That no French help came, or as good as none, the minatory War-fleet having landed a poor 1500 men, headed by the Comte de Plelo, who had volunteered along with them; that they attempted one onslaught on the Russian lines, and that Plelo was shot, and the rest were blown to miscellaneous ruin, and had to disappear, not once getting into Dantzig. *Secondly*, That the Saxons, under Weissenfels, our poor old friend, with proper siege-artillery, though not with enough, did, by effort (end of May), get upon the scene; in which this is to be remarked, that Weissenfels's siege-artillery "came by post," two big mortars expressly passing through Berlin, marked as part of the Duke of Weissenfels's Luggage. And *thirdly*, That Münnich, who had

succeeded Lacy as Besieging General, and was in hot haste, and had not artillery enough, made unheard-of assaults (2000 men, some say 4000, lost in one night-attack upon a post they call the Hagelberg; rash attack, much blamed by military men);[11] but nevertheless, having now (by Russian Fleet, middle of June) got siege-artillery enough, advances irrepressible day by day.

So that at length, things being now desperate, Stanislaus, disguised as a cattle-dealer, privately quitted Dantzig night of 27th June, 1734; got across the intricate mud-and-water difficulties of the Weichsel and its mouths, flying perilously toward Preussen and Friedrich Wilhelm's protection,[12] whereby the Siege of Dantzig ended in chamade and levying of penalties—penalties severe to a degree, though Friedrich Wilhelm interceded what he could. And with the Siege of Dantzig, the blazing Polish Election went out in like manner,[13] having already kindled, in quarters far away from it, conflagrations quite otherwise interesting to us, whitherward we now hasten.

CHAPTER IX.

KAISER'S SHADOW-HUNT HAS CAUGHT FIRE.

FRANZ of Lorraine, the young favorite of Fortune whom we once saw at Berlin on an interesting occasion, was about this time to have married his Imperial Archduchess, Kaiser's consent to be formally demanded and given; nothing but joy and splendor looked for in the Court of Vienna at present. Nothing to prevent it had there been no Polish Election; had not the Kaiser, in his Shadow-Hunt (coursing the Pragmatic Sanction chiefly, as he has done these twenty years past), gone rashly into that combustible foreign element. But so it is; this was the fatal limit. The poor Kaiser's Shadow-Hunt, going scot-free this long while, and merely tormenting other people, has, at this point, by contact with inflammable Poland, unexpectedly

[11] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 2d, p. 31.

[12] Narrative by himself, in *History*, p. 235–248.

[13] Clear account, especially of Siege, in Mannstein (p. 71–83), who was there as Münnich's Aide-de-Camp.

14th Oct., 1733.

itself caught fire; goes now plunging, all in mad flame, over precipices one knows not how deep; and there will be a lamentable singeing and smashing before the Kaiser get out of this, if he ever get! Kaiser Karl, from this point, plunges down and down all his days, and except in that Shadow of a Pragmatic Sanction, if he can still save that, has no comfort left. Marriages are not the thing to be thought of at present!

Scarcely had the news of August's Election and Stanislaus's flight to Dantzig reached France, when France, all in a state of readiness, informed the Kaiser, ready for nothing, his force lying in Silesia, doing the Election functions on the Polish borders there, "That he, the Kaiser, had, by such treatment of the Grandfather of France and the Polish Kingdom fairly fallen to him, insulted the most Christian Majesty; that, in consequence, the most Christian Majesty did hereby declare War against the said Kaiser," and in fact had, that very day (14th October, 1733), begun it—had marched over into Lorraine, namely, secured Lorraine against accidents, and, more specially, gone across from Strasburg to the German side of the Rhine, and laid siege to Kehl—Kehl Fortress, a dilapidated outpost of the Reich there, which can not resist many hours. Here is news for the Kaiser, with his few troops all on the Polish borders, minding his neighbor's business, or chasing Pragmatic Sanction in those inflammable localities!

Pacific Fleury, it must be owned, if he wanted a quarrel with the Kaiser, could not have managed it on more advantageous terms. Generals, a Duc de Berwick, a Noailles, Belleisle; generals, troops, artillery, munitions, nothing is wanting to Fleury; to the Kaiser all things. It is surmised the French had their eye on Lorraine, not on Stanislaus, from the first. For many centuries, especially for these last two—ever since that Siege of Metz, which we once saw, under Kaiser Karl V. and Albert Alcibiades—France has been wrenching and screwing at this Lorraine, wriggling it off bit by bit, till now, as we perceived on Lyttelton junior of Hagley's visit, Lorraine seems all lying unscrewed, and France, by any good opportunity, could stick it in her pocket. Such opportunity sly Fleury contrived, they say;

or more likely it might be Belleisle and the other adventurous spirits that urged it on pacific Fleury: but, at all events, he has got it. Dilapidated Kehl yields straightway;[1] Sardinia, Spain, declare alliance with Fleury; and not Lorraine only and the Swabian Provinces, but Italy itself, lies at his discretion, owing to your treatment of the Grandfather of France and these Polish Elective methods.

The astonished Kaiser rushes forward to fling himself into the arms of the Sea-Powers, his one resource left: "Help! Moneys, subsidies, ye Sea-Powers!" But the Sea-Powers stand obtuse, arms not open at all, hands buttoning their pockets: "Sorry we can not, your Imperial Majesty. Fleury engages not to touch the Netherlands, the Barrier Treaty; Polish Elections are not our concern!" and callously decline. The Kaiser's astonishment is extreme, his big heart swelling even with a martyr-feeling, and he passionately appeals: "Ungrateful, blind Sea-Powers! No money to fight France, say you? Are the Laws of Nature fallen void!" Imperial astonishment, sublime martyr-feeling, passionate appeals to the Laws of Nature avail nothing with the blind Sea-Powers; "No money in us," answer they: "we will help you to negotiate." "Negotiate!" answers he; and will have to pay his own Election broken glass, with a sublime martyr-feeling, without money from the Sea-Powers.

Fleury has got the Sardinian Majesty—"Sardinian doorkeeper of the Alps," who opens them now this way, now that, for a consideration: "A slice of the Milanese, your Majesty!" bargains Fleury. Fleury has got the Spanish Majesty (our violent old friend the Termagant of Spain) persuaded to join: "Your infant Carlos, made Duke of Parma and Piacenza, with such difficulty: what is that? Naples itself, crown of the Two Sicilies, lies in the wind for Carlos; and your junior infant, great Madam, has he no need of appanages?" The Termagant of Spain, "offended by Pragmatic Sanction" (she says), is ready on those terms; the Sardinian Majesty is ready; and Fleury, this same October, with an overwhelming force, Spaniards and

[1] 29th October, 1733. *Mémoirs du Maréchal de Berwick* (in Petitot's Collection, Paris, 1828), ii., 303.

Sardinians to join, invades Italy, great Marshal Villars himself taking the command—Marshal Villars, an extremely eminent old military gentleman, somewhat of a friend or husband of a lady-friend to M. de Voltaire for one thing, and capable of slicing Italy to pieces at a fine rate, in the condition it was in.

Never had Kaiser such a bill of broken glass to pay for meddling in neighbors' elections before. The year was not yet ended when Villars and the Sardinian Majesty had done their stroke on Lombardy; taken Milan Citadel, taken Pizzighettone, the Milanese in whole, and appropriated it; swept the poor unprepared Kaiser clear out of those parts. Baby Carlos and the Spaniards are to do the Two Sicilies, Naples or the land one to begin with, were the Winter gone. For the present, Louis XV. "sings *Te Deum* at Paris, 23d December, 1733"[2]—a merry Christmas there. Villars, now above fourscore, soon died of those fatigues, various Marshals, Broglio, Coigny, Noailles, succeeding him, some of whom are slightly notable to us; and there was one Maillebois, still a subordinate under them, whose name also may reappear in this History.

Subsequent Course of the War in the Italian part of it.

The French-Austrian War, which had now broken out, lasted a couple of years, the Kaiser steadily losing, though he did his utmost; not so much a War on his part as a Being Beaten and Being Stripped. The scene was Italy and the Upper Rhine Country of Germany, Italy the deciding scene, where, except as it bears on Germany, our interest is nothing, as indeed in Germany too it is not much. The principal events on both stages are chronologically somewhat as follows, beginning with Italy:

"*March 29th*, 1734. Baby Carlos, with a Duke of Montemar for General, a difficult, impetuous gentleman, very haughty to the French allies and others, lands in Naples Territory, intending to seize the Two Sicilies according to bargain. They find the Kaiser quite unprepared, and their enterprise extremely feasible.

"*May 10th*. Baby Carlos—whom we ought to call Don Carlos, who is now eighteen gone, and able to ride the great horse—makes triumphant entry into Naples, having easily swept the road clear; styles himself

[2] *Fastes du Règne de Louis XV.* (*Paris*, 1766), i., 248.

'King of the two Sicilies' (Papa having surrendered him his 'right' there), whom Naples, in all ranks of it, willingly homages as such. Wrecks of Kaiser's forces intrench themselves rather strongly at a place called Bitonto, in Apulia, not far off.

"*May 25th.* Montemar, in an impetuous manner, storms them there, which feat procures for him the title Duke of Bitonto, and finishes off the First of the Sicilies; and indeed we may say, finishes Both the Sicilies, our poor Kaiser having no considerable force in either, nor means of sending any, the Sea-Powers having buttoned their pockets, and the Combined Fleet of France and Spain being on the waters there.

"We need only add on this head that for ten months more Baby Carlos and Montemar went about besieging Gaeta, Messina, Syracuse, and making triumphal entries; and that, on the 30th of June, 1735, Baby Carlos had himself fairly crowned at Palermo,[3] 'King of the Two Sicilies' *de facto*, in which eminent post he and his continue, not with much success, to this day.

"That will suffice for the Two Sicilies. As to Lombardy again, now that Villars is out of it, and the Coignys and Broglios have succeeded:

"*June 29th*, 1734. Kaiser, rallying desperately for recovery of the Milanese, has sent an Army thither, Graf von Mercy leader of it: Battle of Parma between the French and it (29th June), totally lost by the Kaiser's people after furious fighting, Graf von Mercy himself killed in the action—Graf von Mercy, and what comes nearer us, a Prince of Culmbach, amiable Uncle of our Wilhelmina's Husband, a brave man and Austrian soldier, who was much regretted by Wilhelmina and the rest, his death and obsequies making a melancholy Court of Baireuth in this agitated year. The Kaiser, doing his utmost, is beaten at every point.

"*September 15th.* Surprisal of the Secchia. Kaiser's people rally under a General Graf von Königseck, worth noting by us, and after some manœuvring in the Guastalla-Modena region, on the Secchia and Po rivers there, dexterously steal across the Secchia that night (15th September), cutting off the small guard-party at the ford of the Secchia, then wading silently, and burst in upon the French Camp in a truly alarming manner,[4] so that Broglio, in command there, had to gallop with only one boot on, some say 'in his shirt,' till he got some force rallied, and managed to retreat more Parthian-like upon his brother Maréchal's Division. Artillery, war-chest, secret correspondence, 'King of Sardinia's tent,' and much cheering plunder beside Broglio's odd boot, were the consequences, the Kaiser's one success in this War, abolished, un-

[3] *Fastes de Louis XV.*, i., 278.

[4] Hormayr, xx., 84; *Fastes*, as it is liable to do, misdates.

luckily, in four days! The Broglio who here gallops is the second French Maréchal of the name, son of the first, a military gentleman whom we shall but too often meet in subsequent stages. A son of this one's, a third Maréchal Broglio, present at the Secchia that bad night, is the famous War-god of the Bastile-time, fifty-five years hence—unfortunate old War-god, the Titans being all up about him. As to Broglio with the one boot, it is but a triumph over him till—

"*September 19th.* Battle of Guastalla that day. Battle lost by the Kaiser's people after eight hours' hot fighting, who are then obliged to hurry across the Secchia again, and, in fact, do not succeed in fighting any more in that quarter this year or afterward; for next year (1735) Montemar is so advanced with the Two Sicilies he can assist in these Northern operations, and Noailles, a better Maréchal, replaces the Broglio and Coigny there, who, with learned strategic movements, sieges, threatenings of siege, sweeps the wrecks of Austria, to a satisfactory degree, into the Tyrol, without fighting, or event mentionable thenceforth.

"This is the Kaiser's War of two Campaigns in the Italian, which was the decisive part of it: a continual Being Beaten, as the reader sees; a Being Stripped, till one was nearly bare in that quarter."

Course of the War in the German part of it.

In Germany the mentionable events are still fewer; and, indeed, but for one small circumstance binding on us, we might skip them altogether; for there is nothing comfortable in it to the human memory otherwise.

Maréchal Duc de Berwick, a cautious considerable General (Marlborough's Nephew, on what terms is known to readers), having taken Kehl and plundered the Swabian outskirts last Winter, had extensive plans of operating in the heart of Germany, and ruining the Kaiser there. But first he needs, and the Kaiser is aware of it, a "basis on the Rhine;" free bridge over the Rhine, not by Strasburg and Kehl alone; and for this reason, he will have to besiege and capture Philipsburg first of all—strong Town of Philipsburg, well down toward Speyer and Heidelberg quarter on the German side of the Rhine:* here will be our bridge. Lorraine is already occupied since the first day of the War; Trarbach, strong place of the Moselle and Electorate of Trier, can not be difficult to get. Thus were the Rhine

* Map at p. 403.

Country, on the French side, secure to France; and so Berwick calculates he will have a basis on the Rhine, from which to shoot forth into the very heart of the Kaiser.

Berwick besieged Philipsburg accordingly (Summer and Autumn, 1734), Kaiser doing his feeble best to hinder: at the Siege, Berwick lost his life, but Philipsburg surrendered to his successor, all the same; Kaiser striving to hinder, but in a most paralyzed manner, and to no purpose whatever. And—and this properly *was* the German War, the sum of all done in it during those two years.

Seizure of Nanci (that is, of Lorraine), seizure of Kehl we already heard of; then, prior to Philipsburg, there was siege or seizure of Trarbach by the French; and, posterior to it, seizure of Worms by them; and by the Germans there was "burning of a magazine in Speyer by bombs." And, in brief, on both sides, there was marching and manœuvring under various generals (our old rusty Seckendorf one of them), till the end of 1735, when the Italian decision arrived, and Truce and Peace along with it; but there was no other action worth naming, even in the Newspapers as a wonder of nine days. The Siege of Philipsburg, and what hung flickering round that operation before and after, was the sum total of the German War.

Philipsburg, key of the Rhine in those parts, has had many sieges; nor would this one merit the least history from us were it not for one circumstance: that our Crown-Prince was of the Opposing Army, and made his first experience of arms there—a Siege of Philipsburg slightly memorable to us on that one account. What Friedrich did there, which in the military way was as good as nothing; what he saw and experienced there, which, with some "eighty Princes of the Reich," a Prince Eugene for General, and three months under canvas on the field, may have been something; this, in outline, by such obscure indications as remain, we would fain make conceivable to the reader. Indications in the History-Books we have as good as none, but must gather what there is from *Wilhelmina* and the Crown-Prince's *Letters*, much studying to be brief, were it possible.

13th March, 1734.

CHAPTER X.

CROWN-PRINCE GOES TO THE RHINE CAMPAIGN.

THE Kaiser—with Kehl snatched from him, the Rhine open, and Louis XV. singing *Te Deum* in the Christmas-time for what Villars in Italy had done—applied in passionate haste to the Reich. The Reich, though Fleury tried to cajole it, and apologize for taking Kehl from it, declares for the Kaiser's quarrel; War against France on his behalf:[1] it was in this way that Friedrich Wilhelm and our Crown-Prince came to be concerned in the Rhine Campaign. The Kaiser will have a *Reichs*-Army (were it good for much, as is not likely) to join to his own Austrian one; and if Prince Eugene, who is Reichs-Feldmarschall, one of the *two* Feldmarschalls, get the Generalship, as men hope, it is not doubted but there will be great work on the Rhine this Summer of 1734.

Unhappily, the Reichs-Army, raised from multifarious contingents, and guided and provided for by many heads, is usually good for little. Not to say that old Kur-Pfalz, with an eye to French help in the Berg and Jülich matter—old Kur-Pfalz and the Bavarian set (*Kur-Baiern* and *Kur-Köln*, Bavaria and Cologne, who are Brothers, and of old cousinship to Kur-Pfalz) quite refuse their contingents; protest in the Diet, and openly have French leanings. These are bad omens for the Reichs-Army. And in regard to the Reichs-Feldmarschall Office, there also is a difficulty. The Reich, as we hinted, keeps two supreme Feldmarschalls—one Catholic, one Protestant, for equilibrium's sake: illustrious Prince Eugenio von Savoye is the Catholic; but as to the Protestant, it is a difficulty worth observing for a moment.

Old Duke Eberhard Ludwig of Würtemberg, the unfortunate old gentleman bewitched by the Grävenitz "Deliver us from evil," used to be the Reichs-Feldmarschall of Protestant persua-

[1] 13th March, 1734 (Buchholz, i., 131).

sion—Commander-in-Chief for the Reich when it tried fighting. Old Eberhard had been at Blenheim, and had marched up and down; I never heard he was much of a General; perhaps good enough for the Reich, whose troops were always bad. But now that poor Duke, as we intimated once or more, is dead; there must be, of Protestant type, a new Reichs-Feldmarschall had. One Catholic, unequaled among Captains, we already have; but where is the Protestant, Duke Eberhard being dead?

Duke Eberhard's Successor in Würtemberg, Karl Alexander by name, whom we once dined with at Prag on the Kladrup journey, he, a General of some worth, would be a natural person. Unluckily, Duke Karl Alexander had, while an Austrian Officer and without outlooks upon Protestant Würtemberg, gone over to Papacy, and is now Catholic. "Two Catholic Feldmarschalls!" cries the *Corpus Evangelicorum;* "that will never do!"

Well, on the other or Protestant side there appear two Candidates, one of them not much expected by the reader—no other than Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick-Bevern, our Crown-Prince's Father-in-law, whom we knew to be a worthy man, but did not know to be much of a soldier, or capable of these ambitious views. He is Candidate First. Then there is a Second, much more entitled: our gunpowder friend, the Old Dessauer, who, to say nothing of his soldier qualities, has promises from the Kaiser: he surely were the man, if it did not hurt other people's feelings. But it surely does and will. There is Ferdinand of Bevern applying, upon the score of old promises too. How can people's feelings be saved? Protestants these two last; but they can not both have it; and what will Würtemberg say to either of them? The Reich was in very great affliction about this preliminary matter. But Friedrich Wilhelm steps in with a healing recipe: "Let there be Four Reichs-Feldmarschalls," said Friedrich Wilhelm, "Two Protestant and two Catholic: won't that do?" Excellent! answers the Reich; and there are Four Feldmarschalls for the time being: no lack of commanders to the Reichs-Army. Brunswick-Bevern tried it first, but only till Prince Eugene were ready, and, indeed, he had of himself come to nothing before that date. Prince Eugene next;

then Karl Alexander next; and, in fact, they all might have had a stroke at commanding, and at coming to nothing or little, only the Old Dessauer sulked at the office in this its fourfold state, and never would fairly have it, till, by decease of occupants, it came to be twofold again. This glimpse into the distracted effete interior of the poor old Reich and its Politics, with friends of ours concerned there, let it be welcome to the reader.[2]

Friedrich Wilhelm was without concern in this War, or in what had led to it. Practical share in the Polish Election (after that preliminary theoretic program of the Kaiser's and Czarina's went to smoke) Friedrich Wilhelm steadily refused to take, though considerable offers were made him on both sides—offer of West Preussen (Polish part of Prussia, which once was known to us) on the French side.[3] But his primary fixed resolution was to stand out of the quarrel, and he abides by that; suppresses any wishes of his own in regard to the Polish election; keeps ward on his own frontiers, with good military besom in hand, to sweep it out again if it intruded there. "What King you like, in God's name, only don't come over my threshold with his brabbles and him!"

But, seeing the Kaiser got into actual French War, with the Reich consenting, he is bound, by Treaty of old date (date older than *Wusterhausen*, though it was confirmed on that famous occasion), "to assist the Kaiser with ten thousand men," and this engagement he intends amply to fulfill. No sooner, therefore, had the Reich given sure signs of assenting ("Reich's assent" is the condition of the ten thousand), than Friedrich Wilhelm's orders were out, "Be in readiness!" Friedrich Wilhelm, by the time of the Reich's actual assent, or Declaration of War on the Kaiser's behalf, has but to lift his finger: squadrons and battalions, out of Pommern, out of Magdeburg, out of Preussen, to the due amount, will get on march whitherward you bid, and be with you there at the day you indicate, almost at the hour. Captains, not of an imaginary nature, these are always busy, and the King himself is busy over them. From big guns and wag-

[2] *Leopoldi von Anhalt-Dessau Leben* (by Ranfft), p. 127; Buchholz, i., 131.

[3] By De la Chétardie, French Embassador at Berlin (Buchholz, i., 130).

on-horses down to gun-flints and gaiter straps, all is marked in registers; nothing is wanting, nothing out of its place at any time, in Friedrich Wilhelm's Army.

From an early period, the French intentions upon Philipsburg might be foreseen or guessed; and in the end of March, Maréchal Berwick, "in three divisions," fairly appears in that quarter, his purpose evident; so that the Reichs-Army, were it in the least ready, ought to rendezvous and re-enforce the handful of Austrians there. Friedrich Wilhelm's part of the Reichs-Army does accordingly straightway get on march; leaves Berlin, after the due reviewing, "8th April:"[4] eight regiments of it, three of Horse and five of Foot, Goltz Foot-regiment one of them; a General Röder, unexceptionable General, to command in chief, and will arrive, though the farthest off, "first of all the Reich's Contingents," 7th of June, namely. The march, straight south, must be some four hundred miles.

Besides the Official Generals, certain high military dignitaries, Schulenburg, Bredow, Majesty himself at their head, propose to go as volunteers—especially the Crown-Prince, whose eagerness is very great, has got liberty to go. "As volunteer" he too; as Colonel of Goltz it might have had its unsuitabilities in etiquette and otherwise. Few volunteers are more interested than the Crown-Prince. Watching the great War-theatre uncurtain itself in this manner from Dantzig down to Naples, and what his own share in it should be—this, much more than his Marriage, I suppose, has occupied his thoughts since that event. Here out of Ruppin, dating six or seven weeks before the march of the Ten Thousand, is a small sign, one among many, of his outlooks in this matter. Small Note to his Cousin, Margraf Heinrich—the ill-behaved Margraf, much his comrade, who is always falling into scrapes, and whom he has just, not without difficulty, got delivered out of something of the kind.[5] He writes in German, and in the intimate style of *Thou:*

"*Ruppin, 23d February*, 1734. My dear Brother,—I can with pleasure answer that the King has spoken of thee altogether favorably to me" (scrape now abolished for the time), "and I think it would not

[4] Fassmann, p. 495. [5] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 2d, 8, 9.

have an ill effect wert thou to apply for leave to go with the Ten Thousand whom he is sending to the Rhine, and do the Campaign with them as volunteer. I am myself going with that Corps, so I doubt not the King would allow thee.

"I take the freedom to send herewith a few bottles of Champagne; and wish" all manner of good things. "FRIDERICH."[6]

This Margraf Heinrich goes; also his elder Brother, Margraf Friedrich Wilhelm, who long persecuted Wilhelmina with his hopes, and who is now about getting Sophie Dorothee, a junior Princess, much better than he merits: Betrothal is the week after these Ten Thousand march[7]—he thirty, she fifteen. He too will go, as will the other pair of Cousin Margraves—Karl, who was once our neighbor in Cüstrin, and the *Younger* Friedrich Wilhelm, whose fate lies at Prag, if he knew it. Majesty himself will go as volunteer. Are not great things to be done, with Eugene for General? To understand the insignificant Siege of Philipsburg, sum total of the Rhine Campaign, which filled the Crown-Prince's and so many other minds brimful that Summer, and is now wholly out of every mind, the following Excerpt may be admissible:

"The unlucky little Town of Philipsburg, key of the Rhine in that quarter, fortified under difficulties by old Bishops of Speyer, who sometimes resided there,[8] has been dismantled and refortified; has had its Rhine-bridge torn down, and set up again; been garrisoned now by this party, now by that, 'having right of garrison there;' nay, France has sometimes had 'the right of garrison;' and the poor little Town has suffered much, and been tumbled sadly about in the Succession-Wars and perpetual controversies between France and Germany in that quarter. In the time we are speaking of it has a 'flying-bridge' (of I know not what structure), with fortified 'bridge-head (*tête-de-pont*)' on the western or Franceward side of the River. Town's Bulwarks and complex engineering defenses are of good strength, all put in repair for this occasion: Reich and Kaiser have an effective garrison there, and a commandant determined on defense to the uttermost: what the unfortunate Inhabitants, perhaps a thousand or so in number, thought or did under such a visitation of ruin and bombshells, History gives not

[6] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 2d, p. 10.
[7] 16th April, 1734 (Ib., part 1st, p. 14 n.).
[8] Köhler: *Münzbelustigungen*, vi., 169.

the least hint any where. 'Quite used to it!' thinks History, and attends to other points.

"The Rhine Valley here is not of great breadth: eastward the heights rise to be mountainous in not many miles. By way of defense to this Valley, in the Eugene-Marlborough Wars, there was, about forty miles southward, or higher up the River than Philipsburg, a military line or chain of posts, going from Stollhofen, a boggy hamlet on the Rhine, with cunning indentations, and learned concatenation of bog and bluff, up into the inaccessibilities—*Lines of Stollhofen* the name of it—which well-devised barrier did good service for certain years. It was not till, I think, the fourth year of their existence, year 1707, that Villars, the same Villars who is now in Italy, 'stormed the Lines of Stollhofen,' which made him famous that year.

"The Lines of Stollhofen have now, in 1734, fallen flat again; but Eugene remembers them, and I could guess it was he who suggests a similar expedient. At all events, there is a similar expedient fallen upon: *Lines of Ettlingen* this time; one half nearer Philipsburg; running from Mühlburg on the Rhine-brink up to Ettlingen in the Hills*—nearer by twenty miles, and, I guess, much more slightly done. We shall see these Lines of Ettlingen, one point of them, for a moment; and they would not be worth mentioning at all except that in careless Books they too are called Lines of *Stollhofen*,[9] and the ingenuous reader is sent wandering on his map to no purpose."

"Lines of *Ettlingen*" they are, related, as now said, to the Stollhofen set. Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick-Bevern, one of the Four Feldmarschalls, has some ineffectual handful of Imperial troops dotted about within these Lines and on the skirts of Philipsburg, eagerly waiting till the Reichs-Army gather to him, otherwise he must come to nothing; will at any rate, I should think, be happy to resign in favor of Prince Eugene, were that little hero once on the ground.

On May-day, Maréchal Berwick, who has been awake in this quarter, "in three divisions," for a month past—very impatient till Belleisle with the first division should have taken Trarbach, and made the Western interior parts secure—did actually cross the Rhine with his second division "at Fort Louis," well up the River, well south of Philipsburg, intending to attack the Lines

* Map at p. 403.

[9] Wilhelmina (ii., 206), for instance; who, or whose Printer, calls them "Lines of *Stokoff*" even.

of Ettlingen, and so get in upon the Town. There is a third division, about to lay pontoons for itself a good way farther down, which shall attack the Lines simultaneously from within —that is to say, shall come upon the *back* of poor Bevern and his defensive handful of troops, and astonish him there. All prospers to Berwick in this matter: Noailles his lieutenant (not yet gone to Italy till next year), with whom is Maurice Comte de Saxe (afterward Maréchal de Saxe), an excellent observant Officer, marches up to Ettlingen May 3d; bivouacs "at the base of the mountain" (no great things of a mountain); ascends the same in two columns, horse and foot, by the first sunlight next morning; forms on a little plain on the top; issues through a thin wood, and actually beholds those same *Lines of Ettlingen*, the outmost eastern end of them, a somewhat inconsiderable matter after all! Here is Noailles's own account:

"These retrenchments, made in Turk fashion, consisted of big trees set zigzag (*en échequier*), twisted together by the branches, the whole about five fathoms thick. Inside of it were a small forlorn of Austrians: these steadily await our grenadiers, and do not give their volley till we are close. Our grenadiers receive their volley; clear the intertwisted trees after receiving a second volley (total loss seventy-five killed and wounded); and—the enemy quits his post, and the Lines of Ettlingen *are* stormed![10] This is not like storming the Lines of Stollhofen, a thing to make Noailles famous in the Newspapers for a year. But it was a useful small feat, and well enough performed on his part. The truth is, Berwick was about attacking the Lines simultaneously on the other or Mülhburg end of them (had not Noailles, now victorious, galloped to forbid); and, what was far more considerable, those other French to the northward, 'upon pontoons,' are fairly across; like to be upon the *back* of Duke Ferdinand and his handful of defenders. Duke Ferdinand perceives that he is coming to nothing; hastily collects his people from their various posts, retreats with them that same night, unpursued, to Heilbronn, and gives up the command to Prince Eugene, who is just arrived there, who took quietly two pinches of snuff on hearing this news of Ettlingen, and said, 'No matter, after all!'"

Berwick now forms the Siege at his discretion; invests Philipsburg 13th May;[11] begins firing night of the 3d–4th June, Eugene waiting at Heilbronn till the Reichs-Army come up. The

[10] Noailles, *Mémoires* (in Petitot's Collection), iii., 207.

[11] Berwick, ii., 312; 23d, says Noailles's Editor (iii., 210).

Prussian Ten Thousand do come, all in order, on the 7th; the rest by degrees, all later, and all *not* quite in order. Eugene, the Prussians having joined him, moves down toward Philipsburg and its cannonading; encamps close to rearward of the besieging French—"Camp of Wiesenthal" they call it; Village of Wiesenthal, with bogs, on the left, being his head-quarters; Village of Waghäusel, down near the River, a two-miles distance, being his limit on the right. Berwick, in front, industriously battering Philipsburg into the River, has thrown up strong lines behind him, strongly manned, to defend himself from Eugene; across the River, Berwick has one Bridge, and at the farther end one battery, with which he plays upon the rear of Philipsburg. He is much criticised by unoccupied people: "Eugene's attack will ruin us on those terms!" and much incommoded by overflowings of the Rhine; Rhine swollen by melting of the mountain snows, as is usual there; which inundations Berwick had well foreseen, though the War-minister at Paris would not: "Haste?" answered the War-minister always; "we shall be in right time. I tell you there have fallen no snows this winter: how can inundation be?" "Depends on the heat," said Berwick; "there are snows enough always in stock up there!"

And so it proves, though the War-minister would not believe; and Berwick has to take the inundations, and to take the circumstances, and to try if, by his own continual best exertions, he can but get Philipsburg into the bargain. On the 12th of June, visiting his posts, as he daily does, the first thing, Berwick stepped out of the trenches, anxious for a clear view of something; stepped upon "the crest of the sap," a place exposed to both French and Austrian batteries, and which had been forbidden to the soldiers, and there, as he anxiously scanned matters through his glass, a cannon ball, unknown whether French or Austrian, shivered away the head of Berwick; left others to deal with the criticisms, and the inundations, and the operations big or little, at Philipsburg and elsewhere! Siege went on, better or worse, under the next in command, "Paris in great anxiety," say the Books.

It is a hot siege, a stiff defense; Prince Eugene looks on, but does not attack in the way apprehended. Southward in Italy

29th June, 1734.

we hear there is marching, strategying in the Parma Country; Count von Mercy likely to come to an action before long. Northward, Dantzig by this time is all wrapped in fire whirlwinds: its sallyings and outer defenses all driven in; mere torrents of Russian bombs raining on it day and night; French auxiliaries, snapped up at landing, are on board Russian ships; and poor Stanislaus and "the Lady of Quality who shot the first gun" have a bad outlook there. Toward the end of the month, the Berlin volunteer Generals, our Crown-Prince and his Margraves among them, are getting on the road for Philipsburg, and that is properly the one point we are concerned with, which took effect in manner following.

Tuesday evening, 29th June, there is Ball at Monbijou; the Crown-Prince and others busy dancing there, as if nothing special lay ahead. Nevertheless, at three in the morning, he has changed his ball-dress for a better, he and certain more, and is rushing southward, with his volunteer Generals and Margraves, full speed, saluted by the rising sun, toward Philipsburg and the Seat of War. And the same night, King Stanislaus, if any of us cared for him, is on flight from Dantzig, "disguised as a cattle-dealer;" got out on the night of Sunday last, Town under such a rain of bombshells being palpably too hot for him—got out, but can not get across the muddy intricacies of the Weichsel; lies painfully squatted up and down, in obscure ale-houses, in that Stygian Mud-Delta—a matter of life and death to get across, and not a boat to be had, such the vigilance of the Russian. Dantzig is capitulating, dreadful penalties exacted, all the heavier as no Stanislaus is to be found in it; and search, all the keener, rises in the Delta after him. Through perils and adventures of the sort usual on such occasions,[12] Stanislaus does get across, and in time does reach Preussen, where, by Friedrich Wilhelm's order, safe opulent asylum is afforded him till the Fates (when this War ends) determine what is to become of the poor Imaginary Majesty. We leave him, squatted in the intricacies of the Mud-Delta, to follow our Crown-Prince, who in the same hour is rushing far elsewhither.

[12] Credible modest detail of them, in a *Letter* from Stanislaus himself (*History of Stanislaus*, already cited: p. 235–248).

Margraves, Generals, and he, in their small string of carriages, go on, by extra post, day and night; no rest till they get to Hof, in the Culmbach neighborhood, a good two hundred miles off—near Wilhelmina, and more than half way to Philipsburg. Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm is himself to follow in about a week: he has given strict order against waste of time: "Not to part company; go together, and *not* by Anspach or Baireuth," though they lie almost straight for you.

This latter was a sore clause to Friedrich, who had counted all along on seeing his dear faithful Wilhelmina as he passed; therefore, as the Papa's Orders, dangerous penalty lying in them, can not be literally disobeyed, the question rises, How see Wilhelmina and not Baireuth? Wilhelmina, weak as she is and unfit for traveling, will have to meet him in some neutral place, suitablest for both. After various shiftings, it has been settled between them that Berneck, a little Town twelve miles from Baireuth, on the Hof road, will do, and that Friday, probably early, will be the day. Wilhelmina accordingly is on the road that morning early enough, Husband with her, and ceremonial attendants, in honor of such a Brother: morning is of sultry windless sort; day hotter and hotter; at Berneck is no Crown-Prince in the House appointed for him; hour after hour Wilhelmina waits there in vain. The truth is, one of the smallest accidents has happened: the Generals "lost a wheel at Gera yesterday;" were left behind there with their smiths; have not yet appeared; and the insoluble question among Friedrich and the Margraves is, "We dare not go on without them, then? We dare; dare we?" Question like to drive Friedrich mad, while the hours, at any rate, are slipping on! Here are Three Letters of Friedrich, legible at last, which, with Wilhelmina's account from the other side, represent a small entirely human scene in this French-Austrian War, nearly all of human we have found in the beggarly affair:

1. *To Princess Wilhelmina, at Baireuth, or on the Road to Berneck.*

"Hof, 2d July" (not long after 4 A.M.), "1734.

"My dear Sister,—Here am I within six leagues" (say eight or more, twenty-five miles English) "of a Sister whom I love, and I have to de-

cide that it will be impossible to see her after all!" Does decide so accordingly, for reasons known to us.

"I have never so lamented the misfortune of not depending on myself as at this moment. The King being but very sour-sweet on my score, I dare not risk the least thing: Monday come a week, when he arrives himself, I should have a pretty scene (*serais joliment traité*) in the Camp if I were found to have disobeyed orders!

* * "The Queen commands me to give you a thousand regards from her. She appeared much affected at your illness; but for the rest, I could not warrant you how sincere it was, for she is totally changed, and I have quite lost reckoning of her (*n'y connais rien*). That goes so far that she has done me hurt with the King, all she could; however, that is over now. As to Sophie" (young Sister just betrothed to the eldest Margraf, whom you know), "she also is no longer the same, for she approves all that the Queen says or does, and she is charmed with her big clown (*gros nigaud*) of a Bridegroom.

"The King is more difficult than ever: he is content with nothing, so as to have lost whatsoever could be called gratitude for all pleasures one can do him"—marrying against one's will, and the like. "As to his health, it is one day better, another worse; but the legs, they are always swelled. Judge what my joy must be to get out of that turpitude, for the King will only stay a fortnight, at most, in the Camp.

"Adieu, my adorable Sister; I am so tired I can not stir, having left on Tuesday night, or rather Wednesday morning at three o'clock from a ball at Monbijou, and arrived here this Friday morning at four. I recommend myself to your gracious remembrance, and am, for my own part, till death, dearest sister," your "FRIEDRICH."[13]

This is Letter First, written Friday morning, on the edge of getting into bed after such fatigue, and it has, as natural in that mood, given up the matter in despair. It did not meet Wilhelmina on the road, and she had left Baireuth; where it met her I do not know; probably at home, on her return, when all was over. Let Wilhelmina now speak her own lively experiences of that same Friday:

"I got to Berneck at ten. The heat was excessive; I found myself quite worn out with the little journey I had done. I alighted at the House which had been got ready for my Brother. We waited for him, and in vain waited, till three in the afternoon. At three we lost patience; had dinner served without him. While we were at table there came on a frightful thunder-storm. I have witnessed nothing so terri-

[13] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 1st, p. 13.

ble: the thunder roared and reverberated among the rocky cliffs which begirdle Berneck, and it seemed as if the world was going to perish: a deluge of rain succeeded the thunder.

"It was four o'clock, and I could not understand what had become of my Brother. I had sent out several persons on horseback to get tidings of him, and none of them came back. At length, in spite of all my prayers, the Hereditary Prince" (my excellent Husband) "himself would go in search. I remained waiting till nine at night, and nobody returned. I was in cruel agitations: these cataracts of rain are very dangerous in the mountain countries; the roads get suddenly overflowed, and there often happen misfortunes. I thought, for certain, there had one happened to my Brother or to the Hereditary Prince." Such a 2d of July to poor Wilhelmina!

"At last, about nine, somebody brought word that my Brother had changed his route, and was gone to Culmbach" (a House of ours lying westward, known to readers), "there to stay over night. I was for setting out thither—Culmbach is twenty miles from Berneck—but the roads are frightful" (White Mayn, still a young River, dashing through the rock-labyrinths there) "and full of precipices: every body rose in opposition; and, whether I would or not, they put me into the carriage for Himmelkron" (partly on the road thither), "which is only about ten miles off. We had like to have got drowned on the road, the waters were so swollen" (White Mayn and its angry brooks); "the horses could not cross but by swimming.

"I arrived at last, about one in the morning. I instantly threw myself on a bed. I was like to die with weariness, and in mortal terror that something had happened to my Brother or the Hereditary Prince. This latter relieved me on his own score; he arrived at last, about four o'clock; had still no news farther of my Brother. I was beginning to doze a little, when they came to warn me that 'M. von Knobelsdorf wished to speak with me from the Prince Royal.' I darted out of bed and ran to him. He," handing me a Letter, "brought word that—"

But let us now give Letter Second, which has turned up lately, and which curiously completes the picture here. Friedrich, on rising refreshed with sleep at Hof, had taken a cheerfuler view, and the Generals still lagging rearward, he thinks it possible to see Wilhelmina after all. Possible, and yet so very dangerous —perhaps not possible? Here is a second Letter, written from Münchberg, some fifteen miles farther on, at an after period of the same Friday; purport still of a perplexed nature, "I will, and I dare not;" practical outcome, of itself uncertain, is scat-

3d July, 1734.

tered now by torrents and thunder-storms. This is the Letter which Knobelsdorf now hands to Wilhelmina at that untimely hour of Saturday:

2. *To Princess Wilhelmina* (by Knoblesdorf).

"Münchberg, 2d July, 1734.

"My dearest Sister,—I am in despair that I can not satisfy my impatience and my duty—to throw myself at your feet this day. But alas! dear Sister, it does not depend on me: we poor Princes," the Margraves and I, "are obliged to wait here till our Generals" (Bredow, Schulenburg, and Company) "come up; we dare not go along without them. They broke a wheel in Gera" (fifty miles behind us); "hearing nothing of them since we are absolutely forced to wait here. Judge in what a mood I am, and what sorrow must be mine! Express order not to go by Baireuth or Anspach: forbear, dear sister, to torment me on things not depending on myself at all!

"I waver between hope and fear of paying my court to you. I hope it might still be at Berneck" this evening—"if you could contrive a road into the Nürnberg Highway again, avoiding Baireuth; otherwise I dare not go. The Bearer, who is Captain Knobelsdorf" (excellent judicious man, old acquaintance from the Cüstrin time, who attends upon us, actual Captain once, but now titular merely, given to architecture and the fine arts[14]), "will apprise you of every particular: let Knobelsdorf settle something that may be possible. This is how I stand at present; and instead of having to expect some favor from the King" (after what I have done by his order), "I get nothing but chagrin. But what is crueler upon me than all is that you are ill. God, in his grace, be pleased to help you, and restore the precious health which I so much wish you! * * FRIEDRICH."[15]

Judicious Knobelsdorf settles that the meeting is to be this very morning at eight. Wilhelmina (whose memory a little fails her in the insignificant points) does not tell us where, but, by faint indications, I perceive it was in the Lake-House, pleasant Pavilion in the ancient artificial Lake, or big ornamental Fish-pond called *Brandenburger Weiher*, a couple of miles to the north of Baireuth: there Friedrich is to stop, keeping the Paternal Order from the teeth outward in this manner—eight

[14] Seyfarth (Anonymous): *Lebens- und Regierungs-Geschichte Friedrichs des Andern* (Leipzig, 1786), ii., 200. *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vii., 33. Preuss: *Friedrich mit seinen Verwandten* (Berlin, 1838), p. 8, 17.

[15] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 1st, p. 15.

o'clock; so that Wilhelmina is obliged at once to get upon the road again—poor Princess, after such a day and night. Her description of the Interview is very good:

"My Brother overwhelmed me with caresses, but found me in so pitiable a state he could not restrain his tears. I was not able to stand on my limbs, and felt like to faint every moment, so weak was I. He told me the King was much angered at the Margraf" (my Father-in-Law) "for not letting his Son make the Campaign," concerning which point, said Son, my Husband, being Heir-Apparent, there had been much arguing in Court and Country, here at Baireuth, and endless anxiety on my poor part lest he should get killed in the Wars. "I told him all the Margraf's reasons, and added that surely they were good in respect of my dear Husband. 'Well,' said he, 'let him quit soldiering then, and give back his regiment to the King. But for the rest, quiet yourself as to the fears you may have about him if he do go, for I know, by certain information, that there will be no blood spilled.' 'They are at the Siege of Philipsburg, however.' 'Yes,' said my Brother; 'But there will not be a Battle risked to hinder it.'

"The Hereditary Prince," my Husband, "came in while we were talking so, and earnestly entreated my Brother to get him away from Baireuth. They went to a window, and talked a long time together. In the end, my Brother told me he would write a very obliging Letter to the Margraf, and give him such reasons in favor of the Campaign that he doubted not it would turn the scale. 'We will stay together,' said he addressing the Hereditary Prince; 'and I shall be charmed to have my dear Brother always beside me,' He wrote the Letter; gave it to Baron Stein" (Chamberlain or Gold-stick of ours) "to deliver to the Margraf. He promised to obtain the King's express leave to stop at Baireuth on his return, after which he went away. It was the last time I saw him on the old footing with me: he has much changed since then. We returned to Baireuth, where I was so ill that for three days they did not think I should get over it."[16]

Crown-Prince dashes off southwestward through cross country into the Nürnberg Road again; gets to Nürnberg that same Saturday night, and there, among other Letters, writes the following, which will wind up this little Incident for us still in a human manner:

[16] Wilhelmina, ii., 200–202.

3. *To Princess Wilhelmina at Baireuth.*

"Nürnberg, 3d July, 1734.

"My dearest (*très-chère*) Sister,—It would be impossible to quit this place without signifying, dearest Sister, my lively gratitude for all the marks of favor you showed me in the *Weiherhaus*" (House on the Lake to-day). "The highest of all that it was possible to do was that of procuring me the satisfaction of paying my court to you. I beg millions of pardons for so putting you about, dearest Sister, but I could not help it; for you know my sad circumstances well enough. In my great joy, I forgot to give you the Inclosed. I entreat you, write me often news of your health. Question the Doctors; and"—and in certain contingencies, the Crown-Prince "would recommend goat's milk" for his poor Sister. Had already, what was noted of him in after-life, a tendency to give medical advice in cases interesting to him?

"Adieu, my incomparable and dear Sister. I am always the same to you, and will remain so till my death. FRIEDRICH."[17]

Generals with their wheel mended, Margraves, Prince, and now the Camp-Equipage too, are all at Nürnberg, and start on the morrow; hardly a hundred miles now to be done, but on slower terms, owing to the Equipage. Heilbronn, place of arms or central stronghold of the Reichs-Army, they reach on Monday; about Eppingen, next night, if the wind is westerly, one may hear the cannon—not without interest. It was Wednesday forenoon, 7th July, 1734, on some hill-top coming down from Eppingen side, that the Prince first saw Philipsburg Siege, blotting the Rhine Valley yonder with its fire and counter-fire, and the Tents of Eugene stretching on this side: first view he ever had of the actualities of war. His account to Papa is so distinct and good, we look through it almost as at first-hand for a moment:

"Camp at Wiesenthal, Wednesday, 7th July, 1734.

"Most All-gracious Father,—* * We left Nürnberg" (nothing said of our Baireuth affair), "4th early, and did not stop till Heilbronn, where, along with the Equipage, I arrived on the 5th. Yesterday I came with the Equipage to Eppingen" (twenty miles; a slow march, giving the fourgons time); "and this morning we came to the Camp at Wiesenthal. I have dined with General Röder" (our Prussian Commander); "and, after dinner, rode with Prince Eugene while giving the

[17] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 1st., p. 57.

parole. I handed him my All-gracious Father's Letter, which much rejoiced him. After the Parole I went to see the relieving of our outposts" (change of sentries there), "and view the French retrenchment.

"We," your Majesty's Contingent, "are throwing up three redoubts: at one of them to-day, three musketeers have been miserably shot" (*geschossen*, wounded, not quite killed); "two are of Röder's, and one is of Finckenstein's regiment.

"To-morrow I will ride to a village which is on our right wing, Waghäusel the name of it"[18] (not a mile off, north of us, near by the Rhine): "there is a steeple there, from which one can see the French Camp; from this point I will ride down, between the two Lines," French and ours, "to see what they are like.

"There are quantities of hurdles and fascines being made, which, as I hear, are to be employed in one of two different plans. The first plan is to attack the French retrenchment generally; the ditch which is before it, and the morass which lies on our left wing, to be made passable with these fascines. The other plan is to amuse the Enemy by a false attack, and throw succor into the Town. One thing is certain, in a few days we shall have a stroke of work here. Happen what may, my All-gracious Father may be assured that," &c., "and that I will do nothing unworthy of him. FRIEDRICH."[19]

Neither of those fine plans took effect; nor did any thing take effect, as we shall see. But in regard to that "survey from the steeple of Waghäusel, and ride home again between the Lines"—in regard to that, or, at any rate, in the suite of that, here is an authentic fraction of anecdote which should be introduced. A certain Herr von Suhm, Saxon Minister at Berlin, occasionally mentioned here, stood in much Correspondence with the Crown-Prince in the years now following—Correspondence which was all published at the due distance of time, Suhm having, at his decease, left the Prince's Letters carefully assorted with that view, and furnished with a Prefatory "Character of the Prince Royal (*Portrait du Prince Royal, par M. de Suhm*)," of which Preface this is a small paragraph, relating to the Siege of Philipsburg, offering us a momentary glance into one fibre of the futile War now going on there. Of Suhm, and how exact he was, we shall know a little by-and-by. Of "Prince von Lichenstein," an Austrian man and soldier of much distinction afterward, we have only to say that he came to Berlin next

[18] Büsching, v., 1152. [19] *Œuvres*, xxvii., part 3d, p. 79.

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year on Diplomatic business, and that probably enough he had been eye-witness to the little fact—fact credible perhaps without much proving. We are sorry there is no date to it, no detail to give it whereabout and fixity in our conception; the poor little Anecdote, though indubitable, has to hang vaguely in the air. However, these words, "Lines of Philipsburg and Crown-Prince," do approximately date it—bring it between 7th July and 18th July, when the Siege ended. Ten days to guess upon, of which this very first, July 7th, the day of the Prince's arrival, is as likely as another. Herr von Suhm writes (not for publication till after Friedrich's death and his own):

"It was remarked in the Rhine Campaign of 1734 that this Prince has a great deal of intrepidity (*beaucoup de valeur*). On one occasion among others" (perhaps this very day, riding home from Waghäusel between the Lines), "when he had gone to reconnoitre the Lines of Philipsburg, with a good many people about him, passing, on his return, along a strip of very thin wood, the cannon-shot from the Lines accompanied him incessantly, and crashed down several trees from his side, during all which he walked his horse along at the old pace, precisely as if nothing were happening, nor in his hand upon the bridle was there the least trace of motion perceptible. Those who gave attention to the matter remarked, on the contrary, that he did not discontinue speaking very tranquilly to some Generals who accompanied him, and who admired his bearing in a kind of danger with which he had not yet had occasion to familiarize himself. It is from the Prince von Lichtenstein that I have this anecdote."[20]

On the 15th arrived his Majesty in person, with the Old Dessauer, Buddenbrock, Derschau, and a select suite, in hopes of witnessing remarkable feats of war now that the crisis of Philipsburg was coming on. Many princes were assembled there in the like hope: Prince of Orange (honeymoon well ended[21]), a vivacious light gentleman, slightly crooked in the back; Princes of Baden, Darmstadt, Waldeck: all manner of Princes and distinguished personages, Fourscore Princes of them by tale, the

[20] *Correspondence de Frédéric II. avec M. de Suhm* (Berlin, 1787); Avant-propos, p. xviii. (written 28th April, 1740). The *Correspondence* is all in *Œuvres de Frédéric* (xvi., 247–408), but the Suhm Preface not.

[21] Had wedded Princess Anne, George II.'s eldest, 25th (14th) March, 1734, to the joy of self and mankind in England here.

eyes of Europe being turned on this matter, and on old Eugene's guidance of it. Prince Fred of England, even he had a notion of coming to learn war.

It was about this time, not many weeks ago, that Fred, now falling into much discrepancy with his Father, and at a loss for a career to himself, appeared on a sudden in the Ante-chamber at St. James's one day, and solemnly demanded an interview with his Majesty, which his indignant Majesty, after some conference with Walpole, decided to grant. Prince Fred, when admitted, made three demands: 1°. To be allowed to go upon the Rhine Campaign, by way of a temporary career for himself: 2°. That he might have something definite to live upon, a fixed revenue being suitable in his circumstances; 3°. That, after those sad Prussian disappointments, some suitable Consort might be chosen for him, heart and household lying in such waste condition. Poor Fred, who of us knows what of sense might be in these demands? Few creatures more absurdly situated are to be found in this world. To go where his equals were, and learn soldiering a little, might really have been useful. Paternal Majesty received Fred and his Three Demands with fulminating look; answered, to the first two, nothing; to the third, about a Consort, "Yes, you shall; but be respectful to the Queen; and now off with you! away!"[22]

Poor Fred, he has a circle of hungry Parliamenteers about him: young Pitt, a Cornet of Horse; young Lyttelton of Hagley, our old Soissons friend, not to mention others of worse type, to whom this royal Young Gentleman, with his vanities, ambitions, inexperiences, plentiful inflammabilities, is important for exploding Walpole. He may have, and with great justice I should think, the dim consciousness of talents for doing something better than "write madrigals" in this world: infinitude of wishes and appetites he clearly has; he is full of inflammable materials, poor youth; and he is the Fire-ship those older hands make use of for blowing Walpole and Company out of their anchorage. What a school of virtue for a young gentleman, and for the elder ones concerned with him! He did not get to the Rhine Campaign, nor indeed ever to any thing except to writing

[22] Coxe's *Walpole*, i., 322.

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madrigals, and being very futile, dissolute, and miserable with what of talent Nature had given him. Let us pity the poor Constitutional Prince. Our Fritz was only in danger of losing his life, but what is that to losing your sanity, personal identity almost, and becoming Parliamentary Fire-ship to his Majesty's Opposition?

Friedrich Wilhelm staid a month campaigning here: graciously declined Prince Eugene's invitation to lodge in Headquarters, under a roof and within built walls; preferred a tent among his own people, and took the common hardships—with great hurt to his weak health, as was afterward found.

In these weeks, the big Czarina, who has set a price (100,000 rubles, say £15,000) upon the head of poor Stanislaus, hears that his Prussian Majesty protects him, and thereupon signifies in high terms that she, by her Feldmarschall Münnich, will come across the frontiers and seize the said Stanislaus, to which his Prussian Majesty answers positively, though in proper Diplomatic tone, "Madam, I will in no wise permit it!" Perhaps his Majesty's remarkablest transaction here on the Rhine was this concerning Stanislaus; for Seckendorf the Feldzeugmeister was here also, on military function, not forgetful of the Diplomacies, who busily assailed his Majesty, on the Kaiser's part, in the same direction: "Give up Stanislaus, your Majesty! How ridiculous (*lächerlich*) to be perhaps ruined for Stanislaus!" but without the least effect now or afterward.

Poor Stanislaus, in the beginning of July, got across into Preussen, as we intimated, and there he continued, safe against any amount of rubles and Feldmarschalls, entreaties and menaces. At Angerburg, on the Prussian frontier, he found a steadfast veteran, Lieutenant General von Katte, Commandant in those parts (Father of a certain poor Lieutenant whom we tragically knew of long ago!) which veteran gentleman received the Fugitive Majesty[23] with welcome in the King's name, and assurances of an honorable asylum till the times and roads should clear again for his fugitive Majesty. Fugitive Majesty, for whom the roads and times were very dark at present, went to Marien-

[23] *Militair Lexikon*, ii., 254.

werder; talked of going "to Pillau for a sea-passage," of going to various places; went finally to Königsberg, and there—with a considerable Polish Suite of Fugitives, very moneyless and very expensive, most of them, who had accumulated about him—set up his abode. There, for almost two years—in fact, till this War ended—the Fugitive Polish Majesty continued, Friedrich Wilhelm punctually protecting him, and even paying him a small Pension (£50 a month), France, the least it could do for the Grandfather of France, allowing a much larger one—larger, though still inadequate. France has left its Grandfather strangely in the lurch here, with "100,000 rubles on his head." But Friedrich Wilhelm knows the sacred rites, and will do them; continues deaf as a door-post alike to the menaces and the entreaties of Kaiser and Czarina, strictly intimating to Münnich what the Laws of Neutrality are, and that they must be observed, which, by his Majesty's good arrangements, Münnich, willing enough to the contrary, had it been feasible, found himself obliged to comply with. Prussian Majesty, like a King and a gentleman, would listen to no terms about dismissing or delivering up, or otherwise failing in the sacred rites to Stanislaus, but honorably kept him there till the times and routes cleared themselves again.[24] A plain piece of duty, punctually done; the beginning of it falls here in the Camp at Philipsburg, July-August, 1734; in May, 1736, we shall see some glimpse of the end.

His Prussian Majesty in Camp at Philipsburg—so distinguished a volunteer doing us the honor to encamp here—"was asked to all the Councils of War that were held," say the Books. And he did attend, the Crown-Prince and he, on important occasions; but, alas! there was, so to speak, nothing to be consulted of. Fascines and hurdles lay useless; no attempt was made to relieve Philipsburg. On the third day after his Majesty's arrival, July 18th, Philipsburg, after a stiff defense of six weeks, growing hopeless of relief, had to surrender; French then proceeded to repair Philipsburg, no attempt on Eugene's part, to molest them there. If they try ulterior operations on this side the River, he counter-tries, and that is all.

[24] Förster, ii., 132, 134–136.

15th Aug., 1734.

Our Crown-Prince, somewhat of a judge in after years, is maturely of opinion that the French Lines were by no means inexpugnable; that the French Army might have been ruined under an attack of the proper kind.[25] Their position was bad; no room to unfold themselves for fight except with the Town's cannon playing on them all the while; only one Bridge to get across by in case of coming to the worse; defeat of them probable, and ruin to them inevitable in case of defeat. But Prince Eugene, with an Army little to his mind (Reichs Contingents not to be depended on, thought Eugene), durst not venture: "Seventeen victorious Battles, and if we should be defeated in the eighteenth and last?"

It is probable the Old Dessauer, had he been Generalissimo, with this same Army—in which, even in the Reichs part of it, we know Ten Thousand of an effective character—would have done some stroke upon the French; but Prince Eugene would not try. Much dimmed from his former self, this old hero; age now 73; a good deal wearied with the long march through Time. And this very Summer, his Brother's Son, the last male of his House, had suddenly died of inflammatory fever; left the old man very mournful: "Alone, alone, at the end of one's long march; laurels have no fruit, then?" He stood cautious, on the defensive, and in this capacity is admitted to have shown skillful management.

But Philipsburg being taken, there is no longer the least event to be spoken of; the Campaign passed into a series of advancings, retreatings, facings, and then right-about facings—painful manœuvrings on both sides of the Rhine and on the Neckar—without result farther to the French, without memorability to either side. About the middle of August Friedrich Wilhelm went away; health much hurt by his month under canvas, amid Rhine inundations and mere distressing phenomena. Crown-Prince Friedrich and a select party escorted his Majesty to Maintz, where was a Dinner of unusual sublimity by the Kurfürst there;[26] Dinner done, his Majesty stepped on board "the Electoral Yacht," and in this fine hospitable vehicle went sweeping through the Binger Loch rapidly down toward Wesel, and the Crown-

[25] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, i., 167. [26] 15th August (Fassmann, p. 511).

Prince and party returned to their Camp, which is upon the Neckar at this time.

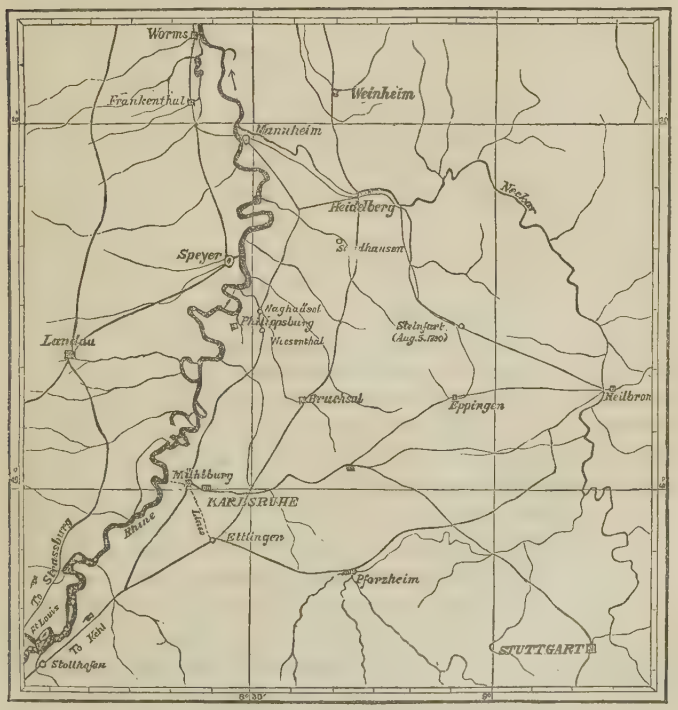
Camp shifts about, and Crown-Prince in it: to Heidelberg, to Waiblingen, Weinheim; close to Maintz at one time; but it is not worth following; nor in Friedrich's own Letters, or in other documents, is there, on the best examination, any thing considerable to be gleaned respecting his procedures there. He hears of the ill success in Italy, Battle of Parma, at the due date, with the natural feelings; speaks with a sorrowful gayety of the muddy fatigues, futilities here on the Rhine; has the sense, however, not to blame his superiors unreasonably. Here, from one of his Letters to Colonel Camas, is a passage worth quoting for the credit of the writer. With Camas, a distinguished Prussian Frenchman, whom we mentioned elsewhere, still more with Madam Camas in time coming, he corresponded much, often in a fine filial manner:

"The present Campaign is a school, where profit may be reaped from observing the confusion and disorder which reigns in this Army: it has been a field very barren in laurels; and those who have been used, all their life, to gather such, and on Seventeen distinguished occasions have done so, can get none this time." Next year we all hope to be on the Moselle, and to find that a fruitfuler field. * * * "I am afraid, dear Camas, you think I am going to put on the cothurnus; to set up for a small Eugene, and, pronouncing with a doctoral tone what each should have done and not have done, condemn and blame to right and left. No, my dear Camas; far from carrying my arrogance to that point, I admire the conduct of our Chief, and do not disapprove that of his worthy Adversary; and far from forgetting the esteem and consideration due to persons who, scarred with wounds, have by years and long service gained a consummate experience, I shall hear them more willingly than ever as my teachers, and try to learn from them how to arrive at honor, and what is the shortest road into the secret of this Profession."[27]

This other to Lieutenant Gröben, three weeks earlier in date, shows us a different aspect, which is at least equally authentic, and may be worth taking with us. Gröben is Lieutenant—I suppose still of the Regiment Goltz, though he is left there behind; at any rate, he is much a familiar with the Prince at Ruppin; was ringleader, it is thought, in those midnight pranks

[27] "Camp at Heidelberg, 11th September, 1734" (*Œuvres*, xvi., 131).

upon parsons, and the other escapades there;[28] a merry man, eight years older than the Prince, with whom it is clear enough he stands on a very free footing. Philipsburg was lost a month ago; French are busy repairing it, and manœuvring, with no effect, to get into the interior of Germany a little. Weinheim is a little Town on the north side of the Neckar, a dozen miles or so from Mannheim, out of which and into which the Prussian Corps goes shifting from time to time, as Prince Eugene and the French manœuvre to no purpose in that Rhine-Neckar Country. "*Herdek Teremtetem*," it appears, is a bit of Hungarian swearing; should be *Ordek teremtete*, and means "The Devil made you!"



[28] Büsching, v., 20.

"Weinheim, 17th August, 1734.

"*Herdek Teremtetem!* 'Went with them, got hanged with them,'[29] said the Bielefeld Innkeeper. So will it be with me, poor devil, for I go dawdling about with this Army here, and the French will have the better of us. We want to be over the Neckar again" (to the South or Philipsburg side), "and the rogues won't let us. What most provokes me in the matter is that, while we are here in such a wilderness of trouble, doing our utmost, by military labors and endurances, to make ourselves heroic, thou sittest, thou devil, at home!

"Duc de Bouillon has lost his equipage; our Hussars took it at Landau" (other side the Rhine a while ago). "Here we stand in mud to the ears; fifteen of the Regiment Alt-Baden have sunk altogether in the mud. Mud comes of a water-spout, or sudden cataract of rain there was in these Heidelberg Countries; two villages, Fuhrenheim and Sandhausen, it swam away, every stick of them (*ganz und gar*).

"Captain von Stojentin, of Regiment Flans," one of our eight Regiments here, "has got wounded in the head in an affair of honor; he is still alive, and it is hoped he will get through it.

"The Drill-Demon has now got into the Kaiser's people too: Prince Eugene is grown heavier with his drills than we ourselves. He is often three hours at it, and the Kaiser's people curse us for the same, at a frightful rate. Adieu. If the Devil don't get thee, he ought. Therefore *vale*.[30] FRIEDRICH."

No laurels to be gained here, but plenty of mud and laborious hardship, met, as we perceive, with youthful stoicism of the derisive, and perhaps of better forms. Friedrich is Twenty-two and some months when he makes his first Campaign. The general physiognomy of his behavior in it we have to guess from these few indications. No doubt he profited by it on the military side, and would study with quite new light and vivacity after such contact with the fact studied of. Very didactic to witness even "the confusions of this Army," and what comes of them to Armies! For the rest, the society of Eugene, Lichtenstein, and so many Princes of the Reich, and Chiefs of existing mankind, could not but be entertaining to the young man; and silently, if he wished to read the actual Time, as sure enough he, with human and with royal eagerness, did wish, they were here as the *alphabet* of it to him—important for years coming. Nay,

[29] "*Mitgegangen, mitgehangen;*" Letter is in German.

[30] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 3d, p. 181.

it is not doubted the insight he here got into the condition of the Austrian Army and its management—"Army left seven days without bread" for one instance—gave him afterward the highly important notion that such Army could be beaten if necessary!

Wilhelmina says his chief comrade was Margraf Heinrich, the *Ill* Margraf, who was *cut* by Friedrich in after years for some unknown bad behavior. Margraf Heinrich "led him into all manner of excesses," says Wilhelmina—probably in the language of exaggeration. He himself tells her, in one of his *Letters*, a day or two before Papa's departure, "The Camp is soon to be close on Maintz; nothing but the Rhine between Maintz and our right wing, where my place is; and, so soon as Serenissimus goes" (*Le Sérénissime*, so he irreverently names Papa), "I mean to be across for some sport"[31]—no doubt the Ill Margraf with me! With the Elder Margraf, little Sophie's Betrothed, whom he called "big clown" in a Letter we read, he is at this date in open quarrel—"*brouillé à toute outrance* with the mad Son-in-law, who is the wildest wild-beast of all this Camp."[32]

Wilhelmina's Husband had come in the beginning of August, but was not so happy as he expected; considerably cut out by the Ill Heinrich. Here is a small adventure they had, mentioned by Friedrich, and copiously recorded by Wilhelmina—adventure on some River, which we could guess, if it were worth guessing, to have been the Neckar, not the Rhine. French had a fortified post on the farther side of this River; Crown-Prince, Ill Margraf, and Wilhelmina's Husband were quietly looking about them, riding up the other side; Wilhelmina's Husband decided to take a pencil-drawing of the French post, and paused for that object. Drawing was proceeding unmolested, when his foolish Baireuth Hussar, having an excellent rifle (*arquebuse rayée*) with him, took it into his head to have a shot at the French sentries at long range. His shot hit nothing, but it awakened the French animosity, as was natural; the French began diligently firing, and might easily have done mischief. My Husband, volleying out some rebuke upon the blockhead of a Hussar, finished his drawing in spite of the French bullets, then rode up to the Crown-Prince and Ill Margraf, who had got their

[31] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 1st, p. 4 (10th Aug.). [32] Ib.

share of what was going, and were in no good humor with him. Ill Margraf rounded things into the Crown-Prince's ear in an unmannerly way, with glances at my Husband; who understood it well enough, and promptly coerced such ill-bred procedures, intimating, in a polite impressive way, that they would be dangerous if persisted in, which reduced the Ill Margraf to a spiteful but silent condition. No other harm was done at that time; the French bullets all went awry, or "even fell short, being sucked in by the river," thinks Wilhelmina.[33]

A more important feature of the Crown-Prince's life in these latter weeks is the news he gets of his Father. Friedrich Wilhelm, after quitting the Electoral Yacht, did his reviewing at Wesel, at Bielefeld, all his reviewing in those Rhine and Weser Countries, then turned aside to pay a promised visit to Ginkel, the Berlin Dutch Embassador, who has a fine House in those parts, and there his Majesty has fallen seriously ill. Obliged to pause at Ginkel's, and then at his own Schloss of Moyland for some time; does not reach Potsdam till the 14th September,[34] and then in a weak, worsening, and altogether dangerous condition, which lasts for months to come. Wrecks of gout, they say, and of all manner of nosological mischief; falling to dropsy. Case desperate, think all the Newspapers, in a cautious form, which is Friedrich Wilhelm's own opinion pretty much, and that of those better informed. Here are thoughts for a Crown-Prince well affected to his Father, yet suffering much from him which is grievous. To by-standers one now makes a different figure: "A Crown-Prince who may be King one of these days, whom a little adulation were well spent upon!" From within and from without come agitating influences; thoughts which must be rigorously repressed, and which are not wholly repressible. The soldiering Crown-Prince, from about the end of September, for the last week or two of this Campaign, is secretly no longer quite the same to himself or to others.

Glimpse of Lieutenant Chasot, and of other Acquisitions.

We have still two little points to specify, or to bring up from

[33] Wilhelmina, ii., 208, 209: *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 1st, p. 19.
[34] Fassmann, p. 512–533: September, 1734–January, 1735.

the rearward whither they are fallen, in regard to this Campaign, after which the wearisome Campaign shall terminate, Crown-Prince leading his Ten Thousand to Frankfurt, toward their winter-quarters in Westphalia, and then himself running across from Frankfurt (October 5th) to see Wilhelmina for a day or two on the way homeward—with much pleasure to all parties, my readers and me included!

First point is, That, some time in this Campaign, probably toward the end of it, the Crown-Prince, Old Dessauer, and some others with them, "procured passports," went across, and "saw the French Camp," and what new phenomena were in it for them—where, when, how, or with what impression left on either side, we do not learn. It was not much of a Camp for military admiration, this of the French.[35] There were old soldiers of distinction in it here and there; a few young soldiers diligently studious of their art; and a great many young fops of high birth and high ways, strutting about "in red-heeled shoes," with "Commissions got from Court" for this War, and nothing of the soldier but the epaulettes and plumages—apt to be "insolent" among their poorer comrades. From all parties, young and old, even from that insolent red-heel party, nothing but the highest finish of politeness could be visible on this particular occasion. Doubtless all passed in the usual satisfactory manner, and the Crown-Prince got his pleasant excursion, and materials, more or less, for after-thought and comparison; but as there is nothing whatever of it on record for us but the bare fact, we leave it to the reader's imagination—fact being indubitable, and details not inconceivable to lively readers. Among the French dignitaries doing the honors of their Camp on this occasion, he was struck by the General's Adjutant, a "Count de Rottembourg" (properly *von Rothenburg*, of German birth, kinsman to the Rothenburg whom we have seen as French Embassador at Berlin long since), a promising young Soldier, whom he did not lose sight of again, but acquired in due time to his own service, and found to be of eminent worth there. A Count von Schmettau, two Brothers von Schmettau, here in the Austrian service, superior men, Prussian by birth, and very fit to be acquired by-and-by, these the Crown-

[35] *Mémoires de Noailles* (passim).

Prince had already noticed in this Rhine Campaign, having always his eyes open to phenomena of that kind.

The *second* little point is of date perhaps two months anterior to that of the French Camp, and is marked sufficiently in this Excerpt from our confused manuscripts.

Before quitting Philipsburg, there befell one slight adventure, which, though it seemed to be nothing, is worth recording here. One day, date not given, a young French Officer, of ingenuous prepossessing look, though much flurried at the moment, came across as involuntary deserter, flying from a great peril in his own camp. The name of him is Chasot, Lieutenant of such and such a Regiment: "Take me to Prince Eugene!" he entreats, which is done. Peril was this: A high young gentleman, one of those fops in red heels, ignorant, and capable of insolence to a poorer comrade of studious turn, had fixed a duel upon Chasot. Chasot ran him through in fair duel; dead, and is thought to have deserved it. "But Duc de Boufflers is his kinsman: run, or you are lost!" cried every body. The Officers of his Regiment hastily redacted some certificate for Chasot, hastily signed it, and Chasot ran, scarcely waiting to pack his baggage.

"Will not your Serene Highness protect me?" "Certainly," said Eugene; gave Chasot a lodging among his own people, and appointed one of them, Herr Brender by name, to show him about, and teach him the nature of his new quarters. Chasot, a brisk, ingenuous young fellow, soon became a favorite, eager to be useful where possible, and very pleasant in discourse, said every body.

By-and-by—still at Philipsburg, as would seem, though it is not said—the Crown-Prince heard of Chasot; asked Brender to bring him over. Here is Chasot's own account, through which, as through a small eyelet-hole, we peep once more, and for the last time, direct into the Crown-Prince's Campaign-life on this occasion:

"Next morning at ten o'clock, the appointed hour, Brender having ordered out one of his horses for me, I accompanied him to the Prince, who received us in his Tent, behind which he had, hollowed out to the depth of three or four feet, a large Dining-room, with windows, and a roof," I hope of good height, "thatched with straw. His Royal Highness, after two hours' conversation, in which he had put a hundred questions to me" (a Prince desirous of knowing the facts), "dismissed us, and at parting bade me return often to him in the evenings.

"It was in this Dining-room, at the end of a great dinner, the day after next, that the Prussian guard introduced a Trumpet from Monsieur d'Asfeld" (French Commander-in-Chief since Berwick's death),

July–Sept., 1734.

"with my three horses, sent over from the French Army. Prince Eugene, who was present, and in good humor, said, 'We must sell those horses—they don't speak German; Brender will take care to mount you some way or other.' Prince Lichtenstein immediately put a price on my horses, and they were sold on the spot at three times their worth. The Prince of Orange, who was of this Dinner" (slightly crookbacked witty gentleman, English honeymoon well over), "said to me in half-whisper, 'Monsieur, there is nothing like sellingh orses to people who have dined well.'

"After this sale I found myself richer than I had ever been in my life. The Prince Royal sent me, almost daily, a groom and led horse, that I might come to him, and sometimes follow him in his excursions. At last he had it proposed to me by M. de Brender, and even by Prince Eugene, to accompany him to Berlin," which of course I did, taking Ruppin first. "I arrived at Berlin from Ruppin in 1734, two days after the marriage of Friedrich Wilhelm, Margraf of Schwedt" (Ill Margraf's elder Brother, wildest wild-beast of this Camp), "with the Princess Sophie"—that is to say, 12th of November; Marriage having been on the 10th, as the Books teach us. Chasot remembers that on the 14th "the Crown-Prince gave in his Berlin mansion a dinner to all the Royal Family" in honor of that auspicious wedding.[36]

Thus is Chasot established with the Crown-Prince. He will turn up fighting well in subsequent parts of this History, and again dueling fatally, though nothing of a quarrelsome man, as he asserts.

Crown-Prince's Visit to Baireuth on the way home.

October 4th, the Crown-Prince has parted with Prince Eugene, not to meet again in this world—"an old hero gone to the shadow of himself," says the Crown-Prince[37]—and is giving his Prussian War-Captains a farewell dinner at Frankfurt on the Mayn, having himself led the Ten Thousand so far toward Winter-quarters, and handing them over now to their usual commanders. They are to winter in Westphalia, these Ten Thousand, in the Paderborn-Münster Country, where they are nothing like welcome to the Ruling Powers, nor are intended to be so, Kur-Köln (proprietor there) and his Brother of Bavaria hav-

[36] Kurd von Schlözer: *Chasot* (Berlin, 1856), p. 20–22. A pleasant little Book, tolerably accurate, and of very readable quality.

[37] *Œuvres* (*Mém. de Brandebourg*), i., 167.

ing openly French leanings. The Prussian Ten Thousand will have to help themselves to the essential, therefore, without welcome, and things are not pleasant; and the Ruling Powers, by protocoling, still more the Commonalty if it try at mobbing,[38] can only make them worse. Indeed, it is said the Ten Thousand, though their bearing was so perfect otherwise, generally behaved rather ill in their marches over Germany during this War, and always worst, it was remarked by observant persons, in the countries (Bamberg and Würzburg, for instance) where their Officers had in past years been in recruiting troubles, whereby observant persons explained the phenomenon to themselves. But we omit all that, our concern lying elsewhere. "Directly after dinner at Frankfurt," the Crown-Prince drives off, rapidly as his wont is, toward Baireuth. He arrives there on the morrow; "October 5th," says Wilhelmina, who again illuminates him to us, though with oblique lights, for an instant.

Wilhelmina was in low spirits—weak health; add funeral of the Prince of Culmbach (killed in the Battle of Parma), illness of Papa, and other sombre events—and was by no means content with the Crown-Prince on this occasion. Strangely altered since we met him in July last! It may be, the Crown-Prince, looking with an airy buoyancy of mind toward a certain Event probably near, has got his young head inflated a little, and carries himself with a height new to this beloved Sister; but probably the sad humor of the Princess herself has a good deal to do with it. Alas! the contrast between a heart knowing secretly its own bitterness, and a friend's heart conscious of joy and triumph, is harsh and shocking to the former of the two! Here is the Princess's account, with the subtrahend, twenty-five or seventy-five per cent., *not* deducted from it:

"My Brother arrived the 5th of October. He seemed to me put out (*décontenancé*); and to break off conversation with me, he said he had to write to the King and Queen. I ordered him pen and paper. He wrote in my room, and spent more than a good hour in writing a couple of Letters of a line or two each. He then had all the Court, one after the other, introduced to him; said nothing to any of them; looked merely with a mocking air at them; after which we went to dinner.

[38] "28th March, 1735" (Fassmann, p. 547); Buchholz, i., 136.

5th Oct., 1734.

"Here his whole conversation consisted in quizzing (*turlupiner*) whatever he saw, and repeating to me, above a hundred times over, the words 'little Prince,' 'little Court.' I was shocked, and could not understand how he had changed so suddenly toward me. The etiquette of all Courts in the Empire is, that nobody who has not at the least the rank of Captain can sit at a Prince's table: my Brother put a Lieutenant there who was in his suite, saying to me, 'A King's Lieutenants are as good as a Margraf's Ministers.' I swallowed this incivility, and showed no sign.

"After dinner, being alone with me, he said"—turning up the flippant side of his thoughts, truly, in a questionable way—'Our Sire is going to end (*tire à sa fin*); he will not live out this month. I know I have made you great promises, but I am not in a condition to keep them. I will leave you the Half of the sum which my predecessor (*feu Roi*) lent you; I think you will have every reason to be satisfied with that.' I answered that my regard for him had never been of an interested nature; that I would never ask any thing of him but the continuance of his friendship; and did not wish one sou, if it would in the least inconvenience him. 'No, no,' said he, 'you shall have those 100,000 thalers; I have destined them for you. People will be much surprised,' continued he, 'to see me act quite differently from what they had expected. They imagine I am going to lavish all my treasures, and that money will become as common as pebbles at Berlin; but they will find I know better. I mean to increase my Army, and to leave all other things on the old footing. I will have every consideration for the Queen my Mother, and will sate her (*rassasierai*) with honors; but I do not mean that she shall meddle in my affairs; and if she try it, she will find so.'" What a speech; what an outbreak of candor in the young man, preoccupied with his own great thoughts and difficulties, to the exclusion of any other person's!

"I fell from the clouds on hearing all that, and knew not if I was sleeping or waking. He then questioned me on the affairs of this Country. I gave him the detail of them. He said to me: 'When your goose (*benêt*) of a Father-in-Law dies, I advise you to break up the whole Court, and reduce yourselves to the footing of a private gentleman's establishment, in order to pay your debts. In real truth, you have no need of so many people; and you must try also to reduce the wages of those whom you can not help keeping. You have been accustomed to live at Berlin with a table of four dishes; that is all you want here; and I will invite you now and then to Berlin, which will spare table and housekeeping.'

"For a long while my heart had been getting big; I could not restrain my tears at hearing all these indignities. 'Why do you cry?' said he:

'Ah! ah! you are in low spirits, I see. We must dissipate that dark humor. The music waits us; I will drive that fit out of you by an air or two on the flute.' He gave me his hand, and led me into the other room. I sat down to the harpsichord, which I inundated (*inondai*) with my tears. Marwitz" (my artful Demoiselle d'Atours, perhaps too artful in time coming) "placed herself opposite me, so as to hide from the others what disorder I was in."[39]

For the last two days of the visit Wilhelmina admits her Brother was a little kinder; but on the fourth day there came by estafette a Letter from the Queen, conjuring him to return without delay, the King growing worse and worse. Wilhelmina, who loved her Father, and whose outlooks in case of his decease appeared to be so little flattering, was overwhelmed with sorrow. Of her Brother, however, she strove to forget that strange outbreak of candor, and parted with him as if all were mended between them again. Nay, the day after his departure, there goes a beautifully affectionate Letter to him, which we could give if there were room:[40] "the happiest time I ever in my life had;" "my heart so full of gratitude and so sensibly touched;" "every one repeating the words 'dear Brother' and 'charming Prince Royal'"—a Letter in very lively contrast to what we have just been reading—a Prince Royal not without charm, in spite of the hard practicalities he is meditating, obliged to meditate!

As to the outbreak of candor, offensive to Wilhelmina and us, we suppose her report of it to be in substance true, though of exaggerated, perhaps perverted tone, and it is worth the reader's notice, with these deductions. The truth is, our charming Princess is always liable to a certain subtrahend. In 1744, when she wrote those *Mémoires* "in a Summer-house at Baireuth," her Brother and she, owing mainly to go-betweens acting on the susceptible female heart, were again in temporary quarrel (the longest and worst they ever had), and hardly on speaking terms, which of itself made her heart very heavy; not to say that Marwitz, the too artful Demoiselle, seemed to have stolen her Husband's affections from the poor Princess, and made the world look all a little grim to her. These circum-

[39] Wilhelmina, ii., 216–218. [40] *Œuvres*, xxvii., part 1st, p. 23.

stances have given their color to parts of her Narrative, and are not to be forgotten by readers.

The Crown-Prince—who goes by Dessau, lodging for a night with the Old Dessauer, and writes affectionately to his Sister from that place, their Letters crossing on the road—gets home on the 12th to Potsdam. October 12th, 1734, he has ended his Rhine Campaign in that manner, and sees his poor Father with a great many other feelings besides those expressed in the dialogue at Baireuth.

CHAPTER XI.

IN PAPA'S SICK-ROOM; PRUSSIAN INSPECTIONS; END OF WAR.

IT appears Friedrich met a cordial reception in the sick-room at Potsdam, and, in spite of his levities to Wilhelmina, was struck to the heart by what he saw there. For months to come he seems to be continually running between Potsdam and Ruppin, eager to minister to his sick Father when military leave is procurable. Other fact about him, other aspect of him, in those months, is not on record for us.

Of his young Madam, or Princess Royal, peaceably resident at Berlin or at Schönhausen, and doing the vacant officialities, formal visitings, and the like, we hear nothing; of Queen Sophie and the others, nothing; anxious, all of them, no doubt, about the event at Potsdam, and otherwise silent to us. His Majesty's illness comes and goes; now hope, and again almost none. Margraf of Schwedt and his young Bride, we already know, were married in November, and Lieutenant Chasot (two days old in Berlin) told us there was Dinner by the Crown-Prince to all the Royal Family on that occasion, poor Majesty out at Potsdam languishing in the back-ground meanwhile.

His Carnival the Crown-Prince passes naturally at Berlin. We find he takes a good deal to the French Embassador, one Marquis de la Chétardie, a showy, restless character, of fame in the Gazettes of that time, who did much intriguing at Petersburg some years hence, first in a signally triumphant way, and then in a signally untriumphant, and is not now worth any

knowledge but a transient accidental one. Chétardie came hither about Stanislaus and his affairs; tried hard, but in vain, to tempt Friedrich Wilhelm into interference; is naturally anxious to captivate the Crown-Prince in present circumstances.

Friedrich Wilhelm lay at Potsdam, between death and life, for almost four months to come, the Newspapers speculating much on his situation, political people extremely anxious what would become of him—or, in fact, when he would die, for that was considered the likely issue. Fassmann gives dolorous clippings from the *Leyden Gazette*, all in a blubber of tears, according to the then fashion, but full of impertinent curiosity withal. And from the Seckendorf private Papers there are Extracts of a still more inquisitive and notable character, Seckendorf and the Kaiser having an intense interest in this painful occurrence.

Seckendorf is not now himself at Berlin, but running much about on other errands; can only see Friedrich Wilhelm, if at all, in a passing way; and even this will soon cease; and, in fact, to us it is by far the most excellent result of this French-Austrian War, that it carries Seckendorf clear away, who now quits Berlin and the Diplomatic line, and obligingly goes out of our sight henceforth. The old Ordnance-Master, as an Imperial General of rank, is needed now for War-service, if he has any skill that way. In those late months he was duly in attendance at Philipsburg and the Rhine Campaign in a subaltern torpid capacity, like Brunswick-Bevern and the others, ready for work had there been any; but next season he expects to have a Division of his own, and to do something considerable. In regard to Berlin and the Diplomacies, he has appointed a Nephew of his, a Seckendorf Junior, to take his place there—to keep the old machinery in gear, if nothing more, and furnish copious reports during the present crisis. These reports of Seckendorf Junior—full of eavesdroppings, got from a *Kammermohr* (Nigger Lackey) who waits in the sick-room at Potsdam, and is sensible to bribes—have been printed, and we mean to glance slightly into them. But as to Seckendorf Senior, readers can entertain the fixed hope that they have at length done with him; that in these our premises we shall never see him again; nay, shall see him, on extraneous dim fields, far enough away, smarting and suffering, till even we are almost sorry for the old knave!

Sept.–Oct., 1734.

Friedrich Wilhelm's own prevailing opinion is that he can not recover. His bodily sufferings are great: dropsically swollen, sometimes like to be choked; no bed that he can bear to lie on; oftenest rolls about in a Bath chair; very heavy-laden indeed, and I think of tenderer humor than in former sicknesses. To the Old Dessauer he writes, few days after getting home to Potsdam, "I am ready to quit the world, as Your Dilection knows, and has various times heard me say. One ship sails faster, another slower, but they come all to one haven. Let it be with me, then, as the Most High has determined for me."[1] He has settled his affairs, Fassmann says, so far as possible; settled the order of his funeral, How he is to be buried, in the Garrison Church of Potsdam, without pomp or fuss, like a Prussian Soldier, and what regiment or regiments it is that are to do the triple volley over him by way of finis and long farewell. His soul's interests too—we need not doubt, he is in deep conference, in deep consideration about these, though nothing is said on that point. A serious man always, much feeling what immense facts he was surrounded with; and here is now the summing up of all facts. Occasionally, again, he has hopes; orders up "two hundred of his Potsdam Giants to march through the sick-room," since he can not get out to them; or old Generals, Buddenbrock, Waldau, come and take their pipe there, in reminiscence of a Tabagie. Here, direct from the fountain-head, or Nigger Lackey bribed by Seckendorf Junior, is a notice or two:

"*Potsdam, September 30th*, 1734. Yesterday, for half an hour, the King could get no breath: he keeps them continually rolling him about" in his Bath chair "over the room, and cries, '*Luft, Luft* (Air, air)!'

"*October 2d.* The King is not going to die just yet, but will scarcely see Christmas. He gets on his clothes; argues with the Doctors; is impatient; won't have people speak of his illness; is quite black in the face; drinks nothing but *Moll*" (which we suppose to be small bitter beer); "takes physic; writes in bed.

"*October 5th.* The Nigger tells me things are better. The King

[1] Orlich: *Geschichte der Schlesischen Kriege* (Berlin, 1841), i., 14. "From the Dessau Archives; date, 21st September, 1734."

begins to bring up phlegm; drinks a great deal of oatmeal water" (*Hafergrützwasser*, comfortable to the sick); "says to the Nigger 'Pray diligently all of you; perhaps I shall not die!'"

October 5th: this is the day the Crown-Prince arrives at Baireuth, to be called away by express four days after. How valuable, at Vienna or elsewhere, our dark friend the Lackey's medical opinion is, may be gathered from this other Entry, three weeks farther on—enough to suffice us on that head:

"The Nigger tells me he has a bad opinion of the King's health. If you roll the King a little fast in his Bath chair, you hear the water jumble in his body"—with astonishment! "King gets into passions; has beaten the pages" (may we hope, our dark friend among the rest?), "so that it was feared apoplexy would take him."

This will suffice for the physiological part; let us now hear our poor friend on the Crown-Prince and his arrival:

"*October* 12*th*. Return of the Prince Royal to Potsdam; tender reception. *October* 21*st*. Things look ill in Potsdam. The other leg is now also begun running, and above a quart (*maas*) of water has come from it. Without a miracle the King can not live," thinks our dark friend. "The Prince Royal is truly affected (*véritablement attendri*) at the King's situation; has his eyes full of water—has wept the eyes out of his head; has schemed in all ways to contrive a commodious bed for the King; wouldn't go away from Potsdam. King forced him away; he is to return Saturday afternoon. The Prince Royal has been heard to say, 'If the King will let me live in my own way, I would give an arm to lengthen his life for twenty years.' King always calls him Fritzchen. But Fritzchen," thinks Seckendorf Junior, "knows nothing about business. The King is aware of it; and said in the face of him one day, 'If thou begin at the wrong end with things, and all go topsyturvy after I am gone, I will laugh at thee out of my grave!'"[2]

So Friedrich Wilhelm, laboring amid the mortal quicksands, looking into the Inevitable in various moods. But the memorablest speech he made to Fritzchen or to any body at present was that covert one about the Kaiser and Seckendorf, and the sudden flash of insight he got, from some word of Seckendorf's, into what they had been meaning with him all along. Riding through the Village of Priort, in debate about Vienna politics of a strange nature, Seckendorf said something which illuminat-

[2] Seckendorf (*Baron*): *Journal Secret*, cited in Förster, ii., 142.

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ed his Majesty, dark for so many years, and showed him where he was. A ghastly horror of a country yawning indisputable there, revealed to one as if by momentary lightning in that manner! This is a speech which all the Embassadors report, and which was already mentioned by us in reference to that opprobrious Proposal about the Crown-Prince's Marriage, "Marry with England, after all; never mind breaking your word!" Here is the manner of it, with time and place:

"Sunday last," Sunday, 17th October, 1734, reports Seckendorf Junior, through the Nigger or some better witness, "the King said to the Prince Royal, 'My dear Son, I tell thee I got my death at Priort. I entreat thee, above all things in the world, don't trust those people (*denen Leuten*), however many promises they make. That day, it was April 17th, 1733, there was a man said something to me: it was as if you had turned a dagger round in my heart.'"[3]

Figure that, spoken from amid the dark, sick whirlpools, the mortal quicksands in Friedrich Wilhelm's voice clangorously plaintive; what a wild sincerity, almost pathos is in it; and whether Fritzchen, with his eyes all bewept even for what Papa had suffered in that matter, felt lively gratitudes to the House of Austria at this moment!

It was four months after, "21st January, 1735,"[4] when the King first got back to Berlin to enlighten the eyes of the Carnival a little, as his wont had been. The crisis of his Majesty's illness is over, present danger gone; and the Carnival people, not without some real gladness, though probably with less than they pretend, can report him well again, which is far from being the fact, if they knew it. Friedrich Wilhelm is on his feet again, but he never more was well; nor has he forgotten that word at Priort, "like the turning of a dagger in one's heart;" and, indeed, gets himself continually reminded of it by practical commentaries from the Vienna Quarter.

In April Prince Lichtenstein arrives on Embassy with three requests or demands from Vienna: "1°. That, besides the Ten Thousand due by Treaty, his Majesty would send his Reichs-Contingent"—*not* comprehended in those Ten Thousand, thinks

[3] Seckendorf (*Baron*): *Journal Secret;* cited in Förster, ii., 142.
[4] Fassmann, p. 533.

the Kaiser. "2°. That he would have the goodness to dismiss Marquis de la Chétardie the French Embassador, as a plainly superfluous person at a well-affected German Court in present circumstances"—person excessively dangerous, should the present Majesty die, Crown-Prince being so fond of that Chétardie. "3°. That his Prussian Majesty do give up the false Polish Majesty Stanislaus, and no longer harbor him in East Preussen or elsewhere:" the whole of which demands his Prussian Majesty refuses, the latter two especially, as something notably high on the Kaiser's part, or on any mortal's, to a free Sovereign and Gentleman. Prince Lichtenstein is eloquent, conciliatory; but it avails not. He has to go home empty-handed; manages to leave with Herr von Suhm, who took care of it for us, that Anecdote of the Crown-Prince'e behavior under cannon-shot from Philipsburg last year, and does nothing else recordable in Berlin.

The Crown-Prince's hopes were set with all eagerness on getting to the Rhine Campaign next ensuing, nor did the King refuse for a long while, but still less did he consent, and in the end there came nothing of it. From an early period of the year Friedrich Wilhelm sees too well what kind of campaigning the Kaiser will now make. At a certain Wedding-dinner where his Majesty was, precisely a fortnight after his Majesty's arrival in Berlin, Seckendorf Junior has got, by eavesdropping, this utterance of his Majesty's: "The Kaiser has not a groschen of money. His Army in Lombardy is gone to Twenty-four thousand men; will have to retire into the Mountains. Next campaign" (just coming) "he will lose Mantua and the Tyrol. God's righteous judgment it is: a War like this! Comes of flinging old principles overboard—of meddling in business that was none of yours;" and more of a plangent alarming nature.[5]

Friedrich Wilhelm sends back his Ten Thousand according to contracts; sends, over and above, a beautiful stock of "copper pontoons" to help the Imperial Majesty in that River Country, says Fassmann; sends also a supernumerary Troop of Hussars, who are worth mentioning, "Sixscore horse of Hussar type," under one Captain Ziethen, a taciturn, much-enduring, much-observing man, whom we shall see again: these are to be

[5] Förster, ii., 144 (and *date* it from *Militair Lexikon*, ii., 50).

diligently helpful, as is natural; but they are also, for their own behoof, to be diligently observant, and learn the Austrian Hussar methods, which his Majesty last year saw to be much superior. Nobody that knows Ziethen doubts but he learned; Hussar-Colonel Baronay, his Austrian teacher here, became too well convinced of it when they met on a future occasion.[6] All this his Majesty did for the ensuing campaign; but as to the Crown-Prince's going thither, after repeated requests on his part, it is at last signified to him, deep in the season, that it can not be: "Won't answer for a Crown-Prince to be sharer in such a Campaign; be patient, my good Fritzchen, I will find other work for thee."[7] Fritzchen is sent into Preussen to do the Reviewings and Inspections there, Papa not being able for them this season, and strict manifold Inspection in those parts being more than usually necessary, owing to the Russian-Polish troubles. On this errand, which is clearly a promotion, though in present circumstances not a pleasant one for the Crown-Prince, he sets out without delay, and passes there the equinoctial and autumnal season in a much more useful way than he could have done in the Rhine Campaign.

In the Rhine-Moselle Country and elsewhere the poor Kaiser does exert himself to make a Campaign of it, but without the least success. Having not a groschen of money, how could he succeed? Noailles, as foreseen, manœuvres him, hitch after hitch, out of Italy; French are greatly superior, more especially when Montemar, having once got Carlos crowned in Naples and put secure, comes to assist the French: Kaiser has to lean for shelter on the Tyrol Alps, as predicted. Italy, all but some sieging of strong places, may be considered as lost for the present.

Nor on the Rhine did things go better. Old Eugene, "the shadow of himself," had no more effect this year than last; nor,

[6] *Life of Ziethen* (veridical but inexact, by the Frau von Blumenthal, a kinswoman of his; English translation very ill printed, Berlin, 1803), p. 54.

[7] Friedrich's Letter, 5th September, 1735; Friedrich Wilhelm's Answer next day (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 3d, 93–95).

though Lacy and Ten Thousand Russians came as allies, Poland being all settled now, could the least good be done. Reichs-Feldmarschall Karl Alexander of Würtemberg did "burn a Magazine" (probably of hay among better provender) by his bomb-shells on one occasion. Also the Prussian Ten Thousand, Old Dessauer leading them, General Röder having fallen ill, burned something: an Islet in the Rhine, if I recollect, "Islet of Lorch, near Bingen," where the French had a post, which and whom the Old Dessauer burnt away. And then Seckendorf, at the head of Thirty Thousand, he, after long delays, marched to Trarbach in the interior Moselle Country, and got into some explosive sputter of battle with Belleisle one afternoon—some say, rather beating Belleisle; but a good judge says it was a mutual flurry and terror they threw one another into.[8] Seckendorf meant to try again on the morrow; but there came an estafette that night, "Preliminaries signed (Vienna, 3d October, 1735); try no farther!"[9] And this was the second Rhine Campaign, and the end of the Kaiser's French War. The Sea-Powers, steadily refusing money, diligently run about, offering terms of arbitration; and the Kaiser, beaten at every point, and reduced to his last groschen, is obliged to comply. He will have a pretty bill to pay for his Polish-Election frolic, were the settlement done! Fleury is pacific, full of bland candor to the Sea-Powers; the Kaiser, after long higgling upon articles, will have to accept the bill.

The Crown-Prince, meanwhile, has a successful journey into Preussen; sees new interesting scenes, Salzburg Emigrants, exiled Polish Majesties; inspects the soldiering, the schooling, the tax-gathering, the domain-farming, with a perspicuity, a dexterity, and completeness that much pleases Papa. Fractions of the Reports sent home exist for us; let the reader take a glance of one only, the first of the series, dated *Marienwerder* (just across the Weichsel, fairly out of Polish Preussen and into our own), 27th September, 1735, and addressed to the "Most Allgracious King and Father," abridged for the reader's behoof:

[8] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, i., 168.

[9] "Cessation" is to be, 5th November for Germany, 15th for Italy; "Preliminaries" were, Vienna, "3d October," 1735 (Schöll, ii., 245).

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* * "In Polish Preussen, lately the Seat of War, things look hideously waste; one sees nothing but women and a few children; it is said the people are mostly running away," owing to the Russian-Polish procedures there in consequence of the blessed Election they have had. King August, whom your Majesty is not in love with, has prevailed at this rate of expense. King Stanislaus, protected by your Majesty in spite of Kaisers and Czarinas, waits in Königsberg till the Peace, now supposed to be coming, say what is to become of him: once in Königsberg, I shall have the pleasure to see him. "A detachment of five-and-twenty Saxon Dragoons of the Regiment Arnstedt, marching toward Dantzig, met me: their horses were in tolerable case; but some are piebald, some sorel, and some brown among them," which will be shocking to your Majesty, "and the people did not look well." * *

"Got hither to Marienwerder last night; have inspected the two Companies which are here, that is to say, Lieutenant Col. Meier's and Rittmeister Hans's. In very good trim, both of them; and though neither the men nor their horses are of extraordinary size, they are handsome, well-drilled fellows, and a fine set of stiff-built horses (*gedrungenen Pferden*). The fellows sit them like pictures (*reiten wie die Puppen*); I saw them do their wheelings. Meier has some fine recruits—in particular two;" nor has the Rittmeister been wanting in that respect. "Young horses," too, are coming well on, sleek of skin. In short, all is right on the military side.[10]

Civil business, too, of all kinds, the Crown-Prince looked into with a sharp, intelligent eye; gave praise, gave censure in the right place; put various things on a straight footing, which were awry when he found them. In fact, it is Papa's second self; looks into the bottom of all things quite as Papa would have done, and is fatal to mendacities, practical or vocal, wherever he meets them. What a joy to Papa: "Here, after all, is one that can replace me in case of accident. This Apprentice of mine, after all, he has fairly learned the Art, and will continue it when I am gone!"

Yes, your Majesty, it is a Prince Royal wise to recognize your Majesty's rough wisdom on all manner of points; will not be a Devil's *friend*, I think, any more than your Majesty was. Here, truly, are rare talents; like your Majesty and unlike; and has a steady swiftness in him, as of an eagle, over and above! Such powers of practical judgment, of skillful action, are rare in one's

[10] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 3d, p. 97.

twenty-third year. And still rarer, have readers noted what a power of holding his peace this young man has? Fruit of his sufferings, of the hard life he has had. Most important power, under which all other useful ones will more and more ripen for him. This Prince already knows his own mind on a good many points; privately, amid the world's vague clamor jargoning round him to no purpose, he is capable of having *his* mind made up into definite Yes and No, so as will surprise us one day.

Friedrich Wilhelm, we perceive,[11] was in a high degree content with this performance of the Prussian Mission: a very great comfort to his sick mind in those months and afterward. Here are talents, here are qualities, visibly the Friedrich Wilhelm stuff throughout, but cast in an infinitely improved type: what a blessing we did not cut off that young Head at the Kaiser's dictation in former years!

At Königsberg, as we learn in a dim indirect manner, the Crown-Prince sees King Stanislaus twice or thrice—not formally, lest there be political offense taken, but incidentally at the houses of third parties—and is much pleased with the old gentleman, who is of cultivated good-natured ways, and has surely many curious things, from Charles XII. downward, to tell a young man.[12] Stanislaus has abundance of useless refugee Polish Magnates about him, with their useless crowds of servants, and no money in pocket; Königsberg all on flutter with their draperies and them, "like a little Warsaw," so that Stanislaus's big French Pension, moderate Prussian monthly allowance, and all resources, are inadequate; and, in fact, in the end, these Magnates had to vanish, many of them, without settling their accounts in Königsberg.[13] For the present they wait here, Stanislaus and they, till Fleury and the Kaiser, shaking the urn of doom in abstruse treaty after battle, decide what is to become of them.

Friedrich returned to Dantzig; saw that famous City, and late scene of War, tracing with lively interest the footsteps of Münnich and his Siege operations, some of which are much

[11] His Letter, 24th Oct., 1735 (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 3d, p. 99).
[12] Came 8th October, went 21st; Ib., p. 98. [13] *History of Stanislaus*.

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blamed by judges, and by this young soldier among the rest. There is a pretty Letter of his from Dantzig turning mainly on those points—letter written to his young Brother-in-law, Karl of Brunswick, who is now become Duke there; Grandfather and Father both dead;[14] and has just been blessed with an Heir, to boot. Congratulation on the birth of this Heir is the formal purport of the Letter, though it runs ever and anon into a military strain. Here are some sentences in a condensed form:

"*Dantzig, 26th October*, 1735. * * Thank my dear Sister for her services. I am charmed that she has made you papa with so good a grace. I fear you won't stop there, but will go on peopling the world" —one knows not to what extent—"with your amiable race. Would have written sooner, but am just returning from the depths of the barbarous Countries, and having been charged with innumerable commissions which I did not understand too well, had no good possibility to think or to write.

"I have viewed all the Russian labors in these parts; have had the assault on the Hagelsberg narrated to me; been on the grounds; and own I had a better opinion of Marshal Münnich than to think him capable of so distracted an enterprise.[15] * * Adieu, my dear Brother. My compliments to the amiable young Mother. Tell her, I beg you, that her proof-essays are master-pieces (*coups d'essai sont des coups de maître*)." * * "Your most," &c., "FRÉDÉRIC."

The Brunswick Master-piece achieved on this occasion grew to be a man and Duke, famous enough in the Newspapers in time coming: Champagne, 1792; Jena, 1806; George IV.'s Queen Caroline; these and other distracted phenomena (pretty much blotting out the earlier better sort) still kept him hanging painfully in men's memory. From his birth, now in this Prussian Journey of our Crown-Prince, to his death-stroke on the Field of Jena, what a Seventy-one years!

Fleury and the Kaiser, though it is long before the signature

[14] Grandfather, 1st March, 1735; Father (who lost the *Lines of Ettlingen* lately in our sight), 3d September, 1735. Suprà, p. 379.

[15] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 2d, p. 31. Pressed for time, and in want of battering cannon, he attempted to seize this Hagelsberg, one of the outlying defenses of Dantzig, by nocturnal storm; lost two thousand men, and retired *without* doing "what was flatly impossible," thinks the Crown-Prince. See Mannstein, p. 77-79, for an account of it.

and last finish can take place, are come to terms of settlement at the Crown-Prince's return, and it is known in political circles what the Kaiser's Polish-Election damages will probably amount to. Here are, in substance, the only conditions that could be got for him:

"1°. Baby Carlos, crowned in Naples, can not be pulled out again: Naples, the Two Sicilies, are gone without return. That is the first loss; please Heaven it be the worst! On the other hand, Baby Carlos will, as some faint compensation, surrender to your Imperial Majesty his Parma and Piacenza appanages, and you shall get back your Lombardy—all but a scantling which we fling to the Sardinian Majesty, who is a good deal huffed, having had possession of the Milanese these two years past, in terms of his bargain with Fleury. Pacific Fleury says to him, 'Bargain can not be kept, your Majesty; please to quit the Milanese again, and put up with this scantling.'

"2°. The Crown of Poland, August III. has got it, by Russian Bombardings and other measures: Crown shall stay with August—all the rather, as there would be no dispossessing him at this stage. He was your Imperial Majesty's Candidate; let him be the winner there, for your Imperial Majesty's comfort.

"3°. And then as to poor Stanislaus? Well, let Stanislaus be Titular Majesty of Poland for life, which indeed will do little for him; but, in addition, we propose that, the Dukedom of Lorraine being now in our hands, Majesty Stanislaus have the life-rent of Lorraine to subsist upon; and—and that Lorraine fall to us of France on his decease! 'Lorraine?' exclaim the Kaiser, and the Reich, and the Kaiser's intended Son-in-law, Franz, Duke of Lorraine. There is indeed a loss and a disgrace, a heavy item in the Election damages!

"4°. As to Duke Franz there is a remedy. The old Duke of Florence, last of the Medici, is about to die childless: let the now Duke of Lorraine, your Imperial Majesty's intended Son-in-law, have Florence instead. And so it had to be settled. 'Lorraine? To Stanislaus—to France?' exclaimed the poor Kaiser, still more the poor Reich, and poor Duke Franz. This was the bitterest cut of all; but there was no getting past it. This too had to be allowed, this item for the Election breakages in Poland. And so France, after nibbling for several centuries, swallows Lorraine whole. Duke Franz attempted to stand out; remonstrated much with Kaiser and Hofrath, at Vienna, on this unheard-of proposal, but they told him it was irremediable; told him at last (one Bartenstein, a famed Aulic official, told him), 'No Lorraine, no Archduchess, your Serenity!' and Franz had to comply. Lorraine is gone; cunning Fleury has swallowed it whole. 'That was what he

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meant in picking this quarrel!' said Teutschland, mournfully. Fleury was very pacific, candid in aspect to the Sea-Powers and others, and did not crow afflictively, did not say what he had meant.

"5°. One immense consolation for the Kaiser, if for no other, is, France guarantees the Pragmatic Sanction, though with very great difficulty, spending a couple of years chiefly on this latter point, as was thought.[16] How it kept said guarantee will be seen in the sequel."

And these were the damages the poor Kaiser had to pay for meddling in Polish Elections, for galloping thither in chase of his shadows. No such account of broken windows was ever presented to a man before. This may be considered as the consummation of the Kaiser's Shadow-Hunt, or at least its igniting and exploding point. His Duel with the Termagant has at last ended, in total defeat to him on every point. Shadow-Hunt does not end, though it is now mostly vanished—exploded in fire. Shadow-Hunt is now gone all to Pragmatic Sanction, as it were; that now is the one thing left in Nature for a Kaiser, and that he will love and chase as the summary of all things. From this point he steadily goes down, and at a rapid rate, getting into disastrous Turk Wars with as little preparation for War or Fact as a life-long Hunt of *Shadows* presupposes; Eugene gone from him, and nothing but Seckendorfs to manage for him; and sinks to a low pitch indeed. We will leave him here; shall hope to see but little more of him.

In the Summer of 1736, in consequence of these arrangements—which were completed so far, though difficulties on Pragmatic Sanction and other points retarded the final signature for many months longer—the titular Majesty Stanislaus girt himself together for departure toward his new Dominion or Life-rent; quitted Königsberg; traversed Prussian Poland, safe this time, "under escort of Lieutenant General von Katte" (our poor Katte of Cüstrin's Father) "and fifty cuirassiers;" reached Berlin in the middle of May, under flowerier aspects than usual. He traveled under the title of "Count" Something, and alighted at the French Embassador's in Berlin; but Friedrich Wilhelm treated him like a real Majesty, almost like a real Brother; had him over to the Palace; rushed out to meet him there, I forget

[16] Treaty on *it* not signed till 18th November, 1738 (Schöll, ii., 246).

how many steps beyond the proper limits, and was hospitality itself and munificence itself; and, in fact, that night and all the other nights "they smoked above thirty pipes together" for one item. May 21st, 1736,[17] Ex-Majesty Stanislaus went on his way again toward France, toward Meudon, a quiet Royal House in France, till Lunéville, Nanci, and their Lorraine Palaces are quite ready. There, in these latter, he at length does find resting-place, poor innocent insipid mortal, after such tossings to and fro; and M. de Voltaire, and others of mark, having sometimes enlivened the insipid Court there, Titular King Stanislaus has still a kind of remembrance among mankind.

Of his Prussian Majesty we said that, though the Berlin populations reported him well again, it was not so. The truth is, his Majesty was never again well. From this point, age only forty-seven, he continues broken in bodily constitution; clogged more and more with physical impediments; and his History, personal and political withal, is as that of an old man finishing his day. To the last he pulls steadily, neglecting no business, suffering nothing to go wrong. Building operations go on at Berlin, pushed more than ever, in these years, by the rigorous Derschau, who has got that in charge. No man of money or rank in Berlin but Derschau is upon him, with heavier and heavier compulsion to build, which is felt to be tyrannous, and occasions an ever-deepening grumble among the moneyed classes. At Potsdam his Majesty himself is the Builder, and gives the Houses away to persons of merit.[18]

Nor is the Army less an object—perhaps almost more. Nay, at one time, old Kur-Pfalz being reckoned in a dying condition, Friedrich Wilhelm is about ranking his men, prepared to fight for his rights in Jülich and Berg; Kaiser having openly gone over, and joined with France against his Majesty in that matter.

[17] Förster (i., 227), following loose Pöllnitz (ii., 478), dates it 1735: a more considerable error, if looked into, than is usual in Herr Förster, who is not an ill-informed nor inexact man, though, alas! in respect of method (that is to say, *want* of visible method, indication, or human arrangement), probably the most confused of all the Germans!

[18] Pöllnitz, ii., 469.

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However, the old Kur-Pfalz did not die, and there came nothing of fight in Friedrich Wilhelm's time. But his History on the political side is henceforth mainly a commentary to him on that "word" he heard in Priort, "which was as if you had turned a dagger in my heart!" With the Kaiser he is fallen out: there arise unfriendly passages between them, sometimes sarcastic on Friedrich Wilhelm's part, in reference to this very War now ended. Thus, when complaint rose about the Prussian misbehaviors on their late marches (misbehaviors notable in Countries where their recruiting operations had been troubled), the Kaiser took a high severe tone, not assuaging, rather aggravating the matter; and, for his own share, winded up by a strict prohibition of Prussian recruiting in any and every part of the Imperial Dominions, which Friedrich Wilhelm took extremely ill. This is from a Letter of his to the Crown-Prince, and after the first gust of wrath had spent itself: "It is a clear disadvantage, this prohibition of recruiting in the Kaiser's Countries. That is our thanks for the Ten Thousand men sent him, and for all the deference I have shown the Kaiser at all times; and by this you may see that it would be of no use if one even sacrificed one's self to him. So long as they need us, they continue to flatter; but no sooner is the strait thought to be over, and help not wanted, than they pull off the mask, and have not the least acknowledgment. The considerations that will occur to you on this matter may put it in your power to be prepared against similar occasions in time coming."[19]

Thus, again, in regard to the winter-quarters of the Ziethen Hussars. Prussian Majesty, we recollect, had sent a Supernumerary Squadron to the last Campaign on the Rhine. They were learning their business, Friedrich Wilhelm knew, but also were fighting for the Kaiser: that was what the Kaiser knew about them. Somewhat to his surprise, in the course of next year, Friedrich Wilhelm received from the Vienna War-Office a little Bill of 10,284 florins (£1028 8*s.*), charged to *him* for the winter-quarters of these Hussars. He at once paid the little Bill, with only this observation: "Heartily glad that I can help the Imperial *Ærarium* with that £1028 8*s.*; with the sin-

[19] 6th February, 1736; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii, part 3d, p. 102.

cerest wishes for hundred thousand-fold increase to it in said *Ærarium*, otherwise it won't go very far!"[20]

At a later period, in the course of his disastrous Turk War, the Kaiser, famishing for money, set about borrowing a million gulden (£100,000) from the Banking House Splittgerber and Daun at Berlin. Splittgerber and Daun had not the money, could not raise it: "Advance us that sum, in their name, your Majesty," proposes the Vienna Court: "There shall be three per cent. bonus, interest six per cent., and security beyond all question!" To which fine offer his Majesty answers, addressing Seckendorf Junior: "Touching the proposal of my lifting the Bankers Splittgerber and Daun up behind me with a million gulden, to assist in that loan of theirs, said proposal, as I am not a merchant accustomed to deal in profits and percentages, can not in that form take effect. Out of old friendship, however, I am, on Theiro Imperial Majesty's request, extremely ready to pay down, once and away (*à fond perdu*), a couple of million gulden, provided the Imperial Majesty will grant me *the conditions* known to your Uncle" (*fulfillment* of that now oldish Jülich and Berg promise, namely!), "which are *fair*. In such case the thing shall be rapidly completed!"[21]

In a word, Friedrich Wilhelm falls out with the Kaiser more and more; experiences more and more what a Kaiser this has been toward him. Queen Sophie has fallen silent in the History-Books; both the Majesties may look remorsefully, but perhaps best in silence, over the breakages and wrecks this Kaiser has brought upon them. Friedrich Wilhelm does not meanly hate the Kaiser: good man, he sometimes pities him; sometimes, we perceive, has a touch of authentic contempt for him. But his thoughts in that quarter, premature old age aggravating them, are generally of a tragic nature, not to be spoken without tears; and the tears have a flash at the bottom of them, when he looks round on Fritz and says, "There is one, though, that will avenge me!" Friedrich Wilhelm, to the last a broad, strong phenomenon, keeps wending downward, homeward, from this point; the Kaiser too, we perceive, is rapidly consummating his enormous

[20] Letter to Seckendorf (*Senior*): Förster, ii., 150.

[21] Förster, ii., 151 (without *date* there).

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Spectre-Hunts and Duels with Termagants, and before long will be at rest. We are well-nigh done with both these Majesties.

The Crown-Prince, by his judicious obedient procedures in these Four Years at Ruppin, at a distance from Papa, has, as it were, completed his *Apprenticeship*, and, especially by this last Inspection Journey into Preussen, may be said to have delivered his *Proof-Essay* with a distinguished success. He is now out of his Apprenticeship, entitled to lift his Indentures whenever need shall be. The rugged old Master can not but declare him competent, qualified to try his own hand without supervision: after all those unheard-of confusions, like to set the shop on fire at one time, it is a blessedly-successful Apprenticeship! Let him now, theoretically at least, in the realms of Art, Literature, Spiritual Improvement, do his *Wanderjahre* over at Reinsberg, still in the old region—still well apart from Papa, who agrees best *not* in immediate contact—and be happy in the new Domesticities and larger opportunities provided for him there, till a certain *time* come, which none of us are in haste for.

BOOK X.

AT REINSBERG.

1736–1740.

CHAPTER I.

MANSION OF REINSBERG.

On the Crown-Prince's Marriage, three years ago, when the *Amt* or Government-District *Ruppin*, with its incomings, was assigned to him for revenue, we heard withal of a Residence getting ready. Hint had fallen from the Prince that Reinsberg, an old Country-seat, standing with its Domain round it in that little Territory of Ruppin, and probably purchasable as was understood, might be pleasant, were it once his and well put in repair, which hint the kind paternal Majesty instantly proceeded to act upon. He straightway gave orders for the purchase of Reinsberg; concluded said purchase, on fair terms, after some months bargaining;[1] and set his best Architect, one Kemeter, to work, in concert with the Crown-Prince, to new-build and enlarge the decayed Schloss of Reinsberg into such a Mansion as the young Royal Highness and his Wife would like.

Kemeter has been busy all this while—a solid, elegant, yet frugal builder; and now the main body of the Mansion is complete or nearly so, the wings and adjuncts going steadily forward; Mansion so far ready that the Royal Highnesses can take up their abode in it, which they do this Autumn, 1736, and fairly commence Joint Housekeeping in a permanent manner. Hitherto it has been intermittent only; hitherto the Crown-Princess has resided in their Berlin Mansion or in her own Country House at Schönhausen; husband not habitually with her except when on leave of absence from Ruppin, in Carnival

[1] 23d October, 1733, order given; 16th March, 1734, purchase completed (Preuss, i., 75).

time or for shorter periods. At Ruppin his life has been rather that of a bachelor, or husband abroad on business, up to this time; but now at Reinsberg they do kindle the sacred hearth together—"6th August, 1736," the date of that important event. They have got their Court about them, dames and cavaliers more than we expected; they have arranged the furnitures of their existence here on fit scale, and set up their Lares and Penates on a thrifty footing. Majesty and Queen come out on a visit to them next month,[2] raising the sacred hearth into its first considerable blaze, and crowning the operation in a human manner.

And so there has a new epoch arisen for the Crown-Prince and his Consort—a new and much improved one. It lasted into the fourth year, rather improving all the way; and only Kingship, which, if a higher sphere, was a far less pleasant one, put an end to it. Friedrich's happiest time was this at Reinsberg; the little Four Years of Hope, Composure, realizable Idealism: an actual snatch of something like the Idyllic, appointed him in a life-pilgrimage consisting otherwise of realisms oftenest contradictory enough, and sometimes of very grim complexion. He is master of his work, he is adjusted to the practical conditions set him; conditions once complied with, daily work done, he lives to the Muses, to the spiritual improvements, to the social enjoyments; and has, though not without flaws of ill weather—from the Tobacco Parliament perhaps rather less than formerly, and from the Finance quarter perhaps rather more—a sunny time. His innocent insipidity of a Wife, too, appears to have been happy. She had the charm of youth, of good looks; a wholesome, perfect loyalty of character withal, and did not "take to pouting," as was once apprehended of her, but pleasantly gave and received of what was going. This poor Crown-Princess, afterward Queen, has been heard, in her old age, reverting, in a touching transient way, to the glad days she had at Reinsberg. Complaint openly was never heard from her in any kind of days, but these doubtless were the best of her life.

Reinsberg, we said, is in the *Amt* Ruppin, naturally under the Crown-Prince's government at present: the little Town or Vil-

[2] 4th September, 1736 (Ib.).

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lage of Reinsberg stands about ten miles north of the Town Ruppin—not quite a third part as big as Ruppin is in our time, and much more pleasantly situated. The country about is of comfortable, not unpicturesque character, to be distinguished almost as beautiful in that region of sand and moor. Lakes abound in it; tilled fields, heights called "hills;" and wood of fair growth—one reads of "beech avenues," of "high linden avenues"—a country rather of the ornamented sort before the Prince with his improvements settled there. Many lakes and lakelets in it, as usual hereabouts; the loitering waters straggle all over that region into meshes of lakes. Reinsberg itself, Village and Schloss, stands on the edge of a pleasant Lake, last of a mesh of such, the *summary*, or outfall of which, already here a good strong brook or stream, is called the *Rhein*, Rhyn, or Rein, and gives name to the little place. We heard of the Rein at Ruppin: it is there counted as a kind of river, still more twenty miles farther down, where it falls into the Havel, on its way to the Elbe. The waters, I think, are drab-colored, not peat-brown; and here, at the source, or outfall from that mesh of lakes, where Reinsberg is, the country seems to be about the best; sufficient, in picturesqueness and otherwise, to satisfy a reasonable man.

The little Town is very old, but, till the Crown-Prince settled there, had no peculiar vitality in it. I think there are now some potteries, glass manufactories: Friedrich Wilhelm, just while the Crown-Prince was removing thither, settled a first Glass-work there, which took good root, and rose to eminence in the crystal, Bohemian crystal, white glass, cut glass, and other commoner lines, in the Crown-Prince's time.[3]

Reinsberg stands on the east or southeast side of its pretty Lake: Lake is called "the *Grinerick See*" (as all those remote Lakes have their names); Mansion is between Town and Lake —a Mansion fronting, we may say, four ways, for it is of quadrangular form, with a wet moat from the Lake begirding it, and has a spacious court for interior; but the principal entrance is from the Town side; for the rest, the Building is ashlar on all sides, front and rear; stands there, handsomely abutting on the

[3] *Beschreibung des Lustschlosses, &c., zu Reinsberg* (Berlin, 1778). Author a "Lieutenant Hennert," thoroughly acquainted with his subject.

Lake with two Towers, a Tower at each angle, which it has on that lakeward side; and looks, over Reinsberg, and its steeple rising amid friendly umbrage which hides the house-tops, toward the rising sun. Townward there is room for a spacious esplanade; and then for the stables, outbuildings, well masked, which still farther shut off the Town. To this day Reinsberg stands with the air of a solid respectable Edifice; still massive, rain-tight, though long since deserted by the Princeships—by Friedrich nearly sixscore years ago, and nearly threescore by Prince Henri, a Brother of Friedrich's, who afterward had it. Last accounts I got were of talk there had risen of planting an extensive *Normal School* there, which promising plan had been laid aside again for the time.

The old Schloss, residence of the Bredows and other feudal people for a long while, had good solid masonry in it, and around it orchards, pot-herb gardens, which Friedrich Wilhelm's Architects took good care to extend and improve, not to throw away: the result of their art is what we see, a beautiful Country House, what might be called a Country Palace with all its adjuncts, and at a rate of expense which would fill English readers of this time with amazement. Much is admirable to us as we study Reinsberg, what it had been, what it became, and how it was made, but nothing more so than the small modicum of money it cost. To our wondering thought it seems as if the shilling in those parts were equal to the guinea in these, and the reason, if we ask it, is by no means flattering altogether. "Change in the value of money?" Alas! reader, no; that is not above the fourth part of the phenomenon. Three fourths of the phenomenon are change in the methods of administering money—difference between managing it with wisdom and veracity on both sides, and managing it with unwisdom and mendacity on both sides, which is very great indeed, and infinitely sadder than any one in these times will believe! But we can not dwell on this consideration. Let the reader take it with him as a constant accompaniment in whatever work of Friedrich Wilhelm's or of Friedrich his Son's he now or at any other time may be contemplating. Impious waste, which means disorder and dishonesty, and loss of much other than money to all parties

—disgusting aspect of human creatures, master and servant working together as if they were not human—will be spared him in those foreign departments, and in an English heart thoughts will arise, perhaps, of a wholesome tendency, though very sad, as times are.

It would but weary the reader to describe this Crown-Prince Mansion, which, by desperate study of our abstruse materials, it is possible to do with auctioneer minuteness. There are engraved *Views* of Reinsberg and its Environs, which used to lie conspicuous in the portfolios of collectors, which I have not seen.[4] Of the House itself, engraved Frontages (*Façades*), Ground-plans, are more accessible; and along with them, descriptions which are little descriptive—wearisomely detailed, and as it were dark by excess of light (auctioneer light) thrown on them. The reader sees, in general, a fine symmetrical Block of Buildings standing in rectangular shape in the above locality—about two hundred English feet each the two longer sides measure, the Townward and the Lakeward, on their outer front; about a hundred and thirty each the two shorter, or a hundred and fifty taking in their towers just spoken of. The fourth or Lakeward side, however, which is one of the longer pair, consists mainly of "Colonnade"—spacious Colonnade, "with vases and statues," catching up the outskirts of said towers, and handsomely uniting every thing.

Beyond doubt, a dignified, substantial pile of stone-work, all of good proportions. Architecture every where of cheerfully serious, solidly graceful character; all of sterling ashlar; the due *risalites* (projecting spaces) with their attics and statues atop, the due architraves, cornices, and corbels; in short, the due opulence of ornament being introduced, and only the due. Genuine sculptors, genuine painters, artists have been busy; and, in fact, all the suitable fine arts, and all the necessary solid ones, have worked together with a noticeable fidelity, comfortable to the very beholder to this day. General height is about forty feet; two stories of ample proportions; the towers overlooking them are sixty feet in height. Extent of outer frontage, if you go all round, and omit the Colonnade, will be five hundred feet

[4] See Hennert, just cited, for the titles of them.

and more; this, with the rearward face, is a thousand feet of room frontage: fancy the extent of lodging space; for "all the kitchens and appurtenances are underground," the "left front" (which is a new part of the Edifice) rising comfortably over these. Windows I did not count, but they must go high up into the Hundreds. No end to lodging space. Nay, in a detached side edifice subsequently built, called Cavalier House, I read of there being, for one item, "fifty lodging-rooms," and for another "a theatre." And if an English Duke of Trumps were to look at the bills for all this, his astonishment would be extreme, and perhaps, in a degree, painful and salutary to him.

In one of these Towers the Crown-Prince has his Library: a beautiful apartment; nothing wanting to it that the arts could furnish; "ceiling done by Pesne" with allegorical geniuses and what not; looks out on mere sky, mere earth and water in an ornamental state; silent as in Elysium. It is there we are to fancy the Correspondence written, the Poetries and literary industries going on. There, or stepping down for a turn in the open air, or sauntering meditatively under the Colonnade, with its statues and vases (where weather is no object), one commands the Lake, with its little tufted Islands, "Remus Island" much famed among them, and "high beech woods" on the farther side. The Lake is very pretty, all say, lying between you and the sunset, with perhaps some other lakelet or solitary pool in the wilderness, many miles away, "revealing itself as a cup of molten gold" at that interesting moment. What the Book-Collection was in the interior, I know not except by mere guess.

The Crown-Princess's Apartment, too, which remained unaltered at the last accounts had of it,[5] is very fine: take the anteroom for specimen: "This fine room," some twenty feet height of ceiling, "has six windows, three of them, in the main front, looking toward the Town, the other three toward the Interior Court. The light from these windows is heightened by mirrors covering all the piers (*Schäfte*, interspaces of the walls) to an uncommonly splendid pitch, and shows the painting of the ceiling, which again is by the famous Pesne, to much perfection. The Artist himself, too, has managed to lay on his colors there

[5] From Hennert, namely, in 1778.

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so softly, and with such delicate skill, that the light-beams seem to prolong themselves in the painted clouds and air as if it were the real sky you had overhead." There in that cloud-region "Mars is being disarmed by the Love-goddesses, and they are sporting with his weapons. He stretches out his arm toward the Goddess, who looks upon him with fond glances. Cupids are spreading out a draping." That is Pesne's luxurious performance in the ceiling. "Weapon-festoons, in basso-relievo, gilt, adorn the walls of this room; and two Pictures, also by Pesne, which represent, in life size, the late King and Queen" (our good friends Friedrich Wilhelm and his Sophie) "are worthy of attention. Over each of the doors you find in low relief the Profiles of Hannibal, Pompey, Scipio, Cæsar, introduced as Medallions."

All this is very fine, but all this is little to another ceiling in some big Saloon elsewhere—Music-saloon, I think: Black Night making off, with all her sickly dews, at one end of the ceiling, and at the other end the Steeds of Phœbus bursting forth, and the glittering shafts of Day, with Cupids, Love-goddesses, War-gods, not omitting Bacchus and his vines, all getting beautifully awake in consequence—a very fine room indeed; used as a Music-Saloon, or I know not what, and the ceiling of it almost an ideal, say the connoisseurs.

Endless gardens, pavilions, grottoes, hermitages, orangeries, artificial ruins, parks, and pleasances surround this favored spot and its Schloss; nothing wanting in it that a Prince's establishment needs, except, indeed, it be hounds, for which this Prince never had the least demand.

Except the old Ruppin duties, which imply continual journeyings thither, distance only a morning's ride—except these, and occasional commissions from Papa, Friedrich is left master of his time and pursuits in this new Mansion. There are visits to Potsdam, periodical appearances at Berlin, some Correspondence to keep the Tobacco Parliament in tune. But Friedrich's taste is for the Literatures, Philosophies: a young Prince bent seriously to cultivate his mind; to attain some clear knowledge of this world, so all-important to him. And he does seriously read,

study, and reflect a good deal; his main recreations, seemingly, are Music, and the converse of well-informed friendly men. In Music we find him particularly rich. Daily, at a fixed hour of the afternoon, there is concert held, the reader has seen in what kind of room; and if the Artists entertained here for that function were enumerated (high names not yet forgotten in the Musical world), it would still more astonish readers. I count them to the number of Twenty or Nineteen, and mention only that "the two Brothers Graun" and "the two Brothers Benda" were of the lot, suppressing four other Fiddlers of eminence, and "a Pianist who is known to every body."[6] The Prince has a fine sensibility to Music; does himself, with thrilling adagios on the flute, join in these harmonious acts; and, no doubt, if rightly vigilant against the Nonsenses, gets profit, now and henceforth, from this part of his resources.

He has visits, calls to make on distinguished persons within reach; he has much Correspondence of a Literary or Social nature. For instance, there is Suhm, the Saxon Envoy, translating *Wolf's Philosophy* into French for him; sending it in fascicles, with endless Letters to and from upon it, which were then highly interesting, but are now dead to every reader. The Crown-Prince has got a Post-Office established at Reinsberg; leathern functionary of some sort comes lumbering round, southward, "from the Mecklenburg quarter twice a week, and goes by Fehrbellin," for the benefit of his Correspondences. Of his calls in the neighborhood we mean to show the reader one sample before long, and only one.

There are lists given us of the Prince's "Court" at Reinsberg, and one reads, and again reads, the dreariest unmemorable accounts of them, but can not, with all one's industry, attain any definite understanding of what they were employed in, day after day, at Reinsberg; still more are their salaries and maintenance a mystery to us in that frugal establishment. There is Wolden for Hofmarschall, our old Cüstrin friend; there is Colonel Senning, old Marlborough Colonel with the wooden leg, who taught Friedrich his drilling and artillery practices in boyhood, a fine sagacious old gentleman this latter. There is a M. Jordan, Ex-

[6] Hennert, p. 21.

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Preacher, an ingenious Prussian-Frenchman, still young, who acts as "Reader and Librarian," of whom we shall hear a good deal more. "Intendant" is Captain (Ex-Captain) Knobelsdorf, a very sensible accomplished man, whom we saw once at Baireuth, who has been to Italy since, and is now returned with beautiful talents for Architecture: it is he that now undertakes the completing of Reinsberg,[7] which he will skillfully accomplish in the course of the next three years. Twenty Musicians on wind and string; Painters, Antoine Pesne but one of them; Sculptors, Glume and others of eminence; and Hof-Cavaliers to we know not what extent: how was such a Court kept up, in harmonious free dignity, and no halt in its finances, or mean pinch of any kind visible? The Prince did get in debt, but not deep, and it was mainly for the tall recruits he had to purchase. His money-accounts are by no means fully known to me, but I should question if his expenditure (such is my guess) ever reached £3000 a year, and am obliged to reflect more and more, as the ancient Cato did, what an admirable revenue frugality is!

Many of the Cavaliers, I find, for one thing, were of the Regiment Goltz; that was one evident economy. "Rittmeister von Chasot," as the Books call him—readers saw that Chasot flying to Prince Eugene, and know him since the Siege of Philipsburg. He is not yet Rittmeister, or Captain of Horse, as he became, but is of the Ruppin Garrison; Hof-Cavalier; "attended Friedrich on his late Prussian journey," and is much a favorite when he can be spared from Ruppin. Captain Wylich, afterward a General of mark; the Lieutenant Buddenbrock who did the parson-charivari at Ruppin, but is now reformed from those practices: all these are of Goltz. Colonel Keyserling, not of Goltz, nor in active military duty here, is a friend of very old standing; was officially named as "Companion" to the Prince a long while back, and got into trouble on his account in the disastrous Ante-Cüstrin or Flight Epoch. One of the Prince's first acts, when he got pardoned after Cüstrin, was to beg for the pardon of this Keyserling, and now he has him here, and is very fond of him: a Courlander of good family, this Keyserling;

[7] Hennert, p. 29.

of good gifts too, which, it was once thought would be practically sublime; for he carried off all manner of college prizes, and was the Admirable Crichton of Königsberg University and the Graduates there. But in the end they proved to be gifts of the vocal sort rather, and have led only to what we see—a man, I should guess, rather of buoyant vivacity than of depth or strength in intellect or otherwise—excessively buoyant, ingenious; full of wit, kindly exuberance; a loyal-hearted, gay-tempered man, and much a favorite in society as well as with the Prince. If we were to dwell on Reinsberg, Keyserling would come prominently forward.

Major von Stille, ultimately Major-General von Stille, I should also mention—near twenty years older than the Prince; a wise, thoughtful soldier (went, by permission, to the Siege of Dantzig lately, to improve himself); a man capable of rugged service when the time comes. His military writings were once in considerable esteem with professional men, and still impress a lay reader with favorable notions toward Stille as a man of real worth and sense.[8]

Of Monsieur Jordan and the Literary Set.

There is, of course, a Chaplain in the Establishment—a Reverend "M. Deschamps," who preaches to them all—in French, no doubt. Friedrich never hears Deschamps; Friedrich is always over at Ruppin on Sundays, and there "himself reads a Sermon to the Garrison" as part of the day's duties—reads finely, in a melodious, feeling manner, says Formey, who can judge: "even in his old days he would incidentally," when some Emeritus Parson, like Formey, chanced to be with him, "roll out choice passages from Bossuet, from Massillon," in a voice and with a look which would have been perfection in the pulpit, thinks Formey.[9]

M. Jordan, though he was called "*Lecteur* (Reader)," did not read to him, I can perceive, but took charge of the Books; busied himself honestly to be useful in all manner of literary or

[8] *Campagnes du Roi de Prusse*: a posthumous Book, *anterior* to the Seven-Years War.

[9] *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen* (2de édition, Paris, 1797), i., 37.

quasi-literary ways. He was, as his name indicates, from the French refugee department: a recent acquisition, much valued at Reinsberg. As he makes a figure afterward, we had better mark him a little.

Jordan's parents were wealthy religious persons, in trade at Berlin; this Jordan (Charles Etienne, age now thirty-six) was their eldest son. It seems they had destined him from birth, consulting their own pious feeling merely, to be a Preacher of the Gospel; the other sons, all of them reckoned clever too, were brought up to secular employments. And preach he, this poor Charles Etienne, accordingly did, what best Gospel he had, in an honest manner, all say, though never with other than a kind of reluctance on the part of Nature, forced out of her course. He had wedded, been clergyman in two successive country places, when his wife died, leaving him one little daughter, and a heart much overset by that event. Friends, wealthy Brothers probably, had pushed him out into the free air in these circumstances: "Take a Tour; Holland, England; feel the winds blowing, see the sun shining, as in times past: it will do you good!"

Jordan, in the course of his Tour, came to composure on several points. He found that by frugality, by wise management of some peculium already his, his little Daughter and he might have quietness at Berlin, and the necessary food and raiment; and, on the whole, that he would altogether cease preaching, and settle down there among his Books in a frugal manner, which he did, and was living so when the Prince, searching for that kind of person, got tidings of him. And here he is at Reinsberg, bustling about in a brisk, modestly frank, and cheerful manner, well liked by every body—by his Master very well and ever better, who grew into real regard, esteem, and even friendship for him, and has much Correspondence, of a freer kind than is common to him, with little Jordan, so long as they lived together. Jordan's death, ten years hence, was probably the one considerable pain he had ever given his neighbors in this the ultimate section of his life.

I find him described at Reinsberg as a small nimble figure, of Southern French aspect; black, uncommonly bright eyes, and a

general aspect of adroitness, modesty, sense, sincerity; good prognostics, which on acquaintance with the man were pleasantly fulfilled.

For the sake of these considerations, I fished out from the Old-Book Catalogues and sea of forgetfulness some of the poor Books he wrote, especially a *Voyage Littéraire*,[10] Journal of that first Sanitary Excursion or Tour he took to get the clouds blown from his mind—a *Literary Voyage* which awakens a kind of tragic feeling, being itself dead, and treating of matters which are all gone dead—so many immortal writers, Dutch chiefly, whom Jordan is enabled to report as having effloresced, or being soon to effloresce, in such and such forms, of Books important to be learned: leafy, blossomy Forest of Literature, waving glorious in the then sunlight to Jordan; and it lies all now, to Jordan and us, not withered only, but abolished—compressed into a film of indiscriminate *peat*. Consider what that *peat* is made of, O celebrated or uncelebrated reader, and take a moral from Jordan's Book! Other merit, except indeed clearness and commendable brevity, the *Voyage Littéraire* or other little Books of Jordan's have not now. A few of his Letters to Friedrich, which exist, are the only writings with the least life in them, and this an accidental life, not momentous to him or us. Dryasdust informs me, "Abbé Jordan, alone of the Crown-Prince's cavaliers, sleeps in the Town of Reinsberg, not in the Schloss;" and if I ask Why? there is no answer. Probably his poor little Daughterkin was beside him there?

We have to say of Friedrich's Associates that generally they were of intelligent type, each of them master of something or other, and capable of rational discourse upon that at least. Integrity, loyalty of character, was indispensable; good-humor, wit, if it could be had, were much in request. There was no man of shining distinction there, but they were the best that could be had, and that is saying all. Friedrich can not be said, either as Prince or as King, to have been superlatively successful in his choice of associates. With one single exception, to be noticed shortly, there is not one of them whom we should now remem-

[10] *Histoire d'un Voyage Littéraire fait, en* MDCCXXXIII., *en France, en Angleterre et en Hollande* (2de édition, à La Haye, 1736).

ber except for Friedrich's sake; uniformly they are men whom it is now a weariness to hear of, except in a cursory manner. One man of shining parts he had, and one only; no man ever of really high and great mind. The latter sort are not so easy to get; rarely producible on the soil of this Earth! Nor is it certain how Friedrich might have managed with one of this sort, or he with Friedrich, though Friedrich unquestionably would have tried, had the chance offered; for he loved intellect as few men on the throne or off it ever did, and the little he could gather of it round him often seems to me a fact tragical rather than otherwise.

With the outer Berlin social world, acting and reacting, Friedrich has his connections, which obscurely emerge on us now and then. Literary Eminences, who are generally of Theological vesture; any follower of Philosophy, especially if he be of refined manners withal, or known in fashionable life, is sure to attract him, and gains ample recognition at Reinsberg or on Town visits. But the Berlin Theological or Literary world at that time, still more the Berlin Social, like a sunk, extinct object, continues very dim in those old records, and, to say truth, what features we have of it do not invite to miraculous efforts for farther acquaintance. Venerable Beausobre, with his *History of the Manicheans*[11] and other learned things—we heard of him long since, in Toland and the Republican Queen's time, as a light of the world; he is now fourscore, grown white as snow; very serene, polite, with a smack of French noblesse in him, perhaps a smack of affectation traceable too. The Crown-Prince, on one of his Berlin visits, wished to see this Beausobre; got a meeting appointed in somebody's rooms "in the French College," and waited for the venerable man; venerable man entered, loftily serene as a martyr Preacher of the Word, something of an ancient Seigneur de Beausobre in him too; for the rest, soft as sunset, and

[11] *Histoire critique de Manichée et du Manichéisme:* wrote also *Remarques, &c., sur le Nouveau Testament*, which were once famous; *Histoire de la Réformation*, &c., &c. He is Beausobre *Senior;* there were two Sons (one of them born in second wedlock, after Papa was 70), who were likewise given to writing. See Formey, *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen*, i., 33–39.

really with fine radiances, in a somewhat twisted state, in that good old mind of his. "What have you been reading lately, M. de Beausobre?" said the Prince, to begin conversation. "Ah! Monseigneur, I have just risen from reading the sublimest piece of writing that exists." "And what?" "The exordium of St. John's Gospel: *In the Beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God, and the Word was*—" which somewhat took the Prince by surprise, as Formey reports, though he rallied straightway, and got good conversation out of the old gentleman, to whom, we perceive, he writes once or twice,[12] a copy of his own verses to correct on one occasion, and is very respectful and considerate.

Formey tells us of another French sage personally known to the Prince since Boyhood, for he used to be about the Palace doing something. This is one La Croze, Professor of, I think, "Philosophy" in the French College: sublime Monster of Erudition at that time; forgotten now, I fear, by every body—swag-bellied, short of wind; liable to rages, to utterances of a coarse nature; a decidedly ugly, monstrous, and rather stupid kind of man. Knew twenty languages in a coarse inexact way; attempted deep kinds of discourse in the lecture-room and elsewhere, but usually broke off into endless welters of anecdote, not always of cleanly nature; and after every two or three words, a desperate sigh, not for sorrow, but on account of flabbiness and fat. Formey gives a portraiture of him, not worth copying farther. The same Formey, standing one day somewhere on the streets of Berlin, was himself, he can not doubt, *seen* by the Crown-Prince in passing, "who asked M. Jordan who that was," and got answer: is not that a comfortable fact? Nothing farther came of it; respectable Ex-Parson Formey, though ever ready with his pen, being, indeed, of very vapid nature, not wanted at Reinsberg, as we can guess.

There is M. Achard, too, another Preacher, supreme of his sort in the then Berlin circles, to whom or from whom a Letter or two exist—Letters worthless, if it were not for one dim indication: that, on inquiry, the Crown-Prince had been consult-

[12] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi., 121–126. Dates are all of 1737, the last of Beausobre's years.

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ing this supreme Achard on the difficulties of Orthodoxy,[13] and had given him texts, or a text to preach from. Supreme Achard did not abolish the difficulties for his inquiring Prince, who complains respectfully that "his faith is weak," and leaves us dark as to particulars. This Achard passage is almost the only hint we have of what might have been an important chapter: Friedrich's Religious History at Reinsberg. The expression "weak faith" I take to be meant not in mockery, but in ingenuous regret and solicitude; much painful fermentation, probably, on the religious question in those Reinberg years! But the old "*Gnadenwahl*" business, the Free-Grace controversy, had taught him to be cautious as to what he uttered on those points. The fermentation, therefore, had to go on under cover; what the result of it was is notorious enough, though the steps of the process are not in any point known.

Enough now of such details. Outwardly or inwardly there is no History, or almost none, to be had of this Reinsberg Period, the extensive records of it consisting, as usual, mainly of chaotic nugatory matter, opaque to the mind of readers. There is copious Correspondence of the Crown-Prince, with at least dates to it for most part; but this, which should be the main resource, proves likewise a poor one, the Crown-Prince's Letters, now or afterward, being almost never of a deep or intimate quality, and seldom turning on events or facts at all, and then not always on facts interesting, on facts clearly apprehensible to us in that extinct element.

The Thing, we know always, *is* there, but vision of the Thing is only to be had faintly, intermittently. Dim inane twilight, with here and there a transient *spark* falling somewhither in it; you do at last, by desperate persistence, get to discern outlines, features: "The Thing can not *always* have been No-thing," you reflect! Outlines, features; and perhaps, after all, those are mostly what the reader wants on this occasion.

[13] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi., p. 112–117: date March–June, 1736.

CHAPTER II.

OF VOLTAIRE AND THE LITERARY CORRESPONDENCES.

ONE of Friedrich's grand purposes at Reinsberg, to himself privately the grandest there, which he follows with constant loyalty and ardor, is that of scaling the heights of the Muses' Hill withal—of attaining mastership, discipleship in Art and Philosophy; or in candor let us call it, what it truly was, that of enlightening and fortifying himself with clear knowledge, clear belief on all sides, and acquiring some spiritual panoply in which to front the coming practicalities of life. This, he feels well, will be a noble use of his seclusion in those still places, and it must be owned he struggles and endeavors toward this with great perseverance by all the methods in his power, here, or wherever afterward he might be.

Here at Reinsberg, one of his readiest methods, his pleasantest if not his usefulest, is that of getting into correspondence with the chief spirits of his time, which accordingly he forthwith sets about after getting into Reinsberg, and continues, as we shall see, with much assiduity. Rollin, Fontenelle, and other French lights of the then firmament—his Letters to them exist, and could be given in some quantity, but it is better not. They are intrinsically the common Letters on such occasions: "O sublime demi-god of literature, how small are princely distinctions to such a glory as thine; thou who enterest within the vail of the temple, and issuest with thy face shining!" To which the response is "Hm, think you so, most happy, gracious, illustrious Prince, with every convenience round you, and such prospects ahead? Well, thank you at any rate; and, as the Irish say, more power to your Honor's Glory!" This really is nearly all that said Sets of Letters contain; and, except perhaps the Voltaire Set, none of them give symptoms of much capacity to contain more.

Certainly there was no want of Literary Men discernible from

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Reinsberg at that time, and the young Prince corresponds with a good many of them: temporal potentate saluting spiritual from the distance in a way highly interesting to the then parties, but now without interest, except of the reflex kind, to any creature. A very cold and empty portion, this, of the Friedrich Correspondence, standing there to testify what his admiration was for literary talent, or the great reputation of such, but in itself uninstructive utterly, and of freezing influence on the now living mind. Most of those French lights of the then firmament are gone out—forgotten altogether, or recognized, like Rollin and others, for polished dullards, University big-wigs, and long-winded commonplace persons, deserving nothing but oblivion. To Montesquieu—not yet called "Baron de Montesquieu" with *Esprit de Lois*, but "M. de Secondat" with (Anonymous) *Lettres Persanes*, and already known to the world for a person of sharp, audacious eyesight—it does not appear that Friedrich addressed any Letter now or afterward. No notice of Montesquieu, nor of some others, the absence of whom is a little unexpected. Probably it was want of knowledge mainly, for his appetite was not fastidious at this time; and certainly he did hit the centre of the mark, and get into the very kernel of French literature, when, in 1736, hardly yet established in his new quarters, he addressed himself to the shining Figure known to us as "Arouet Junior" long since, and now called *M. de Voltaire*, which latter is still a name notable in Friedrich's History and that of mankind. Friedrich's first Letter, challenging Voltaire to correspondence, dates itself 8th August, 1736, and Voltaire's answer—the Reinsberg Household still only in its second month—was probably the brightest event which had yet befallen there.

On various accounts, it will behoove us to look a good deal more strictly into this Voltaire, and, as his relations to Friedrich and to the world are so multiplex, endeavor to disengage the real likeness of the man from the circumambient noise and confusion, which, in his instance, continue very great. "Voltaire was the spiritual complement of Friedrich," says Sauerteig once: "what little of lasting their poor Century produced lies mainly in these Two. A very somnambulating Century! But what little it *did*, we must call Friedrich; what little it *thought*, Vol-

taire. Other fruit we have not from it, to speak of, at this day. Voltaire, and what *can* be faithfully done on the Voltaire Creed 'Realized Voltairism'—admit it, reader, not in a too triumphant humor—is not that pretty much the net historical product of the Eighteenth Century? The rest of its history either pure somnambulism or a mere Controversy to the effect, 'Realized Voltairism? How soon shall it be realized, then? Not at once, surely?' So that Friedrich and Voltaire are related, not by accident only. They are—they, for want of better—the two Original Men of their Century; the chief, and, in a sense, the sole products of their Century. They alone remain to us as still living results from it, such as they are; and the rest, truly, *ought* to depart and vanish (as they are now doing), being mere ephemera, contemporary eaters, scramblers for provender, talkers of acceptable hearsay, and related merely to the butteries and wiggeries of their time, and not related to the Perennialities at all, as these Two were," with more of the like sort from Sauerteig.

M. de Voltaire, who used to be M. François-Marie Arouet, was at this time about forty,[1] and had gone through various fortunes; a man, now and henceforth, in a high degree conspicuous, and questionable to his fellow-creatures. Clear knowledge of him ought, at this stage, to be common, but unexpectedly it is not. What endless writing and biographying there has been about this man, and which one still reads with a kind of lazy satisfaction due to the subject, and to the French genius in that department! But the man himself, and his environment and practical aspects, what the actual physiognomy of his life, and of him can have been, is dark from beginning to ending, and much is left in an ambiguous, undecipherable condition to us. A proper history of Voltaire, in which should be discoverable, luminous to human creatures, what he was, what element he lived in, what work he did, this is still a problem for the genius of France.

[1] Born 20th February, 1694; the younger of two sons: Father, "François Arouet, a Notary of the Châtelet, ultimately Treasurer of the Chamber of Accounts;" Mother, "Marguerite d'Aumart, of a noble family of Poitou."

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His Father's name is known to us; the name of his Father's profession, too, but not clearly the nature of it; still less his Father's character, economic circumstances, physiognomy spiritual or social—not the least possibility granted you of forming an image, however faint, of that notable man and household, which distinguished itself to all the earth by producing little François into the light of this sun. Of Madame Arouet, who, or what, or how she was, nothing whatever is known. A human reader, pestered continually with the Madame Denises, Abbé Mignots, and enigmatic nieces and nephews, would have wished to know, at least, what children, beside François, Madame Arouet had: once for all, how many children? Name them, with year of birth, year of death, according to the church registers: they all, at any rate, had that degree of history! No, even that has not been done. Beneficent correspondents of my own make answer, after some research, No register of the Arouets any where to be had. The very name VOLTAIRE, if you ask whence came it, there is no answer, or worse than none. The fit "History" of this man, which might be one of the shining Epics of his Century, and the lucid summary and soul of any *History* France then had, but which would require almost a French demi-god to do it, is still a great way off, if on the road at all! For present purposes, we select what follows from a well-known hand:

"*Youth of Voltaire* (1694–1725).—French Biographers have left the Arouet Household very dark for us; meanwhile, we can perceive, or guess, that it was moderately well in economic respects; that François was the second of the Two Sons; and that old Arouet, a steady, practical, and perhaps rather sharp-tempered old gentleman, of official legal habits and position, 'Notary of the Châtelet' and something else, had destined him for the Law Profession, as was natural enough to a son of M. Arouet, who had himself succeeded well in Law, and could there, best of all, open roads for a clever second son. François accordingly sat 'in chambers,' as we call it, and his fellow-clerks much loved him—the most amusing fellow in the world—sat in chambers, even became an advocate, but did not in the least take to advocateship; took to poetry, and other airy dangerous courses, speculative, practical, causing family explosions and rebukes, which were without effect on him—a young fool, bent on sportful pursuits instead of serious; more and more shuddering at Law, to the surprise and indignation of M.

Arouet Senior. Law, with its wigs and sheepskins, pointing toward high honors and deep flesh-pots, had no charms for the young fool; he could not be made to like Law.

"Whereupon arose explosions, as we hint—family explosions on the part of M. Arouet Senior, such that friends had to interfere, and it was uncertain what would come of it. One judicious friend, 'M. Caumartin,' took the young fellow home to his house in the country for a time, and there, incidentally, brought him acquainted with old gentlemen deep in the traditions of Henri Quatre and the cognate topics, which much inflamed the young fellow, and produced big schemes in the head of him.

"M. Arouet Senior stood strong for Law, but it was becoming daily more impossible. Madrigals, dramas (not without actresses), satirical wit, airy verse, and all manner of adventurous speculation, were what this young man went upon, and was getting more and more loved for; introduced, even, to the superior circles, and recognized there as one of the brightest young fellows ever seen, which tended, of course, to confirm him in his folly, and open other outlooks and harbors of refuge than the paternal one.

"Such things, strange to M. Arouet Senior, were in vogue then, wicked Regent d'Orléans having succeeded sublime Louis XIV., and set strange fashions to the Quality. Not likely to profit this fool François, thought M. Arouet Senior, and was much confirmed in his notion when a rhymed Lampoon against the Government having come out (*Les J'ai vu*, as they call it[2]), and become the rage, as a clever thing of the kind will, it was imputed to the brightest young fellow in France, M. Arouet's Son, who, in fact, was not the Author, but was not believed on his denial, and saw himself, in spite of his high connections, ruthlessly lodged in the Bastille in consequence. 'Let him sit,' thought M. Arouet Senior, and 'come to his senses there!' He sat for eighteen months (age still a little above twenty), but privately employed his time, not in repentance or in serious legal studies, but in writing a Poem on his Henri Quatre. 'Epic Poem,' no less; *La Ligue*, as he then called it, which it was his hope the whole world would one day fall in love with, as it did. Nay, in two years more he had done a Play, *Œdipe* the renowned name of it, which 'ran for forty-eight nights' (18th November, 1718, the first of them), and was enough to turn any head of such age. Law may be considered hopeless, even by M. Arouet Senior.

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[2] "I have seen (*J'ai vu*)" this ignominy occur, "I have seen" that other, to the amount of a dozen or two, "and am not yet twenty." Copy of it, and guess as to authorship, in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, i., 321.

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"Try him in the Diplomatic line; break these bad habits and connections, thought M. Arouet, at one time, and sent him to the French Embassador in Holland—on good behavior, as it were, and by way of temporary banishment. But neither did this answer. On the contrary, the young fellow got into scrapes again; got into amatory intrigues —young lady visiting you in men's clothes, young lady's mother inveigling, and I know not what; so that the Embassador was glad to send him home again unmarried; marked, as it were, 'Glass, with care!' And the young lady's mother printed his Letters, not the least worth reading; and the old M. Arouet seems now to have flung up his head, to have settled some small allowance on him, with peremptory no hope of more, and said, 'Go your own way, then, foolish junior; the elder shall be my son.' M. Arouet disappears at this point, or nearly so, from the history of his son François, and I think must have died in not many years. Poor old M. Arouet closed his old eyes without the least conception what a prodigious ever-memorable thing he had done unknowingly in sending this François into the world, to kindle such universal 'dry dungheap of a rotten world,' and set it blazing! François, his Father's synonym, came to be representative of the family, after all, the elder Brother also having died before long. Except certain confused niece and nephew personages, progeny of the sisters, François has no more trouble or solacement from the paternal household. François meanwhile is his Father's synonym, and signs Arouet Junior, 'François Arouet l. j. (*le jeune*).'

"'All of us Princes, then, or Poets!' said he, one night, at supper, looking to right and left; the brightest fellow in the world, well fit to be Phœbus Apollo of such circles, and great things now ahead of him. Dissolute Regent d'Orléans, politest, most debauched of men, and very witty, holds the helm; near him Dubois, the Devil's Cardinal, and so many bright spirits. All the Luciferous Spiritualism there is in France is lifting anchor, under these auspices, joyfully toward new latitudes and Isles of the Blessed. What may not François hope to become? 'Hmph!' answers M. Arouet Senior steadily, so long as he lives. Here are one or two subsequent phases, epochs or turning-points, of the young gentleman's career.

"*Phasis First* (1725–1728).—The accomplished Duc de Sulli (Year 1725, day not recorded) is giving in his hotel a dinner, such as usual, and a bright, witty company is assembled,—the brightest young fellow in France sure to be there, and with his electric coruscations illuminating every thing, and keeping the table in a roar, to the delight of most; not to that of a certain splenetic, ill-given Duc de Rohan, grandee of high rank, great haughtiness, and very ill behavior in the world, who feels impatient at the notice taken of a mere civic individual, Arouet

Junior. '*Quel est donc ce jeune homme qui parle si haut*, Who is this young man, that talks so loud, then?' exclaims the proud, splenetic Duke. 'Monseigneur,' flashes the young man back upon him in an electric manner, 'it is one who does not drag a big name about with him, but who secures respect for the name he has!' Figure that, in the penetrating grandly-clangorous voice (*voix sombre et majestueuse*), and the momentary flash of eyes that attended it. Duc de Rohan rose in a sulphurous frame of mind, and went his ways. What date? You ask the idle French Biographer in vain; see only, after more and more inspection, that the incident is true, and with labor date it summer of the Year 1725. Treaty of Utrecht itself, though all the Newspapers and Own Correspondents were so interested in it, was perhaps but a foolish matter to date in comparison!

"About a week after, M. Arouet Junior was again dining with the Duc de Sulli, and a fine company as before. A servant whispers him that somebody has called, and wants him below. 'Can not come,' answers Arouet; 'how can I, so engaged?' Servant returns after a minute or two: 'Pardon, Monsieur; I am to say, it is to do an act of beneficence that you are wanted below!' Arouet lays down his knife and fork; descends instantly to see what act it is. A carriage is in the court, and hackney-coach near it: 'Would Monsieur have the extreme goodness to come to the door of the carriage in a case of necessity? At the door of the carriage, hands seize the collar of him, hold him as in a vice; diabolic visage of Duc de Rohan is visible inside, who utters, looking to the hackney-coach, some '*Voilà*, Now then!' whereupon the hackney-coach opens, gives out three porters or hired bullies with the due implements: scandalous actuality of horsewhipping descends on the back of poor Arouet, who shrieks and execrates to no purpose, nobody being near. 'That will do,' says Rohan at last, and the gallant ducal party drive off; young Arouet, with torn frills and deranged hair, rushing up stairs again in such a mood as is easy to fancy. Every body is sorry, inconsolable—every body shocked; nobody volunteers to help in avenging. 'Monseigneur de Sulli, is not such atrocity done to one of your guests an insult to yourself?' asks Arouet. 'Well, yes, perhaps, but—' Monseigneur de Sulli shrugs his shoulders and purposes nothing. Arouet withdrew, of course, in a most blazing condition, to consider what he could, on his own strength, do in this conjuncture.

"His Biographer Duvernet says he decided on doing two things—learning English and the small-sword exercise.[3] He retired to the

[3] *La Vie de Voltaire*, par M** (à Genève, 1786), p. 55–57; or p. 60– of no great mark otherwise. He got into Revolution trouble afterward, 63, in his *second* form of the Book. The "M**" is an Abbé Duvernet,

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country for six months, and perfected himself in these two branches. Being perfect, he challenged Duc de Rohan in the proper manner, applying ingenious compulsives withal to secure acceptance of the challenge. Rohan accepted, not without some difficulty, and compulsion at the Theatre or otherwise—accepted, but withal confessed to his wife. The result was, no measuring of swords took place; and Rohan, only blighted by public opinion, or incapable of farther blight that way, went at large, a convenient *Lettre de Cachet* having put Arouet again in the Bastille, where for six months Arouet lodged a second time, the innocent, not the guilty, making, we can well suppose, innumerable reflections on the phenomena of human life. Imprisonment once over, he hastily quitted for England, shaking the dust of ungrateful France off his feet, resolved to change his unhappy name for one thing.

"Smelfungus, denouncing the torpid fatuity of Voltaire's Biographers, says he never met with one Frenchman, even of the Literary classes, who could tell him whence this Name VOLTAIRE originated. '*A petite terre*, small family estate,' they said, and sent him hunting through Topographies far and wide, to no purpose. Others answered, 'Volterra in Italy; some connection with Volterra,' and seemed even to know that this was but fatuity. 'In ever-talking, ever-printing Paris, is it as in Timbuctoo, then, which neither prints nor has any thing to print?' exclaims poor Smelfungus. He tells us at last the name *Voltaire* is a mere Anagram of *Arouet l. j.*; you try it—A.R.O.U.E.T. L. J.=V.O.L.T.A.I.R.E—and perceive at once, with obligations to Smelfungus, that he has settled this small matter for you, and that you can be silent upon it forever thenceforth.

"The anagram VOLTAIRE, gloomily settled in the Bastille in this manner, can be reckoned a very famous, wide-sounding outer result of the Rohan impertinence and blackguardism, but it is not worth naming beside the inner intrinsic result of banishing Voltaire to England at this point of his course. England was full of Constitutionality and Freethinking—Tolands, Collinses, Wollastons, Bolingbrokes, still living—very free indeed. England, one is astonished to see, has its royal republican ways of doing—something Roman in it, from Peerage down to Plebs—strange and curious to the eye of M. de Voltaire. Sciences flourishing; Newton still alive, white with fourscore years, the venerable hoary man; Locke's Gospel of Common Sense in full

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but escaped with his head, and republished his Book, swollen out somewhat by new "Anecdotes" and republican bluster in this second instance, signing himself T. J. D. V - - - (Paris, 1797). A vague but not dark or mendacious little Book, with traces of real *eyesight* in it, by one who had personally known Voltaire, or at least seen and heard him.

vogue, or even done into verse by incomparable Mr. Pope for the cultivated upper classes. In science, in religion, in politics, what a surprising 'liberty' allowed or taken! Never was a freer turn of thinking. And (what to M. de Voltaire is a pleasant feature) it is Free-thinking with ruffles to its shirt and rings on its fingers; never yet, the least, dreaming of the shirtless or *sansculottic* state that lies ahead for it! That is the palmy condition of English Liberty when M. de Voltaire arrives there.

"In a man just out of the Bastille on those terms, there is a mind driven by hard suffering into seriousness, and provoked by indignant comparisons and remembrances, as if you had elaborately plowed and pulverized the mind of this Voltaire to receive with its utmost avidity and strength of fertility whatever seed England may have for it. That was a notable conjuncture of a man with circumstances. The question, Is this man to grow up a Court Poet; to do legitimate dramas, lampoons, witty verses, and wild spiritual and practical magnificences, the like never seen; Princes and Princesses recognizing him as plainly divine, and keeping him tied by enchantments to that poor trade as his task in life? is answered in the negative. No; and it is not quite to decorate and comfort your 'dry dungheap' of a world, or the fortunate cocks that scratch on it, that the man Voltaire is here, but to shoot lightnings into it, and set it ablaze one day! That was an important alternative; truly of world-importance to the poor generations that now are; and it was settled, in good part, by this voyage to England, as one may surmise. Such is sometimes the use of a dissolute Rohan in this world, for the gods make implements of all manner of things.

"M. de Voltaire (for we now drop the Arouet altogether, and never hear of it more) came to England—when? Quitted England—when? Sorrow on all fatuous Biographers, who spend their time not in laying permanent foundation-stones, but in fencing with the wind! I at last find indisputably it was in 1726 that he came to England,[4] and he himself tells us that he quitted it 'in 1728.' Spent, therefore, some two years there in all—last year of George I.'s reign, and first of George II.'s. But mere inanity and darkness visible reign in all his Biographies over this period of his life, which was, above all others, worth investigating: seek not to know it; no man has inquired into it, probably no competent man now ever will. By hints in certain Letters of the period we learn that he lodged, or at one time lodged, in 'Maiden Lane, Covent Garden'—one of those old Houses that yet stand in Maiden Lane; for which small fact let us be thankful. His own Let-

[4] Got out of the Bastille, with orders to leave France, "20th April" of that year (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, i., 40 n.).

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ters of the period are dated now and then from 'Wandsworth.' Allusions there are to Bolingbroke; but the Wandsworth is not Bolingbroke's mansion, which stood in Battersea; the Wandsworth was one Edward Fawkener's: a man somewhat admirable to young Voltaire, but extinct now, or nearly so, in human memory. He had been a Turkey Merchant, it would seem, and nevertheless was admitted to speak his word in intellectual, even in political circles, which was wonderful to young Voltaire. This Fawkener, I think, became Sir Edward Fawkener, and some kind of 'Secretary to the Duke of Cumberland:' I judge it to be the same Fawkener; a man highly unmemorable now, were it not for the young Frenchman he was hospitable to. Fawkener's and Bolingbroke's are perhaps the only names that turn up in Voltaire's *Letters* of this English Period, over which generally there reigns, in the French Biographies, inane darkness, with an intimation, half involuntary, that it *should* have been made luminous, and would if perfectly easy.

"We know, from other sources, that he had acquaintance with many men in England, with all manner of important men: Notes to Pope in Voltaire-English, visit of Voltaire to Congreve, Notes even to such as Lady Sundon in the interior of the Palace, are known of. The brightest young fellow in the world did not want for introductions to the highest quarters in that time of political alliance and extensive private acquaintance between his Country and ours; and all this he was the man to improve, both in the trivial and the deep sense. His bow to the divine Princess Caroline and suite, could it fail in graceful reverence or what else was needed? Dexterous right words in the right places, winged with *esprit* so called: that was the man's supreme talent, in which he had no match, to the last. A most brilliant, swift, far-glancing young man, disposed to make himself generally agreeable. For the rest, his wonder, we can see, was kept awake—wonder readily inclining, in his circumstances, toward admiration. The stereotype figure of the Englishman, always the same, which turns up in Voltaire's *Works*, is worth noting in this respect—a rugged, surly kind of fellow, much-enduring, not intrinsically bad; splenetic without complaint, standing oddly inexpugnable in that natural stoicism of his; taciturn, yet with strange flashes of speech in him now and then, something which goes beyond laughter and articulate logic, and is the taciturn elixir of these two, what they call 'humor' in their dialect: this is pretty much the *reverse* of Voltaire's own self, and therefore all the welcomer to him; delineated always with a kind of mockery, but with evident love. What excellences are in England, thought Voltaire: no Bastile in it, for one thing! Newton's Philosophy annihilated the vortexes of Descartes for him; Locke's Toleration is very grand (especially if all is uncertain,

and *you* are in the minority); then Collins, Wollaston, and Company—no vile Jesuits here, strong in their mendacious malodorous stupidity, despicablest yet most dangerous of creatures, to check freedom of thought! Illustrious Mr. Pope, of the *Essay on Man*, surely he is admirable, as are Pericles Bolingbroke, and many others. Even Bolingbroke's high-lackered brass is gold to this young French friend of his: through all which admirations and exaggerations, the progress of the young man toward certain very serious attainments and achievements is conceivable enough.

"One other man, who ought to be mentioned in the Biographies, I find Voltaire to have made acquaintance with in England—a German M. Fabrice, one of several Brothers called Fabrice or Fabricius, concerning whom, how he had been at Bender, and how Voltaire picked *Charles Douze* from the memory of him, there was already mention—the same Fabrice who held poor George I. in his arms while they drove, galloping, to Osnabrück that night *in extremis*, not needing mention again. The following is more to the point.

"Voltaire, among his multifarious studies while in England, did not forget that of economics: his Poem *La Ligue*—surreptitiously printed, three years since, under that title (one Desfontaines, a hungry Ex-Jesuit, the perpetrator)[5]—he now took in hand for his own benefit: washed it clean of its blots; christened it *Henriade*, under which name it is still known over all the world, and printed it; published it here, by subscription, in 1726: one of the first things he undertook. Very splendid subscription, headed by Princess Caroline, and much favored by the opulent of quality, which yielded an unknown but very considerable sum of thousands sterling, and grounded not only the world-renown, but the domestic finance of M. de Voltaire; for the fame of the 'new epic,' as this *Henriade* was called, soon spread into all lands; and such fame, and other agencies on his behalf, having opened the way home for Voltaire, he took this sum of Thousands Sterling along with him, laid it out judiciously in some city lottery or profitable scrip then going at Paris, which at once doubled the amount; after which he invested it in Corn trade, Army Clothing, Barbary trade, Commissariat Bacon trade, all manner of well-chosen trades, being one of the shrewdest financiers on record, and never from that day wanted abundance of money, for one thing, which he judged to be extremely expedient for a literary man, especially in times of Jesuit and other tribulation. 'You have only to watch,' he would say, 'what scrips, public loans, investments in the field of agio are offered; if you exert any judgment, it is easy to gain there: do not the stupidest of mortals gain there by intensely attending to it?'

[5] 1723, *Vie*, par T. J. D. V. (that is, "M**" in the *second* form), p. 59.

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"Voltaire got almost nothing by his Books, which he generally had to disavow, and denounce as surreptitious supposititious scandals when some sharp-set Bookseller, in whose way he had laid the savory article as bait, chose to risk his ears for the profit of snatching and publishing it—next to nothing by his Books, but by his fine finance-talent otherwise he had become possessed of ample moneys, which were so cunningly disposed, too, that he had resources in every Country, and no conceivable combination of confiscating Jesuits and dark fanatic Official Persons could throw him out of a livelihood, whithersoever he might be forced to run: a man that looks facts in the face, which is creditable of him. The vulgar call it avarice and the like, as their way is; but M. de Voltaire is convinced that effects will follow causes, and that it well beseems a lonely Ishmaelite, hunting his way through the howling wildernesses and confused ravenous populations of this world, to have money in his pocket. He died with a revenue of some £7000 a year, probably as good as £20,000 at present; the richest literary man ever heard of hitherto, as well as the remarkablest in some other respects. But we have to mark the second phasis of his life" (in which Friedrich now sees him), "and how it grew out of this first one.

"*Phasis Second* (1728–1733).—Returning home as if quietly triumphant, with such a talent in him, and such a sanction put upon it and him by a neighboring Nation and by all the world, Voltaire was warmly received in his old aristocratic circles by cultivated France generally, and now, in 1728, in his thirty-second year, might begin to have definite outlooks of a sufficiently royal kind in Literature and otherwise. Nor is he slow, far from it, to advance, to conquer and enjoy. He writes successful literature, falls in love with women of quality, encourages the indigent and humble, eclipses, and, in case of need, tramples down the too proud. He elegizes poor Adrienne Lecouvreur, the Actress—our poor friend the Comte de Saxe's female friend, who loyally emptied out her whole purse for him, £30,000 in one sum, that he might try for Courland, and whether he could fall in love with her of the Swollen Cheek there, which proved impossible—elegizes Adrienne, we say, and even buries her under cloud of night: ready to protect unfortunate females of merit, especially theatrical females, having much to do in the theatre, which we perceive to be the pulpit or real preaching-place of cultivated France in those years. All manner of verse, all manner of prose, he dashes off with surprising speed and grace: showers of light spray for the moment, and always some current of graver enterprise, *Siècle de Louis Quatorze* or the like, going on beneath it; for he is a most diligent, swift, unresting man, and studies and learns amazingly in such a rackety existence. Victorious enough in some senses; defeat,

in Literature, never visited him. His Plays, coming thick on the heels of one another, rapid, brilliant pieces, are brilliantly received by the unofficial world, and ought to dethrone dull Crébillon, and the sleepy potentates of Poetry that now are, which, in fact, is their result with the public, but not yet in the highest courtly places: a defect much to be condemned and lamented.

"Numerous enemies arise, as is natural, of an envious, venomous description: this is another ever-widening shadow in the sunshine. In fact, we perceive he has, besides the inner obstacles and griefs, two classes of outward ones: there are Lions on his path, and also Dogs. Lions are the Ex-Bishop of Mirepoix, and certain other dark Holy Fathers or potent orthodox Official Persons. These, though Voltaire does not yet declare his heterodoxy (which, indeed, is but the *ortho*-doxy of the cultivated private circles), perceive well enough, even by the *Henriade*, and its talk of 'tolerance,' horror of 'fanaticism,' and the like, what this one's '*doxy* is, and how dangerous he, not a mere mute man of quality, but a talking spirit with winged words, may be, and they much annoy and terrify him by their roaring in the distance; which roaring can not, of course, convince; and since it is not permitted to kill, can only provoke a talking spirit into still deeper strains of heterodoxy for his own private behoof. These are the Lions on his path: beasts conscious to themselves of good intentions, but manifesting from Voltaire's point of view, it must be owned, a physiognomy unlovely to a degree. 'Light is superior to darkness, I should think,' meditates Voltaire; 'power of thought to the want of power! The *Ane de Mirepoix* (Ass of Mirepoix),[6] pretending to use me in this manner, is it other, in the court of Rhadamanthus, than transcendent Stupidity, with transcendent Insolence superadded?' Voltaire grows more and more heterodox, and is ripening toward dangerous utterances, though he strives to hold in.

"The Dogs upon his path, again, are all the disloyal envious persons of the Writing Class whom his success has offended, and, more generally, all the dishonest hungry persons who can gain a morsel by biting him, and their name is legion—it must be owned, about as ugly a Doggery ('*infâme Canaille*' he might well reckon them) as has, before or since, infested the path of a man. They are not hired and set on, as angry suspicion might suggest, but they are covertly some-

[6] Poor joke of Voltaire's, continually applied to this Bishop or Ex-Bishop, who was thought, generally, a rather tenebrific man for appointment to the *Feuille des Bénéfices* (charge of nominating Bishops, keeping King's conscience, &c.), and who, in that capacity, signed himself *Anc.* (by no means "*Ane*," but "*Ancien*, Whilom") *de Mirepoix*, to the enragement of Voltaire often enough.

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what patronized by the Mirepoix or orthodox Official class. Scandalous Ex-Jesuit Desfontaines, Thersites Fréron—these are but types of an endless Doggery, whose names and works should be blotted out; whose one claim to memory is, that the riding man so often angrily sprang down, and tried horsewhipping them into silence: a vain attempt. The individual hound flies howling, abjectly petitioning and promising, but the rest bark all with new comfort, and even *he* starts again straightway. It is bad traveling in these woods with such Lions and such Dogs. And then the sparsely scattered *Human* Creatures (so we may call them in contrast, persons of Quality for most part) are not always what they should be. The grand mansions you arrive at in this waste, howling solitude, prove sometimes essentially Robber-towers; and there may be Armida Palaces and divine-looking Armidas, where your ultimate fate is still worse.

"'*Que le monde est rempli d'enchanteurs, je ne dis rien d'enchanteresses!*'

To think of it, the solitary Ishmaelite journeying, never so well mounted, through such a wilderness, with lions, dogs, human robbers, and Armidas all about him, himself lonely, friendless under the stars, one could pity him withal, though that is not the feeling he solicits, nor gets hitherto, even at this impartial distance.

"One of the beautiful creatures of Quality—we hope, not an Armida—who came athwart Voltaire in these times was a Madame du Châtelet, distinguished from all the others by a love of mathematics and the pure sciences, were it nothing else. She was still young, under thirty; the literary man still under forty. With her Husband, to whom she had brought a child or couple of children, there was no formal quarrel, but they were living apart, neither much heeding the other, as was by no means a case without example at that time: Monsieur soldiering and philandering about, in garrison or elsewhere; Madame, in a like humor, doing the best for herself in the high circles of society to which he and she belonged—most wearisome barren circles to a person of thought, as both she and M. de Voltaire emphatically admitted to one another on first making acquaintance. But is there no help?

"Madame had tried the pure sciences and philosophies in Books, but how much more charming when they come to you as a Human Philosopher, handsome, magnanimous, and the wittiest man in the world? Young Madame was not regularly beautiful, but she was very piquant, radiant, adventurous; understood other things than the pure sciences, and could be abundantly coquettish and engaging. I have known her scuttle off, on an evening, with a couple of adventurous young wives of Quality, to the remote lodging of the witty M. de Voltaire, and

make his dim evening radiant to him.[7] Then, again, in public crowds, I have seen them obliged to dismount, to the peril of Madame's diamonds, there being a jam of carriages, and no getting forward for half the day. In short, they are becoming more and more intimate, to the extremest degree, and, scorning the world, thank Heaven that they are mutually indispensable. Can not get away from this scurvy wasp's-nest of a Paris, thought they, and live to ourselves and our Books?

"Madame was of high quality—one of the Breteuils—but was poor in comparison, and her Husband the like. An old Château of theirs, named Cirey, stands in a pleasant enough little valley in Champagne, but so dilapidated, gaunt, and vacant, nobody can live in it. Voltaire, who is by this time a man of ample moneys, furnishes the requisite cash; Madame and he, in sweet symphony, concert the plans: Cirey is repaired, at least parts of it are, into a boudoir of the gods, regardless of expense; nothing ever seen so tasteful, so magnificent; and the two repair thither to study, in peace, what sciences, pure and other, they have a mind to. They are recognized as lovers by the Parisian public, with little audible censure from any body there, with none at all from the easy Husband, who occasionally even visits Cirey, if he be passing that way, and is content to take matters as he finds them, without looking below the surface;[8] for the Ten Commandments are at a singular pass in cultivated France at this epoch. Such illicit idyllic form of life has been the form of Voltaire's since 1733," for some three years now, when Friedrich and we first made acquaintance with him. "It lasted above a dozen years more; an illicit marriage after its sort, and subject only to the liabilities of such. Perhaps we may look in upon the Cirey Household ourselves at some future time, and—" This Editor hopes not!

"Madame admits that for the first ten years it was, on the whole, sublime; a perfect Eden on Earth, though stormy now and then.[9] After ten years it began to grow decidedly dimmer, and in the course of few years more it became undeniably evident that M. de Voltaire

[7] One of Voltaire's Letters.

[8] See (whoever is curious) Madame de Grafigny: *Vie Privée de Voltaire et de Madame du Châtelet* (Paris, 1820). A six months of actual Letters written by poor Grafigny, while sheltering at Cirey, Winter and Spring, 1738–1739; straitened there in various respects—extremely ill off for fuel, among other things. Rugged practical Letters, shadowing out to us, unconsciously oftenest, and like a very mirror, the splendid and the sordid, the seamy side and the smooth, of Life at Cirey, in her experience of it. Published, fourscore years after, under the above title.

[9] *Lettres Inédites de Madame la Marquise du Chastelet; auxquelles on a joint une Dissertation* (&c. of hers): Paris, 1806.

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'did not love me as formerly;' in fact, if Madame could have seen it, M. de Voltaire was growing old, losing his teeth, and the like, and did not care for any thing as formerly, which was a dreadful discovery, and gave rise to results by-and-by.

"In this retreat at Cirey, varied with flying visits to Paris, and kept awake by multifarious Correspondences, the quantity of Literature done by the two was great and miscellaneous: by Madame chiefly in the region of the pure sciences, in Newtonian Dissertations, competitions for Prizes, and the like: really sound and ingenious Pieces, entirely forgotten long since; by Voltaire in serious Tragedies, Histories, in light Sketches and deep Dissertations; mockery getting ever wilder with him; the satirical vein, in prose and verse, amazingly copious, and growing more and more heterodox, as we can perceive. His troubles from the ecclesiastical or Lion kind in the Literary forest, still more from the rabid Doggery in it, are manifold, incessant; and it is pleasantly notable, during these first ten years, with what desperate intensity, vigilance, and fierceness Madame watches over all his interests, and liabilities, and casualties great and small, leaping with her whole force into M. de Voltaire's scale of the balance, careless of antecedences and consequences alike; flying with the spirit of an angry brood-hen, at the face of mastiffs in defense of any feather that is M. de Voltaire's. To which Voltaire replies, as he well may, with eloquent gratitude—with Verses to the divine Emilie, with Gifts to her, verses and gifts the prettiest in the world—and industriously celebrates the divine Emilie to herself and all third parties.

"An ardent, aerial, gracefully predominant, and, in the end, somewhat termagant female figure, this divine Emilie. Her temper, radiant rather than bland, was none of the patientest on occasion; nor was M. de Voltaire the least of a Job, if you came athwart him the wrong way. I have heard their domestic symphony was liable to furious flaws—let us hope at great distances apart; that 'plates,' in presence of the lackeys, actual crockery or metal, have been known to fly from end to end of the dinner-table; nay, they mention 'knives' (though only in the way of oratorical action); and Voltaire has been heard to exclaim, the sombre and majestic voice of him risen to a very high pitch, '*Ne me regardez tant de ces yeux hagards et louches* (Don't fix those haggard sidelong eyes on me in that way)!' mere shrillness of pale rage presiding over the scene. But we hope it was only once in the quarter, or seldomer, after which the element would be clearer for some time. A lonesome literary man, who has got a Brood Phœnix to preside over him, and fly at the face of gods and men for him in that manner, ought to be grateful.

"Perhaps we shall one day glance, personally, as it were, into Cirey

with our readers." Not with this Editor or his! "It will turn out beyond the reader's expectation. Tolerable illicit resting-place, so far as the illicit can be tolerable, for a lonesome Man of Letters, who goes into the illicit. Helpfulness, affection, or the flattering image of such, are by no means wanting: squalls of infirm temper are not more frequent than in the most licit establishments of a similar sort. Madame, about this time, has a swift Palfrey, '*Rossignol* (Nightingale)' the name of him, and gallops fairy-like through the winding valleys, being an ardent rider, and well-looking on horseback. Voltaire's study is inlaid with—the Grafingy knows all what—mere China tiles, gilt sculptures, marble slabs, and the supreme of taste and expense: study fit for the Phœbus Apollo of France, so far as Madame could contrive it. Takes coffee with Madame in the Gallery about noon. And his bed-room, I expressly discern,[10] looks out upon a running brook, the murmur of which is pleasant to one."

Enough, enough. We can perceive what kind of Voltaire it was to whom the Crown-Prince now addressed himself, and how luminous an object, shining afar out of the solitudes of Champagne upon the ardent young man, still so capable of admiration. Model Epic, *Henriade;* model History, *Charles Douze;* sublime Tragedies, *César*, *Alzire*, and others, which readers still know, though with less enthusiasm, are blooming fresh in Friedrich's memory and heart: such Literature as man never saw before; and in the background Friedrich has inarticulately a feeling as if, in this man, there were something grander than all Literatures—a Reform of human Thought itself; a new "Gospel," good tidings or God's Message, by this man, which Friedrich does not suspect, as the world with horror does, to be a new *Ba'spel*, or Devil's Message of bad tidings! A sublime enough Voltaire; radiant enough over at Cirey yonder; to all lands a visible Phœbus Apollo, climbing the eastern steeps, with arrows of celestial "new light" in his quiver; capable of stretching many a big foul Python, belly uppermost, in its native mud, and ridding the poor world of her Nightmares and Mud-Serpents in some measure, we may hope!

And so there begins from this point a lively Correspondence between Friedrich and Voltaire, which, with some interruptions of a notable sort, continued during their mutual Life, and is a

[10] *Letters of Voltaire.*

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conspicuous feature in the Biographies of both. The world talked much of it, and still talks, and has now at last got it all collected, and elucidated into a dimly legible form for studious readers.[11] It is by no means the diabolically wicked Correspondence it was thought to be; the reverse, indeed, on both sides; but it has unfortunately become a very dull one to the actual generation of mankind. Not without intrinsic merit; on the contrary (if you read intensely, and bring the extinct alive again), it sparkles notably with epistolary grace and vivacity; and, on any terms, it has still passages of biographical and other interest; but the substance of it, then so new and shining, has fallen absolutely commonplace, the property of all the world, since then, and is now very wearisome to the reader. No doctrine or opinion in it that you have not heard, with clear belief or clear disbelief, a hundred times, and could wish rather not to hear again: the common fate of philosophical originalities in this world. As a Biographical Document, it is worth a very strict perusal, if you are interested that way in either Friedrich or Voltaire: finely significant hints and traits, though often almost evanescent, so slight are they, abound in this Correspondence; frankness, veracity under graceful forms, being the rule of it, strange to say! As an illustration of Two memorable Characters, and of their Century, showing on what terms the Sage Plato of the Eighteenth Century and his Tyrant Dionysius correspond, and what their manners are to one another, it may long have a kind of interest to mankind; otherwise it has not much left.

In Friedrich's History it was, no doubt, an important fact that there lived a Voltaire along with him, twenty years his senior. With another Theory of the Universe than the Voltaire one, how much *other* had Friedrich too been! But the Theory called by Voltaire's name was not properly of Voltaire's creating, but only of his uttering and publishing; it lay ready for every body's finding, and could not well have been altogether missed by such a one as Friedrich; so that perhaps we exaggerate the effects of Voltaire on him, though undoubtedly they were considerable—considerable, but not derived from this

[11] (Preuss) *Œuvres de Frédéric* (xxi., xxii., xxiii., Berlin, 1853), who supersedes the lazy French Editors in this matter.

express Correspondence, which seldom turns on didactic points at all; derived rather from Voltaire's Printed *Works*, where they lay derivable to all the world. Certain enough it is, Voltaire was at this time, and continued all his days, Friedrich's chief Thinker in the world; unofficially, the chief Preacher, Prophet, and Priest of this Working King; no better off for a spiritual Trismegistus was poor Friedrich in the world! On the practical side, Friedrich soon outgrew him—perhaps had already outgrown, having far more veracity of character, and an intellect far better built in the silent parts of it, and trained too by hard experiences to know shadow from substance—outgrew him, and gradually learned to look down upon him, occasionally with much contempt in regard to the practical. But in all changes of humor toward Voltaire, Friedrich, we observe, considers him as plainly supreme in speculative intellect, and has no doubt but, for thinking and speaking, Nature never made such another, which may be taken as a notable feature of Friedrich's History, and gives rise to passages between Voltaire and him which will make much noise in time coming.

Here, meanwhile, faithfully presented, though in condensed form, is the starting of the Correspondence—First Letter of it, and first Response: two Pieces which were once bright as the summer sunrise on both sides, but are now fallen very dim, and have much needed condensation and abridgment by omission of the unessential, so lengthy are they, so extinct and almost dreary to us! Sublime "Wolf" and his 'Philosophy,' how he was hunted out of Halle with it long since, and now shines from Marburg, his "Philosophy" and he supreme among mankind: this, and other extinct points, the reader's fancy will endeavor to rekindle in some slight measure:

To M. de Voltaire, at Cirey (from the Crown-Prince).

"Berlin, 8th August, 1736.

"Monsieur,—Although I have not the satisfaction of knowing you personally, you are not the less known to me through your Works. They are treasures of the mind, if I may so express myself, and they reveal to the reader new beauties at every fresh perusal. I think I have recognized in them the character of their ingenious Author, who does honor to our age and to human nature. If ever the dispute on

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the comparative merits of the Moderns and the Ancients should be revived, the modern great men will owe it to you, and to you only, that the scale is turned in their favor. With the excellent quality of Poet you join innumerable others more or less related to it. Never did Poet before put Metaphysics into rhythmic cadence: to you the honor was reserved of doing it first.

"This taste for Philosophy manifested in your writings induces me to send you a translated Copy of the *Accusation and the Defense of M. Wolf*, the most celebrated Philosopher of our days, who, for having carried light into the darkest places of Metaphysics, is cruelly accused of irreligion and atheism. Such is the destiny of great men; their superior genius exposes them to the poisoned arrows of calumny and envy. I am about getting a Translation made of the *Treatise on God, the Soul, and the World*"—Translation done by an Excellency Suhm, as has been hinted—"from the pen of the same Author. I will send it to you when it is finished; and I am sure that the force of evidence in all his propositions, and their close geometrical sequence, will strike you.

"The kindness and assistance you afford to all who devote themselves to the Arts and Sciences makes me hope that you will not exclude me from the number of those whom you find worthy of your instructions: it is so I would call your intercourse by Correspondence of Letters, which can not be other than profitable to every thinking being. * *

* * "beauties without number in your works. Your *Henriade* delights me. The tragedy of *César* shows us sustained characters; the sentiments in it are magnificent and grand, and one feels that Brutus is either a Roman, or else an Englishman (*ou un Romain ou un Anglais*). Your *Alzire*, to the graces of novelty, adds" * *

"Monsieur, there is nothing I wish so much as to possess all your Writings," even those not printed hitherto. "Pray, Monsieur, do communicate them to me without reserve. If there be among your Manuscripts any that you wish to conceal from the eyes of the public, I engage to keep them in the profoundest secrecy. I am unluckily aware that the faith of Princes is an object of little respect in our days; nevertheless, I hope you will make an exception from the general rule in my favor. I should think myself richer in the possession of your Works than in that of all the transient goods of Fortune. These the same chance grants and takes away; your Works one can make one's own by means of memory, so that they last us while it lasts. Knowing how weak my own memory is, I am in the highest degree select in what I trust to it.

"If Poetry were what it was before your appearance, a strumming

of wearisome idyls, insipid eclogues, tuneful nothings, I should renounce it for ever;" but in your hands it becomes ennobled — a melodious "course of morals, worthy of the admiration and the study of cultivated minds (*des honnêtes gens*). You"—in fine, "you inspire the ambition to follow in your footsteps. But I, how often have I said to myself, '*Malheureux*, throw down a burden which is above thy strength! One can not imitate Voltaire without being Voltaire!'

"It is in such moments that I have felt how small are those advantages of birth, those vapors of grandeur, with which vanity would solace us! They amount to little, properly to nothing (*pour mieux dire, à rien*). Nature, when she pleases, forms a great soul, endowed with faculties that can advance the Arts and Sciences, and it is the part of Princes to recompense his noble toils. Ah! would Glory but make use of me to crown your successes! My only fear would be lest this Country, little fertile in laurels, proved unable to furnish enough of them.

"If my destiny refuse me the happiness of being able to possess you, may I at least hope one day to see the man whom I have admired so long now from afar, and to assure you, by word of mouth, that I am, with all the esteem and consideration due to those who, following the torch of truth for guide, consecrate their labors to the Public, Monsieur, your affectionate friend, FRÉDÉRIC, P. R. of Prussia."[12]

By what route or conveyance this Letter went I can not say. In general, it is to be observed, these Friedrich-Voltaire Letters —liable perhaps to be considered contraband at *both* ends of their course—do not go by the Post, but by French-Prussian Ministers, by Hamburg Merchants, and other safe subterranean channels. Voltaire, with enthusiasm, and no doubt promptly, answers within three weeks:

To the Crown-Prince at Reinsberg (from Voltaire).

"Cirey, 26th August, 1736.

"Monseigneur,—A man must be void of all feeling who were not infinitely moved by the Letter which your Royal Highness has deigned to honor me with. My self-love is only too much flattered by it; but my love of Mankind, which I have always nourished in my heart, and which, I venture to say, forms the basis of my character, has given me a very much purer pleasure to see that there is now in the world a Prince who thinks as a man—a *Philosopher* Prince, who will make men happy.

"Permit me to say, there is not a man on the earth but owes thanks

[12] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxi., 6.

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for the care you take to cultivate by sound philosophy a soul that is born for command. Good kings there never were except those that had begun by seeking to instruct themselves; by knowing good men from bad; by loving what was true; by detesting persecution and superstition. No Prince, persisting in such thoughts, but might bring back the golden age into his Countries! And why do so few Princes seek this glory? You feel it, Monseigneur, it is because they all think more of their Royalty than of Mankind. Precisely the reverse is your case; and unless, one day, the tumult of business and the wickedness of men alter so divine a character, you will be worshiped by your People, and loved by the whole world. Philosophers, worthy of the name, will flock to your States; thinkers will crowd round that throne, as the the skillfulest artisans do to the city where their art is in request. The illustrious Queen Christina quitted her kingdom to go in seach of the Arts; reign you, Monseigneur, and the Arts will come to seek you.

"May you only never be disgusted with the Sciences by the quarrels of their Cultivators! a race of men no better than Courtiers; often enough as greedy, intriguing, false, and cruel as these," and still more ridiculous in the mischief they do. "And how sad for mankind that the very Interpreters of Heaven's commandments, the Theologians, I mean, are sometimes the most dangerous of all! professed messengers of the Divinity, yet men sometimes of obscure ideas and pernicious behavior, their soul blown out with mere darkness, full of gall and pride in proportion as it is empty of truths. Every thinking being who is not of their opinion is an Atheist, and every King who does not favor them will be damned. Dangerous to the very throne, and yet intrinsically insignificant:" best way is, leave their big talk and them alone: speedy collapse will follow. * * *

"I can not sufficiently thank your Royal Highness for the gift of that little Book about Monsieur Wolf. I respect Metaphysical ideas; rays of lightning they are in the midst of deep night. More, I think, is not to be hoped from Metaphysics. It does not seem likely that the First principles of things will ever be known. The mice that nestle in some little holes of an immense Building know not whether it is eternal, or who the Architect, or why he built it. Such mice are we; and the Divine Architect who built the Universe has never, that I know of, told his secret to one of us. If any body could pretend to guess correctly, it is M. Wolf." Beautiful in your Royal Highness to protect such a man. And how beautiful it will be to send me his chief Book, as you have the kindness to promise! "The Heir of a Monarchy, from his palace, attending to the wants of a recluse far off! Condescend to afford me the pleasure of that Book, Monsieur. * *

"What your Royal Highness thinks of Poetry is just: verses that do

not teach men new and touching truths do not deserve to be read." As to my own poor verses—But, after all, "that *Henriade* is the writing of an Honest Man; fit, in that sense, that it find grace with a Philosopher Prince.

"I will obey your commands as to sending those unpublished Pieces. You shall be my public, Monsieur; your criticisms will be my reward: it is a price few Sovereigns can pay. I am sure of your secrecy; your virtue and your intellect must be in proportion. I should indeed consider it a precious happiness to come and pay my court to your Royal Highness! One travels to Rome to see paintings and ruins; a Prince such as you is a much more singular object, worthier of a long journey! But the friendship" (divine Emilie's) "which keeps me in this retirement does not permit my leaving it. No doubt you think with Julian, that great and much-calumniated man, who said, 'Friends should always be preferred to Kings.'

"In whatever corner of the world I may end my life, be assured, Monseigneur, my wishes will continually be for you—that is to say, for a whole People's happiness. My heart will rank itself among your subjects; your glory will ever be dear to me. I shall wish, May you always be like yourself, and may other Kings be like you! I am, with profound respect, your Royal Highness's most humble

"VOLTAIRE."[13]

The Correspondence, once kindled, went on apace, and soon burst forth, finding nourishment all round, into a shining little household fire, pleasant to the hands and hearts of both parties. Consent of opinions on important matters is not wanting, nor is emphasis in declaring the same. The mutual admiration, which is high—high and intrinsic on Friedrich's side; and on Voltaire's, high if in part *ex*trinsic—by no means wants for emphasis of statement: superlatives, tempered by the best art, pass and repass. Friedrich, reading Voltaire's immortal Manuscripts, confesses with a blush, before long, that he himself is a poor Apprentice that way. Voltaire, at sight of the Princely Productions, is full of admiration, of encouragement; does a little in correcting, solecisms of grammar chiefly—a little, by no means much. But it is a growing branch of employment, now and henceforth almost the one reality of function Voltaire can find for himself in this beautiful Correspondence. For, "Oh what a Crown-Prince, ripening forward to be the delight of human

[13] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxi., 10.

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nature, and realize the dream of sages—Philosophy upon the Throne!" And on the other side, "Oh what a Phœbus Apollo, mounting the eastern sky, chasing the Nightmares—sowing the Earth with orient pearl, to begin with!" in which fine duet, it must be said, the Prince is perceptibly the truer singer, singing within compass and from the heart, while the Phœbus shows himself acquainted with art, and warbles in seductive quavers, now and then beyond the pitch of his voice. We must own, also, Friedrich proves little seducible; shows himself laudably indifferent to such siren-singing; perhaps more used to flattery, and knowing by experience how little meal is to be made of chaff. Voltaire, in an ungrateful France, naturally plumes himself a good deal on such recognition by a Foreign Rising Sun; and, of the two, though so many years the elder, is much more like losing head a little.

Elegant gifts are dispatched to Cirey—gold-amber trinkets for Madame, perhaps an amber ink-holder for Monsieur: priceless at Cirey as gifts of the very gods. By-and-by a messenger goes express: the witty Colonel Keyserling, witty but experienced, whom we once named at Reinsberg; he is to go and see with his eyes, since his Master can not. What a messenger there; embassador from star to star! Keyserling's report at Reinberg is not given, but we have Grafigny's, which is probably the more impartial. Keyserling's embassy was in the end of next year,[14] and there is plenty of airy writing about it and him in these Letters.

Friedrich has translated the name *Keyserling* (diminutive of *Kaiser*) into "Cæsarion;" and I should have said he plays much upon names, and also upon things at Reinsberg in that style, and has a good deal of airy symbolism and cloudwork ingeniously painted round the solidities of his life there, especially a "Bayard Order," as he calls it—Twelve of his selectest Friends made into a Chivalry Brotherhood, the names of whom are all changed, "Cæsarion" one of them, with dainty devices, and mimetic procedures of the due sort, which are not wholly mummery, but have a spice of reality, to flavor them to a serious young heart; for the selection was rigorous, superior merit and

[14] 3d November, 1737 (as we gather from the Correspondence).

behavior a strict condition; and, indeed, several of these Bayard Chevaliers proved notable practicable Champions in time coming; for example, Captain Fouquet, of whom we have heard before in the dark Cüstrin days. This is a mentionable feature of the Reinsberg life, and of the young Prince's character there; pleasant to know of from this distance, but not now worth knowing more in detail.

The Friedrich-Voltaire Correspondence contains much incense —due whiffs of it, from Reinsberg side, to the "divine Emilie," Voltaire's quasi better-half or worse half, who responds always in her divinest manner to Reinsberg, eager for more acquaintance there. The Du Châtelets had a Lawsuit in Brabant—very inveterate, perhaps a hundred years old or more—with the "House of Honsbrouck:"[15] this, not to speak of other causes, flights from French peril and the like, often brought Voltaire and his Dame into those parts, and gave rise to occasional hopes of meeting with Friedrich, which could not take effect. In more practical style, Voltaire solicits of him, "Could not your Royal Highness perhaps graciously speak to some of those Judicial Big-wigs in Brabant, and flap them up a little!" which Friedrich I think did, by some good means. Happily, by one means or other, Voltaire got the Lawsuit ended—1740, we might guess, but the time is not specified—and Friedrich had a new claim, had there been need of new, to be regarded with worship by Madame.[16] But the proposed meeting with Madame could never take effect, not even when Friedrich's hands were free. Nay, I notice at last Friedrich had privately determined it never should, Madame evidently an inconvenient element to him—a young man not wanting in private power of eyesight, and able to distinguish chaff from meal! Voltaire and he will meet; meet, and also part; and there will be passages between them; and the reader will again hear of this Correspondence of theirs where it has a biographical interest. We are to conceive it, at present, as a principal light of life to the young heart at Reinsberg; a cheer-

[15] *Lettres Inédites de Voltaire* (Paris, 1826), p. 9.

[16] Record of all this, left, like innumerable other things there, in an intrinsically dark condition, lies in Voltaire's *Letters* not much worth hunting up into clear daylight, the process being so difficult to a stranger.

ful new fire, almost an altar-fire, irradiating the common dusk for him there.

Of another Correspondence, beautifully irradiative for the young heart, we must say almost nothing—the Correspondence with Suhm. Suhm, the Saxon Minister, whom we have occasionally heard of, is an old Friend of the Crown-Prince's, dear and helpful to him: it is he who is now doing those *Translations* of *Wolf*, of which Voltaire lately saw specimen—translating *Wolf* at large for the young man's behoof. The young man, restless to know the best Philosophy going, had tried reading of Wolf's chief Book; found it too abstruse in Wolf's German; wherefore Suhm translates; sends it to him in limpid French, fascicle by fascicle, with commentaries; young man doing his best to understand and admire—gratefully, not too successfully, we can perceive. That is the staple of the famous *Suhm Correspondence*—staple which nobody could now bear to be concerned with.

Suhm is also helpful in finance difficulties, which are pretty frequent; works out subventions, loans under a handsome form from the Czarina's and other Courts, which is an operation of the utmost delicacy; perilous, should it be heard of at Potsdam; wherefore Suhm and the Prince have a covert language for it, and affect still to be speaking of "Publishers" and "new Volumes" when they mean Lenders and Bank-Drafts. All these loans, I will hope, were accurately paid one day, as that from George II. was in "rouleaus of new gold." We need not doubt the wholesale charm and blessing of so intimate a Correspondence to the Crown-Prince; and, indeed, his real love of the amiable Suhm, as Suhm's of him, comes beautifully to light in these Letters, but otherwise they are not now to be read without weariness, even dreariness, and have become a biographical reminiscence merely.

Concerning Graf von Manteufel, a third Literary Correspondent, and the only other considerable one, here, from a German Commentator on this matter, is a Clipping that will suffice:

"Manteufel was Saxon by birth, long a Minister of August the Strong, but quarreled with August, owing to some frail female, it is said,

and had withdrawn to Berlin a few years ago. He shines there among the fashionable philosophical classes; underhand, perhaps does a little in the volunteer political line withal, being a very busy pushing gentleman—tall of stature, 'perfectly handsome at the age of sixty;'[17] great partisan of Wolf and the Philosophies, awake to the Orthodoxies too—writes flowing elegant French, in a softly trenchant, somewhat too all-knowing style—high manners traceable in him, but nothing of the noble loyalty, natural politeness, and pious lucency of Suhm. One of his Letters to Friedrich has this slightly impertinent passage; Friedrich, just getting settled in Reinsberg, having transiently mentioned 'the quantity of fair sex' that had come about him there:

"'*Berlin, 26th August*, 1736 (to the Crown-Prince). * * I am well persuaded your Royal Highness will regulate all that to perfection, and so manage that your fair sex will be charmed to find themselves with you at Reinsberg, and you charmed to have them there. But permit me, your Royal Highness, to repeat in this place what I one day took the liberty of saying here at Berlin: Nothing in the world would better suit the present interests of your Royal Highness and of us all, than some Heir of your Royal Highness's making! Perhaps the tranquil convenience with which your Royal Highness at Reinsberg can now attend to that object will be of better effect than all those hasty and transitory visits at Berlin were; at least I wish it with the best of my heart. I beg pardon, Monseigneur, for intruding thus into every thing which concerns your Royal Highness;' in truth, I am a rather impudent, busy-bodyish fellow, with superabundant dashing manner, speculation, utterance, and shall get myself ordered out of the Country by my present correspondent by-and-by. 'Being ever,' with the due enthusiasm,

"'MANTEUFEL.'"[18]

"To which Friedrich's Answer is of a kind to put a gag in the foul mouth of certain extraordinary Pamphleteerings that were once very copious in the world, and, in particular, to set at rest the Herr Dr. Zimmermann and his poor puddle of calumnies and credulities, got together in that weak pursuit of physiology under obscene circumstances,

which is the one good result I have gathered from the Manteufel Correspondence," continues our German friend, whom I vote with. Or, if the English reader never saw those Zimmermann or other doglike Pamphleteerings and surmisings, let this Excerpt be mysterious and superfluous to the thankful English reader.

[17] Formey: *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen*, i., 39–45.

[18] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv., 487; Friedrich's Answer is Reinsberg, 23d September (Ib., 489).

On the whole, we conceive to ourselves the abundant nature of Friedrich's Correspondence, literary and other, and what kind of event the transit of that Post functionary "from Fehrbellin northward," with his leathern bags, "twice a week," may have been at Reinsberg in those years.

CHAPTER III.

CROWN-PRINCE MAKES A MORNING CALL.

THURSDAY, 25th October, 1736, the Crown-Prince, with Lieutenant Buddenbrock and an attendant or two, drove over into Mecklenburg, to a Village and serene Schloss called Mirow, intending a small act of neighborly civility there, on which perhaps an English reader of our time will consent to accompany him. It is but some ten or twelve miles off in a northerly direction, Reinsberg being close on the frontier there—a pleasant enough morning's drive, with the October sun shining on the silent heaths, on the many-colored woods and you.

Mirow is an Appanage for one of the Mecklenburg-Strelitz junior branches, Mecklenburg-Strelitz being itself a junior compared to the Mecklenburg-Schwerin of which, and its infatuated Duke, we have heard so much in times past. Mirow and even Strelitz are not in a very shining state—but indeed we shall see them, as it were, with eyes. And the English reader is to note especially those Mirow people, as perhaps of some small interest to him, if he knew it. The Crown-Prince reports to Papa, in a satirical vein, not ungenially, and with much more freedom than is usual in those Reinsberg Letters of his:

To his Prussian Majesty (from the Crown-Prince).

"Reinsberg, 26th October, 1736.

* * "Yesterday I went across to Mirow. To give my Most All-Gracious Father an idea of the place, I can not liken it to any thing higher than Gross-Kreutz" (term of comparison lost upon us; say *Garrat*, at a venture, or the *Clachan of Aberfoyle*): "the one house in it, that can be called a house, is not so good as the Parson's there. I made straight for the Schloss, which is pretty much like the Garden-house in Berlin, only there is a rampart round it; and an old Tower, considerably in ruins, serves as a Gateway to the House.

"Coming on the Drawbridge, I perceived an old stocking-knitter disguised as Grenadier, with his cap, cartridge-box, and musket laid to a side, that they may not hinder him in his knitting-work. As I advanced, he asked 'whence I came, and whitherward I was going?' I answered that 'I came from the Post-house, and was going over this Bridge;' whereupon the Grenadier, quite in a passion, ran to the Tower, where he opened a door, and called out the Corporal. The Corporal seemed to have hardly been out of bed, and in his great haste had not taken time to put on his shoes nor quite button his breeches. With much flurry, he asked us 'where we were for, and how we came to treat the Sentry in that manner?' Without answering him at all, we went our way toward the Schloss.

"Never in my life should I have taken this for a Schloss, had it not been that there were two glass lamps fixed at the door-posts, and the figures of two Cranes standing in front of them by way of Guards. We made up to the House, and after knocking almost half an hour to no purpose, there peered out at last an exceedingly old woman, who looked as if she might have nursed the Prince of Mirow's father. The poor woman, at sight of strangers, was so terrified she slammed the door to in our faces. We knocked again, and seeing there could nothing be made of it, went round to the stables, where a fellow told us 'the young Prince, with his Consort, was gone to Neu-Strelitz, a couple of miles off" (ten miles English), and the Duchess his Mother, who lives here, had given him, to make the better figure, all her people along with him, keeping nobody but the old woman to herself.'

"It was still early, so I thought I could not do better than profit by the opportunity, and have a look at Neu-Strelitz. We took post-horses, and got thither about noon. Neu-Strelitz is properly a Village, with only one street in it, where Chamberlains, Chancery-men, Domestics all lodge, and where there is an Inn. I can not better describe it to my Most All-Gracious Father than by that street in Gumbinnen where you go up to the Town-hall, except that no house here is white-washed. The Schloss is fine, and lies on a lake, with a big garden—pretty much like Reinsberg in situation.

"The first question I asked here was for the Prince of Mirow; but they told me he had just driven off again to a place called Kanow, which is only a couple of miles English from Mirow, where we had been. Buddenbrock, who is acquainted with Neu-Strelitz, got me, from a chamberlain, something to eat, and in the mean while that Böhme came in who was Adjutant in my Most All-Gracious Father's Regiment" (not of Goltz, but King's presumably): "Böhme did not know me till I hinted to him who I was. He told me, 'The Duke of Strelitz was an excellent seamster;' fit to be Tailor to your Majesty in a man-

ner, had not Fate been cruel, 'and that he made beautiful dressing-gowns (*cassaquins*) with his needle.' This made me curious to see him; so we had ourselves presented as Foreigners, and it went off so well that nobody recognized me. I can not better describe the Duke than by saying he is like old Stahl" (famed old medical man at Berlin, dead last year, physiognomy not known to actual readers), "in a blonde Abbé's periwig. He is extremely silly (*blöde*); his Hofrath Altrock tells him, as it were, every thing he has to say." About fifty, this poor Duke; shrunk into needlework, for a quiet life, amid such tumults from Schwerin and elsewhere.

"Having taken leave we drove right off to Kanow, and got thither about six. It is a mere Village, and the Prince's Pleasure-House (*Lusthaus*) here is nothing better than an ordinary Hunting Lodge, such as any Forest-keeper has. I called in at the Miller's, and had myself announced" at the *Lusthaus* "by his maid; upon which the Major-Domo (*Haus Hofmeister*) came over to the Mill, and complimented me, with whom I proceeded to the Residenz"—that is, back again to Mirow, "where the whole Mirow Family were assembled. The Mother is a Princess of Schwartzburg, and still the cleverest of them all:" still under sixty; Good old Mother, intent that her poor Son should appear to advantage when visiting the more opulent Serenities. "His Aunt also," mother's sister, "was there. The Lady Spouse is small; a Niece to the Prince of Hildburghausen, who is in the Kaiser's service: she was in the family-way, but (*aber*) seemed otherwise to be a very good Princess.

"The first thing they entertained me with was the sad misfortune come upon their best Cook, who, with the cart that was bringing the provisions, had overset and broken his arm, so that the provisions had all gone to nothing. Privately I have had inquiries made; there was not a word of truth in the story. At last we went to table, and, sure enough, it looked as if the Cook and his provisions had come to some mishap, for certainly in the three Crowns at Potsdam" (worst inn, one may guess, in the satirical vein) "there is better eating than here.

"At table there was talk of nothing but of all the German Princes who are not right in their wits (*nicht recht klug*)," as Mirow himself, your Majesty knows, is reputed to be! "There was Weimar,[1] Gotha, Waldeck, Hoym, and the whole lot of them, brought upon the carpet;

[1] Wilhelmina's acquaintance; wedded, not without difficulty, to a superfluous Baireuth Sister-in-law by Wilhelmina (*Mémoires de Wilhelmina*, ii., 185–194); Grandfather of Goethe's Friend; is nothing like fairly out of his wits, only has a flea (as we may say) dancing occasionally in the ear of him. Perhaps it is so with the rest of these Serenities, here fallen upon evil tongues?

and after our good Host had got considerably drunk, we rose, and he lovingly promised me that 'he and his whole Family would come and visit Reinsberg.' Come he certainly will, but how I shall get rid of him God knows.

"I most submissively beg pardon of my Most All-Gracious Father for this long Letter, and"—we will terminate here.[2]

Dilapidated Mirow and its inmates, portrayed in this satirical way, except as a view of Serene Highnesses fallen into Sleepy Hollow, excites little notice in the indolent mind, and that little rather pleasantly contemptuous than really profitable. But one fact ought to kindle momentary interest in English readers: the young foolish Herr, in this dilapidated place, is no other than our "Old Queen Charlotte's" Father that is to be, a kind of Ancestor of ours, though we little guessed it! English readers will scan him with new curiosity when he pays that return visit at Reinsberg, which he does within the fortnight:

To his Prussian Majesty (from the Crown-Prince).

"Reinsberg, 8th November, 1736.

* * "that my most All-Gracious Father has had the graciousness to send us some Swans. My Wife also has been exceedingly delighted at the fine Present sent her." * * "General Prætorius," Danish Envoy, with whose Court there is some tiff of quarrel, "came hither yesterday to take leave of us; he seems very unwilling to quit Prussia.

"This morning, about three o'clock, my people woke me with word that there was a Stafette come with Letters"—from your Majesty or Heaven knows whom! "I spring up in all haste, and, opening the Letter, find it is from the Prince of Mirow, who informs me that 'he will be here to-day at noon.' I have got all things in readiness to receive him, as if he were the Kaiser in person; and I hope there will be material for some amusement to my Most All-Gracious Father by next post." Next post is half a week hence:

To his Prussian Majesty (from the Crown-Prince).

"Reinsberg, 11th November.

* * "The Prince of Mirow's visit was so curious, I must give my Most All-Gracious Father a particular report of it. In my last I mentioned how General Prætorius had come to us; he was in the room when I entered with the Prince of Mirow. At sight of him Prætorius exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by every body, '*Voilà le Prince*

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii., part 3d, p. 104–106.

Cajuca!"[3] Not one of us could help laughing; and I had my own trouble to turn it so that he did not get angry.

"Scarcely was the Prince got in, when they came to tell me, for his worse luck, that Prince Heinrich," the Ill Margraf, "was come—who accordingly trotted him out in such a way that we thought we should all have died with laughing. Incessant praises were given him, especially for his fine clothes, his fine air, and his uncommon agility in dancing; and, indeed, I thought the dancing would never end.

"In the afternoon, to spoil his fine coat"—a contrivance of the Ill Margraf's, I should think—"we stepped out to shoot at target in the rain: he would not speak of it, but one could observe he was in much anxiety about the coat. In the evening he got a glass or two in his head, and grew extremely merry; said at last 'He was sorry that, for divers state reasons and businesses of moment, he must of necessity return home,' which, however, he put off till about two in the morning. I think next day he would not remember very much of it.

"Prince Heinrich is gone to his Regiment again;" Prætorius too is off; and we end with the proper *Kow-Tow*.[4]

These Strelitzers, we said, are juniors to infatuated Schwerin, and poor Mirow is again junior to Strelitz; plainly one of the least opulent of Residences. At present it is Dower Appanage (*Wittwen-Sitz*) to the Widow of the late Strelitz of blessed memory: here, with her one Child, a boy now grown to what manhood we see, has the Serene Dowager lived these twenty-eight years past—a Schwarzburg by birth, "the cleverest head among them all." Twenty-eight years in dilapidated Mirow: so long has that Tailoring Duke, her eldest *stepson* (child of a prior wife), been Supreme Head of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; employed with his needle, or we know not how, collapsed plainly into tailoring at this date. There was but one other son, this clever Lady's, twenty years junior, "Prince of Mirow" whom we now see. Karl Ludwig Friedrich is the name of this one, age now twenty-eight gone. He, ever since the third month of him, when the poor Serene Father died ("May, 1708"), has been at Mirow with Mamma, getting what education there was—not too successfully, as would appear. Eight years ago, "in 1726," Mamma sent him off upon his travels—to Geneva, Italy, France: he looked upon Vienna too; got a Lieutenant Colonelcy in the

[3] Nickname out of some Romance, fallen extinct long since.

[4] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvii., part 3d, p. 109.

Kaiser's Service, but did not like it; soon gave it up and returned home to vegetate, perhaps to seek a wife, having prospects of succession in Strelitz. For the Serene Half-Brother proves to have no children: were *his* tailoring once finished in the world, our Prince of Mirow is Duke in Chief. On this basis he wedded last year: the little Wife has already brought him one child, a daughter, and has (as Friedrich notices) another under way, if it prosper. No lack of Daughters, nor of Sons by-and-by: eight years hence came the little Charlotte, subsequently Mother of England, much to her and our astonishment.[5]

The poor man did not live to be Duke of Strelitz; he died 1752, in little Charlotte's eighth year, Tailor Duke *surviving* him a few months. Little Charlotte's Brother did then succeed, and lasted till 1794; after whom a second Brother, father of the now Serene Strelitzes, who also is genealogically notable; for from him there came another still more famous Queen, Louisa of Prussia, beautiful to look upon, as "Aunt Charlotte" was not, in a high degree, and who showed herself a Heroine in Napoleon's time, as Aunt Charlotte never was called to do. Both Aunt and Niece were women of sense, of probity, propriety—fairly beyond the average of Queens. And as to their early poverty, ridiculous to this gold-nugget generation, I rather guess it may have done them benefits which the gold-nugget generation, in its Queens and otherwise, stands far more in want of than it thinks.

But enough of this Prince of Mirow, whom Friedrich has accidentally unearthed for us. Indeed, there is no farther History of him for or against. He evidently was not thought to have invented gunpowder by the public. And yet who knows but, in his very simplicity, there lay something far beyond the Ill Margraf to whom he was so quizzable! Poor downpressed brother mortal, somnambulating so pacifically in Sleepy Hollow yonder, and making no complaint!

He continued, though soon with less enthusiasm, and in the end very rarely, a visitor of Friedrich's during this Reinsberg

[5] Born (at Mirow) 19th May, 1744; married (London) 8th September, 1761; died 18th November, 1818 (Michaelis, ii., 445, 446; Hübner, t. 195; Œrtel, p. 43, 22).

time. Patriotic English readers may as well take the few remaining vestiges too before quite dismissing him to Sleepy Hollow. Here they are, swept accurately together from that Correspondence of Friedrich with Papa:

"*Reinsberg*, 18*th November*, 1736. * * report most submissively that the Prince of Mirow has again been here, with his Mother, Wife, Aunt, Hofdames, Cavaliers, and entire Household, so that I thought it was the Flight into Egypt. I begin to have a fear of these good people, as they assured me they would have such pleasure in coming often!"

"*Reinsberg*, 1*st February*, 1737." Let us give it in the Original, too, as a specimen of German spelling:

"*Der Printz von Mihrau ist vohr einigen thagen hier gewessen und haben wier einige Wasser schwermer in der See ihm zu Ehren gesmissen, seine frau ist mit einer thoten Printzesin nieder geKomen. Der General schulenburg ist heute hier gekommen und wirdt morgen.*" That is to say,

"The Prince of Mirow was here a few days ago, and we let off, in honor of him, a few water-rockets over the Lake: his Wife has been brought to bed of a dead Princess. General Schulenburg" (with a small *s*) "came hither to-day, and to-morrow will" * *

"*Reinsberg*, 28*th March*, 1737. * * Prince von Mirow was here yesterday, and went shooting birds with us: he can not see rightly, and shoots always with help of an opera-glass."

"*Reinsberg*, 20*th October*, 1737. The Prince of Mirow was with us last Friday, and babbled much in his high way; among other things, white-lied to us that the Kaiserinn gave him a certain porcelain snuff-box he was handling, but on being questioned more tightly he confessed to me he had bought it in Vienna."[6]

And so let him somnambulate yonder till the Two Queens, like winged Psyches, one after the other, manage to emerge from him.

Friedrich's Letters to his Father are described by some Prussian Editors as "very attractive, *sehr anziehende Briefe*," which to a Foreign reader, seems a strange account of them—letters very hard to understand completely, and rather insignificant

[6] *Briefe an Vater*, p. 71 (*caret in Œuvres*), p. 85–114. See Ib., 6th November, 1737, for faint trace of a visit, and 25th September, 1739, for another still fainter, the last there is.

when understood. They turn on Gifts sent to and sent from, "swans," "hams," with the unspeakable thanks for them; on recruits of so many inches; on the visitors that have been; they assure us that "there is no sickness in the Regiment," or tell expressly how much—wholly small facts; nothing of speculation, and of ceremonial pipe-clay a great deal. We know already under what nightmare conditions Friedrich wrote to his Father! The attitude of the Crown-Prince, sincerely reverent and filial, though obliged to appear ineffably so, and, on the whole, struggling under such mountains of encumbrance, yet loyally maintaining his equilibrium, does at last acquire, in these Letters, silently a kind of beauty to the best class of readers. But that is nearly their sole merit. By far the most human of them, that on the first Visit to Mirow, the reader has now seen, and may thank us much that we show him no more of them.[7]

CHAPTER IV.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

WHILE these Mirow visits are about their best, and much else at Reinsberg is in comfortable progress, Friedrich's first year there just ending, there come accounts from England of quarrels broken out between the Britannic Majesty and his Prince of Wales—Discrepancies risen now to a height, and getting into the very Newspapers—the Rising Sun too little under the control of the Setting, in that unquiet Country!

Prince Fred of England did not get to the Rhine Campaign, as we saw: he got some increase of Revenue, a Household of his own, and finally a Wife, as he had requested—a Sachsen-Gotha Princess, who, peerless Wilhelmina being unattainable, was welcome to Prince Fred. She is in the family-way, this summer 1737, a very young lady still; result thought to be due—When? Result being potential Heir to the British Nation, there ought to have been good calculation of the time when; but apparently

[7] *Friedrich des Grossen Briefe an seinen Vater* (Berlin, 1838). Reduced in size by suitable omissions and properly spelled, but with little other elucidation for a stranger: in *Œuvres*, xxvii., part 3d, p. 1–123 (Berlin, 1856).

nobody had well turned his attention that way; or, if Fred and Spouse had, as is presumable, Fred had given no notice to the Paternal Majesty: "Let Paternal Majesty, always so cross to me, look out for himself in that matter." Certain it is, Fred and Spouse, in the beginning of August, 1737, are out at Hampton Court; potential Heir due before long, and no preparation made for it. August 11th, in the evening, out at solitary Hampton Court, the poor young Mother's pains came on; no Chancellor there, no Archbishop to see the birth—in fact, hardly the least medical help, and of political altogether none. Fred, in his flurry or by forethought, instead of dashing off expresses, at a gallop as of Epsom, to summon the necessary persons and appliances, yoked wheeled vehicles and rolled off to the old unprovided Palace of St. James's, London, with his poor Wife in person—unwarned, unprovided, where nevertheless she was safely delivered that same night—safely, as if by miracle. The crisis might have taken her on the very highway; never was such an imprudence. Owing, I will believe, to Fred's sudden flurry in the unprovided moment—unprovided, by reason of prior desuetudes and discouragements to speech on Papa's side. A shade of malice there might also be: Papa doubts not it was malice aforethought, all of it. "Had the potential Heir of the British Nation gone to wreck, or been born on the highway, from my quarrels with this bad Fred, what a scrape had I been in!" thinks Papa, and is in a towering permanence of wrath ever since, the very Newspapers, and coffee-houses, and populaces now all getting vocal with it.

Papa, as it turned out, never more saw the face of Fred. Judicious Mamma, Queen Caroline, could not help a visit—one visit to the poor young Mother, so soon as proper. Coming out from the visit, Prince Fred, obsequiously escorting her to her carriage, found a crowd of people and populace in front of St. James's, and there knelt down on the street, in his fine silk breeches, careless of the mud, to "beg a Mother's blessing," and show what a son he was, he for his part, in this sad discrepancy that had risen! Mamma threw a silent glance on him, containing volumes of mixed tenor; drove off, and saw no more of Fred, she either. I fear this kneeling in the mud tells against

Prince Fred; but, in truth, I do not know, nor even much care.[1] What a noise in England about nothing at all! What a noisy Country, your Prussian Majesty! Foolish "rising sun" not restrainable there by the setting or shining one, opposition parties bowling him about among the constellations like a very mad object!

But in a month or two there comes worse news out of England, falling heavy on the heart of Prussian Majesty—news that Queen Caroline herself is dead[2]—Died as she had lived, with much constancy of mind, with a graceful modest courage and endurance, sinking quietly under the load of private miseries long quietly kept hidden, but now become too heavy, and for which the appointed rest was now here. Little George blubbered a good deal; fidgeted and flustered a good deal; much put about, poor foolish little soul. The dying Caroline recommended *him* to Walpole; advised his Majesty to marry again. "*Non, j'aurai des maîtresses* (No, I'll have mistresses)!" sobbed his Majesty, passionately. "*Ah! mon Dieu, cela n'empêche pas* (that does not hinder)!" answered she, from long experience of the case. There is something stoically tragic in the history of Caroline, with her flighty, vaporing little King: seldom had foolish husband so wise a wife. "Dead!" thought Friedrich Wilhelm, looking back, through the whirlwinds of life, into sunny young scenes far enough away: "Dead!" Walpole continued to manage the little King, but not for long, England itself rising in objection. Jenkins's Ear, I understand, is lying in cotton, and there are mad inflammable strata in that Nation, capable of exploding at a great rate.

From the Eastern regions our Newspapers are very full of events: War with the Turk going on there; Russia and Austria both doing their best against the Turk. The Russians had hardly finished their Polish-Election fighting when they decided to have a stroke at the Turk—Turk always an especial eye-sorrow to them since that "Treaty of the Pruth," and Czar Peter's sad rebuff there: Münnich marched direct out of Poland through the Ukraine, with his eye on the Crimea and furious business in that quarter. This is his second Campaign there, this of 1737, and

[1] Lord Hervey: *Memoirs of George the Second*, ii., 362–370, 409.

[2] "Sunday evening, 1st December (20th Nov.), 1737." Ib., p. 510–539.

13th July, 1737.

furious business has not failed. Last year he stormed the Lines of Perecop; tore open the Crimea; took Azoph, he or Lacy under him; took many things: this year he had laid his plans for Oczakow; takes Oczakow—fiery event, blazing in all the Newspapers, at Reinsberg and elsewhere, concerning which will the reader accept this condensed testimony by an eye-witness?

"*Oczakow*, 13*th July*, 1737. Day before yesterday Feldmarschall Münnich got to Oczakow, as he had planned"—strong Turkish Town in the nook between the Black Sea and the estuary of the Dnieper—"with intention to besiege it. Siege-train, stores of every sort, which he had set afloat upon the Dnieper in time enough, were to have been ready for him at Oczakow. But the flotilla had been detained by shallows, by waterfalls; not a boat was come, nor could any body say when they were coming. Meanwhile nothing is to be had here; the very face of the earth the Turks have burned: not a blade of grass for cavalry within eight miles, nor a stick of wood for engineers; not a hole for covert, and the ground so hard you can not raise redoubts on it: Münnich perceives he must attempt, nevertheless.

"On his right, by the sea-shore, Münnich finds some remains of gardens, palisades; scrapes together some vestige of shelter there (five thousand, or even ten thousand pioneers working desperately all that first night, 11th July, with only half success), and on the morrow commences firing with what artillery he has. Much outfired by the Turks inside; his enterprise as good as desperate, unless the Dnieper flotilla come soon. July 12th, all day firing continues, and all night; Turks extremely furious: about an hour before daybreak we notice burning in the interior; 'some wooden house kindled by us; town got on fire yonder;' and, praise to Heaven, they do not seem to succeed in quenching it again. Münnich turns out in various divisions, intent on trying something, had he the least engineer furniture; hopes desperately there may be promise for him in that internal burning still visible.

"In the centre of Münnich's line is one General Keith, a deliberate stalwart Scotch gentleman, whom we shall know better; Münnich himself is to the right: Could not one try it by scalade; keep the internal burning free to spread, at any rate? 'Advance within musket-shot, General Keith!' orders Münnich's Aid-de-Camp, cantering up. 'I have been this good while within it,' pointing to his dead men. Aid-de-Camp canters up a second time: 'Advance within half musket-shot, General Keith, and quit any covert you have!' Keith does so; sends, with his respects to Feldmarschall Münnich, his remonstrance against such a waste of human life. Aid-de-Camp canters up a third time: 'Feldmarschall Münnich is for trying a scalade; hopes General Keith

will do his best to co-operate!' 'Forward, then!' answers Keith; advances close to the glacis; finds a wet ditch twelve feet broad, and has not a stick of engineer furniture. Keith waits there two hours, his men, under fire all the while, trying this and that to get across; Münnich's scalade going off ineffectual in like manner; till at length Keith's men, and all men, tire of such a business, and roll back in great confusion out of shot-range. Münnich gives himself up for lost. And, indeed, says Mannstein, had the Turks sallied out in pursuit at that moment, they might have chased us back to Russia. But the Turks did not sally. And the internal conflagration is not quenched; far from it; and about nine A.M., their Powder-Magazine, conflagration reaching it, roared aloft into the air, and killed seven thousand of them."[3]

So that Oczakow was taken, sure enough; terms, life only; and every remaining Turk packs off from it, some "twenty thousand inhabitants, young and old," for one sad item. A very blazing semi-absurd event, to be read of in Prussian military circles, where General Keith will be better known one day.

Russian War with the Turk: that means withal, by old Treaties, aid of thirty thousand men from the Kaiser to Russia. Kaiser, so ruined lately, how can he send thirty thousand, and keep them recruited in such distant expedition? Kaiser, much meditating, is advised it will be better to go frankly into the Turk on his own score, and try for slices of profit from him in this game. Kaiser declares war against the Turk; and, what is still more interesting to Friedrich Wilhelm and the Berlin Circles, Seckendorf is named General of it. Feldzeugmeister, now Feldmarschall Seckendorf, envy may say what it will, he has marched this season into the Lower Donau Countries—going to besiege Widdin they say—at the head of a big Army (on paper, almost a hundred and fifty thousand, light troops and heavy), virtually Commander-in-Chief, though nominally our fine young friend, Franz of Lorraine, bears the title of Commander, whom Seckendorf is to dry-nurse in the way sometimes practiced. Going to besiege Widdin, they say: so has the poor Kaiser been advised. His wise old Eugene is now gone;[4] I fear his advisers —a youngish Feldzeugmeister, Prince of Hildburghausen, the chief favorite among them—are none of the wisest. All Protestants, we observe, these favorite Hildburghausens, Schmettaus,

[3] Mannstein, p. 151–156.

[4] Died 30th April, 1736.

Seckendorfs of his; and Vienna is an orthodox papal Court; and there is a Hofkriegsrath (Supreme Council of War), which has ruined many a General, poking too meddlesomely into his affairs! On the whole, Seckendorf will have his difficulties. Here is a scene, on the Lower Donau, different enough from that at Oczakow, not far from contemporaneous with it. The Austrian Army is at Kolitz, a march or two beyond Belgrad:

"*Kolitz*, 2*d July*, 1737. This day, the Army not being on march, but allowed to rest itself, Grand-Duke Franz went into the woods to hunt. Hunting up and down, he lost himself; did not return at evening; and, as the night closed in and no Generalissimo visible, the Generalissimo *ad Latus* (such the title they had contrived for Seckendorf) was in much alarm. Generalissimo *ad Latus* ordered out his whole force of drummers, trumpeters: to fling themselves, postwise, deeper and deeper into the woods all round; to drum there, and blow, in ever-widening circle, in prescribed notes, and with all energy, till the Grand-Duke were found. Grand-Duke being found, Seckendorf remonstrated, rebuked—a thought too earnestly, some say, his temper being flurried"—voice snuffling somewhat in alt, with lisp to help—"so that the Grand-Duke took offense; flung off in a huff; and always looked askance on the Feldmarschall from that time,"[5] quitting him altogether before long, and marching with Khevenhüller, Wallis, Hildburghausen, or any of the subordinate Generals rather. Probably Widdin will not go the road of Oczakow, nor the Austrians prosper like the Russians this summer.

Pöllnitz in Tobacco Parliament, and in certain Berlin circles foolishly agape about this new Feldmarschall, maintains always Seckendorf will come to nothing, which his Majesty zealously contradicts—his Majesty and some short-sighted private individuals still favorable to Seckendorf.[6] Exactly one week after that singular drum and trumpet operation on Duke Franz, the last of the Medici dies at Florence,[7] and Serene Franz, if he knew it, is Grand-Duke of *Tuscany*, according to bargain; a matter important to himself chiefly, and to France, who, for Stanislaus and Lorraine's sake, has had to pay him some £200,000 a year during the brief intermediate state.

[5] See *Lebensgeschichte des Grafen von Schmettau* (by his Son; Berlin, 1806), i., 27.

[6] Pöllnitz, *Memoiren*, ii., 497–499.

[7] 9th July (*Fastes de Louis XV.*, p. 304).

Of Berg and Jülich again; and of Luiscius with the One Razor.

These remote occurrences are of small interest to his Prussian Majesty in comparison with the Pfalz affair, the Cleve-Jülich succession, which lies so near home. His Majesty is uncommonly anxious to have this matter settled, in peace if possible. Kaiser and Reich, with the other Mediating Powers, go on mediating, but when will they decide? This year the old Bishop of Augsburg, one Brother of the older Kur-Pfalz Karl Philip, dies; nothing now between us and the event itself but Karl Philip alone, who is verging toward eighty: the decision, to be peaceable, ought to be speedy! Friedrich Wilhelm, in January last, sent the expert Degenfeld, once of London, to old Karl Philip, and has him still there, with the most conciliatory offers: "Will leave your Sulzbachs a part, then; will be content with part instead of the whole, which is mine if there be force in sealed parchment; will do any thing for peace!" to which the old Kur-Pfalz, foolish old creature, is steadily deaf; answers vaguely, negatively always, in a polite manner, pushing his Majesty upon extremities painful to think of. "We hate war, but can not quite do without justice, your Serenity," thinks Friedrich Wilhelm: "must it be the eighty thousand iron ramrods, then?" Obstinate Serenity continues deaf; and Friedrich Wilhelm's negotiations, there at Mannheim, over in Holland, and through Holland with England, not to speak of Kaiser and Reich close at hand, become very intense—vehemently earnest, about this matter, for the next two years, the details of which, inexpressibly uninteresting, shall be spared the reader.

Summary is, these Mediating Powers will be of no help to His Majesty; not even the Dutch will, with whom he is specially in friendship; nay, in the third year it becomes fatally manifest, the chief Mediating Powers, Kaiser and France, listening rather to political convenience than to the claims of justice, go direct in Kur-Pfalz's favor; by formal Treaty of their own,[8] France and the Kaiser settle "that the Sulzbachers shall, as a preliminary,

[8] "Versailles, 13th January, 1739" (Orlich: *Geschichte der Schlesischen Kriege*, i., 13); Mauvillon, ii., 405–446; &c.

get provisional possession on the now Serenity's decease, and shall continue undisturbed for two years, till Law decide between his Prussian Majesty and them." Two years; Law decide; and we know what are the *nine points* in a Law case! This, at last, proved too much for his Majesty. Majesty's abstruse dubitations, meditations on such treatment by a Kaiser and others, did then, it appears, gloomily settle into fixed private purpose of trying it by the iron ramrods when old Kur-Pfalz should die—of marching with eighty thousand men into the Cleve countries, and *so* welcoming any Sulzbach or other guests that might arrive. Happily, old Kur-Pfalz did not die in his Majesty's time; survived his Majesty several years; so that the matter fell into other hands, and was settled very well near a century after.

Of certain wranglings with the little Town of Herstal—Prussian Town (part of the Orange Heritage, once *King Pepin's* Town, if that were any matter now) in the Bishop of Liège's neighborhood, Town highly insignificant otherwise—we shall say nothing here, as they will fall to be treated, and be settled, at an after stage. Friedrich Wilhelm was much grieved by the contumacies of that paltry little Herstal, and by the Bishop of Liège's high-flown procedures in countenancing them, especially in a recruiting case that had fallen out there, and brought matters to a head.[9] The Kaiser, too, was afflictively high in countenancing the Bishop, for which both Kaiser and Bishop got due payment in time. But his Prussian Majesty would not kindle the world for such a paltriness, and so left it hanging in a vexatious condition. Such things, it is remarked, weigh heavier on his now infirm Majesty than they were wont. He is more subject to fits of hypochondria—to talk of abdicating. "All gone wrong!" he would say, if any little flaw rose about recruiting or the like. "One might go and live at Venice were one rid of it!"[10] and his deep-stung clangorous growl against the Kaiser's treatment of him bursts out from time to time, though he often-

[9] "December, 1738," is crisis of the recruiting case (*Helden-Geschichte*, ii., 63); "17th February, 1739," Bishop's high-flown appearance in it (Ib., 67); Kaiser's in consequence, "10th April, 1739."

[10] Förster (place *lost*).

est pities the Kaiser, too, seeing him at such a pass with his Turk War and otherwise.

It was in this Pfalz business that Herr Luiscius, the Prussian Minister in Holland, got into trouble, of whom there is a light dash of outline portraiture by Voltaire, which has made him memorable to readers. This "fat King of Prussia," says Voltaire, was a dreadfully avaricious fellow, unbeautiful to a high degree in his proceedings with mankind:

"He had a Minister at the Hague called Luiscius, who certainly, of all Ministers of Crowned Heads, was the worst paid. This poor man, to warm himself, had made some trees be felled in the Garden of Honslardik, which belonged at that time to the House of Prussia; he thereupon received dispatches from the King, intimating that a year of his salary was forfeited. Luiscius, in despair, cut his throat with probably the one razor he had (*seul rasoir qu'il eût*); an old valet came to his assistance, and, unhappily, saved his life. In after years I found his Excellency at the Hague, and have occasionally given him an alms at the door of the *Vieille Cour* (Old Court), a Palace belonging to the King of Prussia, where this poor Embassador had lived a dozen years. It must be owned, Turkey is a republic in comparison to the despotism exercised by Friedrich Wilhelm."[11]

Here truly is a witty sketch, consummately dashed off as nobody but Voltaire could, "round as Giotto's O," done at one stroke, of which the prose facts are only as follows: Luiscius, Prussian Resident, not distinguished by salary or otherwise, had, at one stage of these negotiations, been told, from head-quarters, He might, in casual extra-official ways, if it seemed furthersome, give their High Mightinesses the hope, or notion, that his Majesty did not intend actual war about that Cleve-Jülich Succession, being a pacific Majesty, and unwilling to involve his neighbors and mankind. Luiscius, instead of casual hint, delicately dropped in some good way, had proceeded by direct declaration—frank assurance to the High Mightinesses that there would be no war, which had never been quite his Majesty's meaning, and perhaps was now becoming rather the reverse of it. Disavowal of Luiscius had to ensue thereupon, who produced defensively his

[11] *Œuvres de Voltaire* (*Vie Privée*, or what they now call *Mémoires*), ii., 15.

instruction from head-quarters, but got only rebukes for such heavy-footed, clumsy procedure, so unlike Diplomacy with its shoes of felt, and, in brief, was turned out of the Diplomatic functions as unfit for it, and appointed to manage certain Orange Properties, fragments of the Orange Heritage which his Majesty still has in those Countries. This misadventure sank heavily on the spirits of Luiscius, otherwise none of the strongest-minded of men. Nor did he prosper in managing the Orange Properties: on the contrary, he again fell into mistakes; got soundly rebuked for injudicious conduct there—"cutting trees," planting trees, or whatever it was—and this produced such an effect on Luiscius that he made an attempt on his own throat, distracted mortal, and was only stopped by somebody rushing in. "It was not the first time he had tried that feat," says Pöllnitz, "and been prevented; nor was it long till he made a new attempt, which was again frustrated; and always afterward his relations kept him close in view;" Majesty writing comfortable forgiveness to the perturbed creature, and also "settling a pension on him"—adequate, we can hope, and not excessive—"which Luiscius continued to receive at the Hague so long as he lived." These are the prose facts; not definitely dated to us, but perfectly clear otherwise.[12]

Voltaire, in his Dutch excursions, did sometimes, in after years, lodge in that old vacant Palace, called *Vieille Cour*, at the Hague, where he gracefully celebrates the decayed, forsaken state of matters; dusky vast rooms with dim gilding; forgotten libraries "veiled under the biggest spider-webs in Europe;" for the rest, an uncommonly quiet place, convenient for a writing man, besides costing nothing. A son of this Luiscius, a good young lad, it also appears, was occasionally Voltaire's amanuensis there; him he did recommend zealously to the new King of Prussia, who was not deaf on the occasion. This, in the fire of satirical wit, is what we can transiently call "giving alms to a Prussian Excellency"—not now excellent, but pensioned and cracked; and the reader perceives, Luiscius had probably more than one razor, had not one been enough, when he did the rash

[12] Pöllnitz, ii., 495, 496; the "*new* attempt" seems to have been "June, 1739" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, in mense, p. 331).

act! Friedrich employed Luiscius Junior, with no result that we hear of farther, and seems to have thought Luiscius Senior an absurd fellow, not worth mentioning again: "ran away from the Cleve Country" (probably some mad-house there) "above a year ago, I hear; and what is the matter where such a crack-brain end?"[13]

CHAPTER V.

VISIT AT LOO.

THE Pfalz question being in such a predicament, and Luiscius diplomatizing upon it in such heavy-footed manner, his Majesty thinks a Journey to Holland, to visit one's Kinsfolk there, and incidentally speak a word with the High Mightinesses upon Pfalz, would not be amiss. Such journey is decided on, Crown-Prince to accompany: Summer of 1738: a short visit, quite without fuss; to last only three days; mere sequel to the Reviews held in those adjacent Cleve Countries, so that the Gazetteers may take no notice. All which was done accordingly: Crown-Prince's first sight of Holland; and one of the few reportable points of his Reinsberg life, and not quite without memorability to him and us.

On the 8th of July, 1738, the Review Party got upon the road for Wesel: all through July they did their reviewing in those Cleve Countries, and then struck across for the Palace of Loo in Geldern, where a Prince of Orange, countable kinsman to his Prussian Majesty, and a Princess still more nearly connected—English George's Daughter, own Niece to his Prussian Majesty—are in waiting for this distinguished honor. The Prince of Orange we have already seen, for a moment once, at the Siege of Philipsburg four years ago, when the sale of Chasot's horses went off so well. "Nothing like selling horses when your company have dined well," whispered he to Chasot, at that time, since which date we have heard nothing of his Highness.

He is not a beautiful man—he has a crooked back, and fea-

[13] Voltaire, *Œuvres* (Letter to Friedrich, 7th October, 1740), lxxii., 261; and Friedrich's answer (wrong dated), ib., 265: *Preuss*, xxii, 33.

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tures conformable—but is of prompt, vivacious nature, and does not want for sense and good-humor. Paternal George, the gossips say, warned his Princess, when this marriage was talked of, "You will find him very ill-looking, though!" "And if I found him a baboon—" answered she, being so heartily tired of St. James's. And, in fact, for any thing I have heard, they do well enough together. She is George II.'s eldest Princess; next elder to our poor Amelia, who was once so interesting to us! What the Crown-Prince now thought of all that, I do not know; but the Books say, poor Amelia wore the willow, and specially wore the Prince's miniature on her breast all her days after, which were many—grew corpulent, somewhat a huddle in appearance and equipment: "eyelids like upper *lips*," for one item; but when life itself fled, the miniature was found in its old place, resting on the old heart after some sixty years. O Time, O Sons and Daughters of Time!

His Majesty's reception at Loo was of the kind he liked—cordial, honorable, unceremonious—and these were three pleasant days he had. Pleasant for the Crown-Prince too, as the whole Journey had rather been; Papa, with covert satisfaction, finding him a wise creature after all, and "more serious" than formerly. "Hm, you don't know what things are in that Fritz!" his Majesty murmured sometimes in these later years, with a fine light in his eyes.

Loo itself is a beautiful Palace: "Loo, close by the Village Appledoorn, is a stately brick edifice, built with architectural regularity; has finely-decorated rooms, beautiful gardens, and round are superb alleys of oak and linden."[1] There saunters pleasantly our Crown-Prince for these three days; and one glad incident I do perceive to have befallen him there: the arrival of a Letter from Voltaire—Letter much expected, which had followed him from Wesel, and which he answers here, in this brick Palace, among the superb avenues and gardens.[2]

No doubt a glad incident, irradiating, as with a sudden sunburst in gray weather, the commonplace of things. Here is

[1] Büsching: *Erdbeschreibung*, viii., 69.

[2] *Œuvres*, xxi., 203, the Letter, "Cirey, June, 1738;" Ib., 222, the Answer to it, "Loo, 6th August, 1738."

news worth listening to—news as from the empyrean! Free interchange of poetries and proses, of heroic sentiments and opinions, between the Unique of Sages and the Paragon of Crown-Princes: how charming to both! Literary business, we perceive, is brisk on both hands; at Cirey the *Discours sur l'Homme* ("Sixth *Discours*" arrives in this packet at Loo, surely a deathless piece of singing); nor is Reinsberg idle: Reinsberg is copiously doing verse—such verse!—and in prose, very earnestly, an "*Anti-Machiavel*," which soon afterward filled all the then world, though it has now fallen so silent again. And at Paris, as Voltaire announces with a flourish, "M. de Maupertuis's excellent Book, *Figure de la Terre*,[3] is out;" M. de Maupertuis, home from the Polar regions and from measuring the Earth there—the sublimest miracle in Paris society at present. Might build, new-build, an *Academy of Sciences* at Berlin for your Royal Highness one day? suggests Voltaire on this occasion; and Friedrich, as we shall see, takes the hint. One passage of the Crown-Prince's Answer is in these terms, fixing this Loo Visit to its date for us, at any rate:

"*Loo, in Holland, 6th August*, 1738. * * I write from a place where there lived once a great man" (William III. of England, our Dutch William), "which is now the Prince of Orange's House. The demon of Ambition sheds its unhappy poisons over his days. He might be the most fortunate of men, and he is devoured by chagrins in his beautiful Palace here, in the middle of his gardens and of a brilliant Court. It is pity, in truth; for he is a Prince with no end of wit (*infiniment d'esprit*), and has respectable qualities. Not Stadtholder, unluckily; that is where the shoe pinches; the Dutch are on the Republican tack, and will not have a Stadtholder at present. No help for it in one's beautiful gardens and avenues of oak and linden.

"I have talked a great deal about Newton with the Princess"—about Newton; never hinted at Amelia: not permissible!—"from Newton we passed to Liebnitz, and from Liebnitz to the late Queen of England," Caroline lately gone, "who, the Prince told me, was of Clarke's sentiment" on that important theological controversy now dead to man-

[3] Paris, 1838: Maupertuis's "measurement of a degree," in the utmost North, 1736–7 (to prove the Earth flattened there). Vivid Narrative; somewhat gesticulative, but duly brief: the only Book of that great Maupertuis which is now readable to human nature.

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kind. And of Jenkins and his Ear did the Princess say nothing? That is now becoming a high phenomenon in England. But readers must wait a little.

Pity that we can not give these two Letters in full; that no reader, almost, could be made to understand them, or to care for them when understood. Such the cruelty of Time upon this Voltaire-Friedrich Correspondence and some others, which were once so rosy, sunny, and are now fallen drearily extinct, studiable by Editors only! In itself the Friedrich-Voltaire Correspondence, we can see, was charming; very blossomy at present: businesses increasing; mutual admiration now risen to a great height—admiration sincere on both sides, most so on the Prince's; and extravagantly expressed on both sides, most so on Voltaire's.

Crown-Prince becomes a Freemason, and is harangued by Monsieur de Bielfeld.

His Majesty, we said, had three pleasant days at Loo, discoursing, as with friends, on public matters, or even more private matters, in a frank, unconstrained way. He is not to be called "Majesty" on this occasion; but the fact, at Loo, and by the leading Mightinesses of the Republic, who come copiously to compliment him there, is well remembered. Talk there was, with such leading Mightinesses, about the Jülich and Berg question, aim of this Journey; earnest enough private talk with some of them; but it availed nothing, and would not be worth reporting now to any creature, if we even knew it. In fact, the Journey itself remains mentionable chiefly by one very trifling circumstance and then by another, not important either, which followed out of that. The trifling circumstance is, That Friedrich, in the course of this Journey, became a Freemason; and the unimportant sequel was, That he made acquaintance with one Bielfeld on the occasion, who afterward wrote a Book about him, which was once much read, though never much worth reading, and is still citable, with precaution, now and then.[4] Trifling circumstance of Freemasonry, as we read in Bielfeld and in many Books after him, befell in manner following.

[4] Monsieur le Baron de Bielfeld: *Lettres Familières et Autres*, 1763; second edition, 2 vols. à Leide, 1767, is the one we use here.

Among the dinner-guests at Loo, one of those three days, was a Prince of Lippe-Bückeburg—Prince of small territory, but of great speculation, whose territory lies on the Weser, leading to Dutch connections, and whose speculations stretch over all the Universe in a high fantastic style: he was a dinner-guest; and one of the topics that came up was Freemasonry; a phantasmal kind of object, which had kindled itself, or rekindled, in those years, in England first of all, and was now hovering about a good deal in Germany and other countries, pretending to be a new light of Heaven, and not a bog-meteor of phosphureted hydrogen, conspicuous in the murk of things. Bog-meteor, foolish putrescent will-o'-wisp, his Majesty promptly defined it to be: Tomfoolery and *Kinderspiel*, what else? Whereupon ingenious Bückeburg, who was himself a Mason, a man of forty by this time, and had high things in him of the Quixotic type, ventured on defense, and was so respectful, eloquent, dexterous, ingenious, he quite captivated, if not his Majesty, at least the Crown-Prince, who was more enthusiastic for high things. Crown-Prince, after table, took his Durchlaucht of Bückeburg aside, talked farther on the subject, expressed his admiration, his conviction, his wish to be admitted into such a Hero Fraternity. Nothing could be welcomer to Durchlaucht. And so, in all privacy, it was made up between them that Durchlaucht, summoning as many mystic Brothers out of Hamburg as were needful, should be in waiting with them on the Crown-Prince's road homeward—say at Brunswick, night before the Fair, where we are to be—and there make the Crown-Prince a Mason.[5]

This is Bielfeld's account, repeated ever since; substantially correct, except that the scene was not Loo at all: dinner and dialogue, it now appears, took place in Durchlaucht's own neighborhood during the Cleve Review time; "probably at Minden, 17th July;" and all was settled into fixed program before Loo came in sight.[6] Bielfeld's report of the subsequent procedure

[5] Bielfeld, i., 14–16; Preuss, i., iii.; Preuss, *Buch für Jedermann*, i., 41.

[6] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi., 201: Friedrich's Letter to this Durchlaucht, "Comte de Schaumbourg-Lippe" he calls him; date, "Moyland, 26th July, 1738:" Moyland, a certain *Schloss* or habitable Mansion of his Majesty's, a few miles north of Mörs, in the Cleve Country, where his Majesty

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at Brunswick, as he saw it, and was himself part of it, is liable to no mistakes, at least of the involuntary kind, and may, for any thing we know, be correct in every particular.

He says (veiling it under discreet asterisks, which are now decipherable enough), The Durchlaucht of Lippe-Bückeburg had summoned six Brethren of the Hamburg Lodge, of whom we mention only a Graf von Kielmannsegge, a Baron von Oberg, both from Hanover, and Bielfeld himself, a Merchant's Son, of Hamburg: these, with "Kielmannsegge's Valet to act as Tyler"—Valet being also a Mason, and the rule equality of mankind—were to have the honor of initiating the Crown-Prince. They arrived at the Western Gate of Brunswick on the 11th of August, as prearranged; Prussian Majesty not yet come, but coming punctually on the morrow. It is Fair-time; all manner of traders, peddlers, showmen rendezvousing; many neighboring Nobility too, as was still the habit. "Such a bulk of light luggage?" said the Custom-house people at the Gate, but were pacified by slipping them a ducat; upon which we drove to "Korn's Hotel" (if any body now knew it), and there patiently waited. No great things of a Hotel, says Bielfeld, but can be put up with; worst feature is, we discover a Hanover acquaintance lodging close by, nothing but a wooden partition between us: How if he should overhear!

Prussian Majesty and suite, under universal cannon salvos, arrived Sunday the 12th, to stay till Wednesday (three days) with his august Son-in-law and Daughter here. Durchlaucht Lippe presents himself at Court, the rest of us not; privately settles with the Prince: "Tuesday night, eve of his Majesty's departure, that shall be the night; at Korn's Hotel late enough!" And there, accordingly, on the appointed night, 14th–15th August, 1738, the light luggage trunks have yielded their stage properties; Jachin and Boaz are set up, and all things are ready; Tyler (Kielmannsegge's Valet) watching with drawn sword against the profane. As to our Hanover neighbor on the other side the partition, says Bielfeld, we waited on him this day after dinner,

used often to pause, and where (what will be much more remarkable to readers) the Crown-Prince and Voltaire had their first meeting two years hence.

successively paying our respects; successively pledged him in so many bumpers; he is lying dead drunk hours ago; could not overhear a cannon battery, he. And soon after midnight the Crown-Prince glides in, a Captain Wartensleben accompanying, who is also a candidate, and the mysterious rites are accomplished on both of them, on the Crown-Prince first, without accident, and in the usual way.

Bielfeld could not enough admire the demeanor of this Prince, his clearness, sense, quiet brilliancy; and how he was so "intrepid," and "possessed himself so gracefully in the most critical instants." Extremely genial air, and so young; looks younger even than his years; handsome to a degree, though of short stature. Physiognomy, features, quite charming; fine auburn hair (*beau brun*), a negligent plenty of it; "his large blue eyes have something at once severe, sweet, and gracious." Eligible Mason indeed. Had better make dispatch at present, lest Papa be getting on the road before him! Bielfeld delivered a small address, composed beforehand, with which the Prince seemed to be content. And so, with Masonic grip, they made their adieus for the present, and the Crown-Prince and Wartensleben were back at their posts, ready for the road along with his Majesty.

His Majesty came on Sunday; goes on Wednesday, home now at a stretch; and, we hope, has had a good time of it here these three days. Daughter Charlotte and her Serene Husband, well with their subjects, well with one another, are doing well; have already two little Children—a Boy the elder, of whom we have heard: Boy's name is Karl, age now three; sprightly, reckoned very clever by the fond parents, who has many things to do in the world by-and-by: to attack the French Revolution, and be blown to pieces by it on the Field of Jena for final thing! That is the fate of little Karl, who frolics about here so sunshiny and ingenuous at present.

Karl's Grandmother, the Serene Dowager Duchess, Friedrich's own Mother-in-law, his Majesty and Friedrich would also of course see here. Fine younger Sons of hers are coming forward; the reigning Duke beautifully careful about the furtherance of these Cadets of the House. Here is Prince Ferdinand, for in-

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stance, just getting ready for the Grand Tour; goes in a month hence:[7] a fine, eupeptic, loyal young fellow, who, in twenty years more, will be Chatham's Generalissimo, and fight the French to some purpose. A Brother of his, the next elder, is now fighting the Turks for his Kaiser; does not like it at all, under such Seckendorfs and War Ministries as there are. Then, elder still, eldest of all the Cadets, there is Anton Ulrich, over at Petersburg for some years past, with out-looks high enough: to wed the Mecklenburg Princess there (Daughter of the unutterable Duke), and be as good as Czar of all the Russias one day. Little to his profit, poor soul! These, historically ascertainable, are the aspects of the Brunswick Court during those three days of Royal Visit in Fair-time, and may serve to date the Masonic Transaction for us, which the Crown-Prince has just accomplished over at Korn's.

As for the Transaction itself, there is intrinsically no harm in this initiation, we will hope, but it behooves to be kept well hidden from Papa. Papa's good opinion of the Prince has sensibly risen in the course of this Journey: "So rational, serious, not dangling about among the women as formerly;" and what a shock would this of Korn's Hotel be, should Papa hear of it! Poor Papa, from officious tale-bearers he hears many things; is in distress about Voltaire, about Heterodoxies; and summoned the Crown-Prince, by express, from Reinsberg on one occasion lately, over to Potsdam, "to take the Communion" there, by way of case-hardening against Voltaire and Heterodoxies! Think of it, human readers! We will add the following stray particulars, more or less illustrative of the Masonic Transaction, and so end that trifling affair.

The Captain Wartensleben, fellow recipient of the mysteries at Brunswick, is youngest son, by a second marriage, of old Feldmarschall Wartensleben, now deceased, and is consequently Uncle, Half-Uncle, of poor Lieutenant Katte, though some years younger than Katte would now have been. Tender memories hang by Warstensleben, in a silent way! He is Captain in the Potsdam Giants; somewhat an intimate, and not undeservedly

[7] Mauvillon (*Fils*, son of him whom we cite otherwise): *Geschichte Ferdinands Herzogs von Braunschweig-Lüneburg* (Leipzig, 1794), i., 17–25.

so, of the Crown-Prince; succeeds Wolden as Hofmarschall at Reinsberg not many months after this, Wolden having died of an apoplectic stroke. Of Bielfeld comes a Book, slightly citable; from no other of the Brethren, or their Feat at Korn's, comes (we may say) any thing whatever. The Crown-Prince prosecuted his Masonry at Reinsberg or elsewhere occasionally for a year or two, but was never ardent in it, and very soon after his Accession left off altogether: "Child's-play and *ignis fatuus* mainly!" A Royal Lodge was established at Berlin, of which the new King consented to be patron; but he never once entered the place, and only his Portrait (a welcomely good one, still to be found there) presided over the mysteries in that Establishment. Harmless "fire," but too "fatuous;" mere flame-circles cut in the air, for infants, we know how!

With Lippe-Bückeburg there ensued some Correspondence, high enough on his Serenity's side, but it soon languished on the Prince's side; and in private Poetry, within a two years of this Brunswick scene, we find Lippe used proverbially for a type-specimen of Fools[8]—a windy, fantastic individual, overwhelmed in finance difficulties too! Lippe continued writing, but "only Secretaries now answered him" from Berlin. A son of his, son and successor, something of a Quixote, too, but notable in Artillery practice and otherwise, will turn up at a future stage.

Nor is Bielfeld with his Book a thing of much moment to Friedrich or to us. Bielfeld too has a light airy vein of talk; loves Voltaire and the Philosophies in a light way; knows the arts of Society, especially the art of flattering; and would fain make himself agreeable to the Crown-Prince, being anxious to rise in the world. His Father is a Hamburg Merchant, Hamburg "Sealing-wax Manufacturer," not ill off for money; Son has been at schools, high schools, under tutors, posture-masters; swashes about on those terms, with French *esprit* in his mouth, and lace-ruffles at his wrists; still under thirty; showy enough, sharp enough; considerably a coxcomb, as is still evident. He did transiently get about Friedrich, as we shall see, and hoped

[8] "Taciturne, Caton, avec mes bons parents,
Aussi fou que la Lippe avec les jeunes gens."
Œuvres, xi., 80 (*Discours sur la Fausseté*, written 1740).

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to have sold his heart to good purpose there; was by-and-by employed in slight functions, not found fit for grave ones. In the course of some years he got a title of Baron, and sold his heart more advantageously to some rich Widow or Fräulein, with whom he retired to Saxony, and there lived on an Estate he had purchased, a stranger to Prussia thenceforth.

His Book (*Lettres Familières et Autres*, all turning on Friedrich), which came out in 1763, at the height of Friedrich's fame, and was much read, is still freely cited by Historians as an Authority; but the reading of a few pages sufficiently intimates that these "Letters" never can have gone through a terrestrial Post-Office; that they are an after-thought, composed from vague memory and imagination, in that fine Saxon retreat; a sorrowful, ghost-like "*Travels of Anacharsis*," instead of living words by an eye-witness! Not to be cited "freely" at all, but sparingly and under conditions. They abound in small errors, in misdates, mistakes; small fictions even, and impossible pretensions: foolish mortal, to write down his bit of knowledge in that form! for the man, in spite of his lace ruffles and gesticulations, has brisk eyesight of a superficial kind; he *could* have done us this little service (apparently his one mission in the world, for which Nature gave him bed and board here); and he, the lace ruffles having gone into his soul, has been tempted into misdoing it! Bielfeld and Bielfeld's Book, such as they are, appear to be the one conquest Friedrich got of Freemasonry; no other result now traceable to us of that adventure in Korn's Hotel, crowning event of the Journey to Loo.

Seckendorf gets lodged in Grätz.

Feldmarschall Seckendorf, after unheard-of wrestlings with the Turk War and the Vienna War-Office (*Hofkriegsrath*), is sitting, for the last three weeks—where thinks the reader?—in the Fortress of Grätz, among the hills of Styria; a State Prisoner, not likely to get out soon! Seckendorf led forth in 1737 "such an Army, for number, spirit, and equipment," say the Vienna people, "as never marched against the Turk before," and it must be owned, his ill-success has been unparalleled. The blame was not altogether his; not chiefly his, except for his

rash undertaking of the thing, on such terms as there were. But the truth is, that first scene we saw of him—an Army all gone out trumpeting and drumming into the woods to *find* its Commander-in-Chief—was an emblem of the Campaign in general. Excellent Army, but commanded by nobody in particular; commanded by a *Hofkriegsrath* at Vienna, by a Franz, Duke of Tuscany, by Feldmarschall Seckendorf, and by subordinates who were disobedient to him, which accordingly, almost without help of the Turk and his disorderly ferocity, rubbed itself to pieces before long—roamed about, now hither now thither, with plans laid and then with plans suddenly altered, Captain being Chaos mainly; in swampy countries, by overflowing rivers, in hunger, hot weather, forced marches, till it was marched gradually off its feet, and the clouds of chaotic Turks who did finally show face had a cheap pennyworth of it. Never was such a campaign seen as this of Seckendorf in 1737, said mankind. Except, indeed, that the present one, Campaign of 1738, in those parts, under a different hand, is still worse, and the Campaign of 1739, under still a different, will be worst of all! Kaiser Karl and his Austrians do not prosper in this Turk War as the Russians do, who indeed have got a General equal to his task—Münnich, a famed master in the art of handling Turks and War Ministries: real father of Russian Soldiering, say the Russians still.[9]

Campaign 1737, with clouds of chaotic Turks now sabring on the skirts of it, had not yet ended, when Seckendorf was called out of it—on polite pretexts, home to Vienna—and the command given to another. At the gates of Vienna, in the last days of October, 1737, an Official Person, waiting for the Feldmarschall, was sorry to inform him that he, Feldmarschall Seckendorf, was under arrest—arrest in his own house, in the *Kohlmarkt* (Cabbage-market so-called), a captain and twelve musketeers to watch over him with fixed bayonets there; strictly private, till the *Hofkriegsrath* had satisfied themselves in a point or

[9] See *Mannstein* for Münnich's plans with the Turk (methods and devices of steady Discipline in small numbers *versus* impetuous Ferocity in great); and Berenhorst (*Betrachtungen über die Kriegskunst*, Leipzig, 1796), a first-rate Authority, for examples and eulogies of them.

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two. "Hmph!" snuffled he, with brow blushing slate-color, I should think, and gray eyes much alight. And ever since, for ten months or so, Seckendorf, sealed up in the Cabbage-market, has been fencing for life with the *Hofkriegsrath*, who want satisfaction upon "eighty-six" different "points," and make no end of chicaning to one's clear answers. And the Jesuits preach too, "A Heretic, born enemy of Christ and his Kaiser; what is the use of questioning!" And the Heathen rage, and all men gnash their teeth, in this uncomfortable manner.

Answering done, there comes no verdict, much less any acquittal; the captain and twelve musketeers, three of them with fixed bayonets in one's very bed-room, continue. One evening, 21st July, 1738, glorious news from the seat of War—not *till* evening, as the Imperial Majesty was out hunting—enters Vienna; blowing trumpets; shaking flags: "Grand Victory over the Turks!" so we call some poor skirmish there has been; and Vienna bursting all into three times three, the populace get very high. Populace rush to the Kohlmarkt; break the Seckendorf windows, intent to massacre the Seckendorf, had not fresh military come, who were obliged to fire and kill one or two. "The house captain and his twelve musketeers of themselves did wonders; Seckendorf and all his domestics were in arms:" "*Jarnibleu*" for the last time! This is while the Crown-Prince is at Wesel, sound asleep, most likely, Loo and the Masonic adventure perhaps twinkling prophetically in his dreams.

At two next morning an Official Gentleman informs Seckendorf that he, for his part, must awaken and go to Grätz; and in one hour more (3 A.M.) the Official Gentleman rolls off with him, drives all day, and delivers his Prisoner at Grätz. "Not so much as a room ready there; Prisoner had to wait an hour in the carriage" till some summary preparation were made. Wall-neighbors of the poor Feldmarschall in his Fortress here were "a *Gold-Cook* (swindling Alchemist) who had gone crazy, and an Irish Lieutenant, confined thirty-two years for some love adventure, likewise pretty crazy: their noises in the night time much disturbed the Feldmarschall."[10] One human thing there still is in his lot, the Feldmarschall's old Gräfinn. True old

[10] *Seckendorfs Leben*, ii., 170–277. See *Schmettau*, p. 27–59.

Dame, she, both in the Kohlmarkt and at Grätz, stands by him, "imprisoned along with him" if it must be so, ministering, comforting as only a true Wife can, and hope has not quite taken wing.

Rough old Feldmarschall, now turned of sixty, never made such a Campaign before as this of '37, followed by '38! There sits he, and will not trouble us any more during the present Kaiser's lifetime. Friedrich Wilhelm is amazed at these sudden cantings of Fortune's wheel, and grieves honestly as for an old friend: even the Crown-Prince finds Seckendorf punished unjustly, and is almost sorry for him after all that has come and gone.

The Ear of Jenkins re-emerges.

We must add the following, distilled from the English Newspapers, though it is almost four months after date:

"*London*, 1*st April*, 1738. In the English House of Commons, much more in the English Public, there has been furious debating for a fortnight past: Committee of the whole House examining witnesses, hearing counsel; subject, the Termagant of Spain and her West-Indian procedures: she, by her procedures somewhere, is always cutting out work for mankind! How English and other strangers, fallen in with in those seas, are treated by the Spaniards, readers have heard, nay, have chanced to see; and it is a fact painfully known to all nations—fact which England, for one nation, can no longer put up with. Walpole and the Official Persons would fain smooth the matter; but the West-India Interest, the City, all Mercantile and Navigation Interests are in dead earnest: Committee of the whole House, 'presided by Alderman Perry,' has not ears enough to hear the immensities of evidence offered; slow Public is gradually kindling to some sense of it. This had gone on for two weeks, when—what shall we say?—the *Ear of Jenkins* re-emerged for the second time, and produced important effects!

"Where Jenkins had been all this while, steadfastly navigating to and fro, steadfastly eating tough junk with a wetting of rum; not thinking too much of past labors, yet privately 'always keeping his lost Ear in cotton' (with a kind of ursine piety or other dumb feeling) no mortal now knows. But to all mortals it is evident he was home in London at this time, no doubt a noted member of Wapping society, the much-enduring Jenkins; and witnesses, probably not one, but many, had mentioned him to this Committee as a case eminently in point. Committee, as can still be read in its Rhadamanthine Journals, orders, '*Die Jo.*

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vis, 16° *Martii*, 1737–8, that Captain Robert Jenkins do attend this House immediately;' and then more specially, '17° *Martii*'—captious objections having risen in Official quarters, as we guess—'that Captain Robert Jenkins do attend upon Tuesday morning next."[11] Tuesday next is 21st March—1st of April, 1738, by our modern Calendar—and on that day, not a doubt, Jenkins does attend: narrates that tremendous passage we already heard of, seven years ago, in the entrance of the Gulf of Florida, and produces his Ear wrapped in cotton, setting all on flame (except the Official persons) at sight of it."

Official persons, as their wont is in the pressure of debate, endeavored to deny, to insinuate in their vile Newspapers that Jenkins lost his Ear nearer home and not for nothing, as one still reads in the History Books.[12] Sheer calumnies, we now find. Jenkins's account was doubtless abundantly emphatic, but there is no ground to question the substantial truth of him and it. And so, after seven years of unnoticeable burning upon the thick skin of the English Public, the case of Jenkins accidentally burns through, and sets England bellowing; such a smart is there of it, not to be soothed by Official wet cloths, but getting worse and worse for the nineteen months ensuing. And, in short—but we will not anticipate!

CHAPTER VI.

LAST YEAR OF REINSBERG; JOURNEY TO PREUSSEN.

THE Idyllium of Reinsberg, of which, except in the way of sketchy suggestion, there can be no history given, lasted less than four years, and is now coming to an end unexpectedly soon—a pleasant Arcadian Summer in one's life, though it has not wanted its occasional discords, flaws of ill weather in the general sunshine. Papa, always in uncertain health of late, is getting heavier of foot and of heart under his heavy burdens, and sometimes falls abstruse enough, liable to bewilderments from bad people and events—not much worth noticing here.[1] But the Crown-Prince has learned to deal with all this; all this is of

[11] *Commons Journ.*, xxiii. (in diebus). [12] Coxe, Tindal (xx., 372), &c.

[1] See Pöllnitz, ii., 509–515; Friedrich's Letter to Wilhelmina ("Berlin, 20th January, 1739:" in *Œuvres*, xxvii., part 1st, p. 60–61); &c., &c.

transient nature, and a bright long future seems to lie ahead at Reinsberg, brightened especially by the Literary Element, which, in this year 1739, is brisker than it had ever been. Distinguished Visitors, of a literary turn, look in at Reinsberg; the Voltaire Correspondence is very lively; on Friedrich's part there is copious production, various enterprise, in the form of prose and verse; thoughts even of going to press with some of it; in short, the Literary Interest rises very prominent at Reinsberg in 1739. Biography is apt to forget the Literature there (having her reasons), but must at last take some notice of it among the phenomena of the year.

To the young Prince himself, "courting tranquillity," as his door-lintel intimated,[2] and forbidden to be active except within limits, this of Literature was all along the great light of existence at Reinsberg, the supplement to all other employments or wants of employment there—to Friedrich himself, in those old days, a great and supreme interest, while again, to the modern Biographer of him, it has become dark and vacant—a thing to be shunned, not sought; so that the fact as it stood with Friedrich differs far from any description that can be given of the fact. Alas! we have said already, and the constant truth is, Friedrich's literatures, his distinguished literary visitors and enterprises, which were once brand-new and brilliant, have grown old as a garment, and are a sorrow rather than otherwise to existing mankind! Conscientious readers, who would represent to themselves the vanished scene at Reinsberg, in this point more especially, must make an effort.

As biographical documents, these Poetries and Proses of the young man give a very pretty testimony of him, but are not of value otherwise. In fact, they promise, if we look well into them, that here is probably a practical faculty and intellect of the highest kind, which again, on the speculative, especially on the poetical side, will never be considerable, nor has even tried to be so. This young soul does not deal in meditation at all, and his tendencies are the reverse of sentimental. Here is no introspection, morbid or other; no pathos or complaint; no melodious informing of the public what dreadful emotions you

[2] "*Frederico tranquillitatem colenti*" (Infra, p. 669).

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labor under; here, in rapid, prompt form, indicating that it is truth and not fable, are generous aspirations for the world and yourself, generous pride, disdain of the ignoble, of the dark, mendacious—here, in short, is a swift-handed, valiant, *steel*-bright kind of soul, very likely for a King's if other things answer, and not likely for a Poet's. No doubt he could have made something of Literature too; could have written Books, and left some stamp of a veracious, more or less victorious intellect in that strange province too. But then he must have applied himself to it as he did to reigning; done in the cursory style, we see what it has come to.

It is certain, Friedrich's reputation suffers at this day from his writing. From his *not* having written nothing he stands lower with the world, which seems hard measure, though perhaps it is the law of the case, after all. "Nobody in these days," says my poor Friend, "has the least notion of the sinful waste there is in talk, whether by pen or tongue. Better probably that King Friedrich had written no Verses; nay, I know not that David's Psalms did David's Kingship any good!" which may be truer than it seems. Fine aspirations, generous convictions, purposes—they are thought very fine; but it is good, on various accounts, to keep them rather silent; strictly unvocal, except on call of real business, so dangerous are they for becoming conscious of themselves! Most things do not ripen at all except under ground; and it is a sad but sure truth, that every time you *speak* of a fine purpose, especially if with eloquence and to the admiration of by-standers, there is the *less* chance of your ever making a fact of it in your poor life. If Reinsberg, and its vacancy of great employment, was the cause of Friedrich's verse-writing, we will not praise Reinsberg on that head! But the truth is, Friedrich's verses came from him with uncommon fluency, and were not a deep matter, but a shallow one, in any sense—not much more to him than speaking with a will—than fantasying on the flute in an animated strain. Ever and anon through his life, on small hint from without or on great, there was found a certain leakage of verses which he was prompt to utter, and the case at Reinsberg or afterward is not so serious as we might imagine.

Pine's Horace and the Anti-Machiavel.

In the late months Friedrich had conceived one notable project, which demands a word in this place. Did modern readers ever hear of "John Pine, the celebrated English Engraver?" John Pine, a man of good scholarship, good skill with his burin, did "Tapestries of the House of Lords," and other things of a celebrated nature, famous at home and abroad; but his peculiar feat, which had commended him at Reinsberg, was an Edition of *Horace:* exquisite old *Flaccus* brought to perfection as it were; all done with vignettes, classical borderings, symbolic marginal ornaments, in fine taste and accuracy, the Text itself engraved, and all by the exquisite burin of Pine.[3] This Edition had come out last year, famous over the world, and was by-and-by, as rumor bore, to be followed by a *Virgil* done in the like exquisite manner.

The Pine *Horace*, part of the Pine *Virgil* too, still exist in the libraries of the curious, and are doubtless known to the proper parties, though much forgotten by others of us. To Friedrich, scanning the Pine phenomenon with interest then brand-new, it seemed an admirable tribute to classical genius, and the idea occurred to him, "Is not there, by Heaven's blessing, a living genius, classical like those antique Romans, and worthy of a like tribute?" Friedrich's idea was that, Voltaire being clearly the supreme of Poets, the *Henriade*, his supreme of Poems, ought to be engraved like *Flaccus*—text and all, with vignettes, tail-pieces, classical borderings beautifully symbolic and exact, by the exquisite burin of Pine, which idea the young hero-worshipper, in spite of his finance difficulties, had resolved to realize, and was even now busy with it since his return from Loo. "Such beautiful enthusiasm," say some readers; "and in behalf of that particular demigod!" Alas! yes; to Friedrich he was the best demigod then going, and Friedrich never had any doubt about him.

For the rest, this heroic idea could not realize itself, and we are happy to have nothing more to do with Pine or the *Henriade*. Correspondences were entered into with Pine, and some pains

[3] "London, 1737" (*Biographie Universelle*, xxxiv., 465).

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taken: Pine's high prices were as nothing; but Pine was busy with his *Virgil;* probably, in fact, had little stomach for the *Henriade;* "could not, for seven years to come, enter upon it;" so that the matter had to die away, and nothing came of it but a small *Dissertation*, or Introductory Essay, which the Prince had got ready, which is still to be found printed in Voltaire's Works[4] and in Friedrich's, if any body now cared much to read it. Preuss says it was finished "the 10th August, 1739," and that minute fact in Chronology, with the above tale of Hero-worship hanging to it, will suffice my readers and me.

But there is another literary project on hand which did take effect, much worthy of mention, this year, the whole world having risen into such a Chorus of *Te Deum* at sight of it next year. In this year falls what, at any rate, was a great event to Friedrich as a literary man, the printing of his first Book—assiduous writing of it with an eye to print. The Book is that "celebrated *Anti-Machiavel*," ever-praiseworthy refutation of Machiavel's *Prince*, concerning which there are such immensities of Voltaire correspondence, now become, like the Book itself, inane to all readers. This was the chosen soul's employment of Friedrich, the flower of life to him, at Reinsberg, through the year 1739. It did not actually get to press till Spring, 1740, nor actually come out till Autumn, by which time a great change had occurred in Friedrich's title and circumstances; but we may as well say here what little is to be said of it for modern readers.

"The Crown-Prince, reading this bad Book of Machiavel's years ago, had been struck, as all honest souls, especially governors or apprentices to governing, must be, if they thought of reading such a thing, with its badness, its falsity, detestability, and came by degrees, obliquely fishing out Voltaire's opinion as he went along, on the notion of refuting Machiavel, and did refute him the best he could; set down, namely, his own earnest contradiction to such ungrounded noxious doctrines, elaborating the same more and more into clear logical utterance, till they swelled into a little Volume, which, so excellent was it, so important to mankind, Voltaire and friends were clear for publishing. Published accordingly it was; goes through the press next Summer (1740), under Voltaire's anxious superintendence; for the Prince has at length

[4] *Œuvres*, xiii., 393–402.

consented; and Voltaire hands the Manuscript, with mystery yet with hints, to a Dutch Bookseller, one Van Duren at the Hague, who is eager enough to print such an article.[5] Voltaire himself—such his magnanimous friendship, especially if one have Dutch Lawsuits, or business of one's own in those parts—takes charge of correcting; lodges himself in the 'Old Court' (Prussian Mansion, called *Vieille Cour*, at the Hague, where 'Luiscius,' figuratively speaking, may get an alms from us), and therefrom corrects, alters—corresponds with the Prince and Van Duren at a great rate; keeps correcting, altering, till Van Duren thinks he is spoiling it for sale, and privately determines to preserve the original Manuscript, and have an edition of that, with only such corrections as seem good to Van Duren: a treasonous step on this mule of a Bookseller's part, thinks Voltaire, but mulishly persisted in by the man. Endless correspondence, to right and left, ensues, intolerably wearisome to every reader. And, in fine, there came out, in Autumn next"—the Crown-Prince no longer a Crown-Prince by that time, but shining conspicuous under Higher Title—"not one *Anti-Machiavel* only, but a couple or a trio of *Anti-Machiavels:* as printed 'at the Hague;' as reprinted 'at London' or elsewhere, the confused Bibliography of which has now fallen very insignificant. First there was the Voltaire Text, Authorized Edition, 'end of September, 1740;' then came, in few weeks, the Van Duren one; then, probably, a third, combining the two, the variations given as foot-notes: in short, I know not how many editions, translations, printings, and reprintings, all the world being much taken up with such a message from the upper regions, and eager to read it in any form.

"As to Friedrich himself, who of course says nothing of the *Anti-Machiavel* in public, he privately, to Voltaire, disowns all these editions, and intends to give a new one of his own, which shall be the right article; but never did it, having far other work cut out for him in the months that came. But how zealous the world's humor was in that matter, no modern reader can conceive to himself. In the frightful Compilation called *Helden-Geschichte*, which we sometimes cite, there

[5] Here, gathered from Friedrich's Letters to Voltaire, is the Chronology of the little Enterprise:

1738, *March* 21, *June* 17, "Machiavel a baneful man," thinks Friedrich. "Ought to be refuted by somebody?" thinks he (date not known).

1739, *March* 22, Friedrich thinks of doing it himself. Has done it, *December* 4: "a Book which ought to be printed," say Voltaire and the literary visitors.

1740, *April* 26, Book given up to Voltaire for printing. Printing finished; Book appears "end of *September*," when a great change had occurred in Friedrich's title and position.

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are, excerpted from the then 'Bibliothèques' (*Nouvelle Bibliothèque* and another, shining Periodicals of the time, now gone quite dead), two 'reviews' of the *Anti-Machiavel*, which fill modern readers with amazement: such a *Domine dimittas* chanted over such an article! These details, in any other than the Biographical point of view, are now infinitely unimportant."

Truly, yes! The Crown-Prince's *Anti-Machiavel*, final correct edition (in two forms, Voltaire's as corrected, and the Prince's own as written), stands now in clear type,[6] and, after all that jumble of printing and counter-printing, we can any of us read it in a few hours, but, alas! almost none of us with the least interest, or, as it were, with any profit whatever; so different is present tense from past in all things, especially in things like these! It is sixscore years since the *Anti-Machiavel* appeared. The spectacle of one who was himself a King (for the mysterious fact was well known to Van Duren and every body) stepping forth to say, with conviction, that Kingship was not a thing of attorney mendacity, to be done under the patronage of Beelzebub, but of human veracity, to be set about under quite Other patronage; and that, in fact, a King was the "born servant of his People" (*domestique* Friedrich once calls it) rather than otherwise: this naturally enough rose upon the then populations, unused to such language, like the dawn of a new day, and was welcomed with such applauses as are now incredible, after all that has come and gone! Alas! in these sixscore years it has been found so easy to profess and speak even with sincerity! The actual Hero-Kings were long used to be silent, and the Sham Hero kind grow only the more desperate for us the more they speak and profess! This *Anti-Machiavel* of Friedrich's is a clear, distinct Treatise; confutes, or at least heartily contradicts, paragraph by paragraph, the incredible sophistries of Machiavel. Nay, it leaves us, if we sufficiently force our attention, with the comfortable sense that his Royal Highness is speaking with conviction, and honestly from the heart, in the affair, but that is all the conquest we get of it in these days. Treatise fallen more extinct to existing mankind it would not be easy to name.

Perhaps, indeed, mankind is getting weary of the question al-

[6] Preuss: *Œuvres de Frédéric*, viii., 61–163.

together. Machiavel himself one now reads only by compulsion. "What is the use of arguing with any body that can believe in Machiavel?" asks mankind, or might well ask; and, except for Editorial purposes, eschews any *Anti-Machiavel*, impatient to be rid of bane and antidote both. Truly the world has had a pother with this little Nicolo Machiavelli and his perverse little Book: pity almost that a Friedrich Wilhelm, taking his rounds at that point of time, had not had the "refuting" of him; Friedrich Wilhelm's method would have been briefer than Friedrich's! But let us hope the thing is now, practically, about completed. And as to the other question, "Was the Signor Nicolo serious in this perverse little Book, or did he only do it ironically, with a serious inverse purpose?" we will leave that to be decided, any time convenient, by people who are much at leisure in the world!

The printing of the *Anti-Machiavel* was not intrinsically momentous in Friedrich's history, yet it might as well have been dispensed with. He had here drawn a fine program, and needlessly placarded it for the street populations; and afterward there rose, as could not fail on their part, comparison between program and performance; scornful cry, chiefly from men of weak judgment, "Is this King an *Anti*-Machiavel, then? Pfui!" of which—though Voltaire's voice, too, was heard in it, in angry moments—we shall say nothing; the reader, looking for himself, will judge by-and-by. And herewith enough of the *Anti-Machiavel*. Composition of *Anti-Machiavel* and speculation of the Pine *Henriade* lasted, both of them, all through this Year 1739, and farther: from these two items, not to mention any other, readers can figure sufficiently how literary a year it was.

Friedrich in Preussen again; at the Stud of Trakehnen. A tragically great Event coming on.

In July this year the Crown-Prince went with Papa on the Prussian Review journey.[7] Such attendance on Review journeys, a mark of his being well with Papa, is now becoming usual; they are agreeable excursions, and can not but be instructive as well. On this occasion things went beautifully with him.

[7] "Set out 7th July" (*Œuvres*, xxvii., part 1st, 67 n.).

27th July, 1739.

Out in those grassy Countries, in the bright Summer, once more he had an unusually fine time, and two very special pleasures befell him. First was a sight of the Emigrants, our Salzburgers and other, in their flourishing condition, over in Lithuania yonder. Delightful to see how the waste is blossoming up again—busy men with their industries, their steady, pious husbandries, making all things green and fruitful: horse-droves, cattle-herds, waving corn-fields—a very "*Schmalzgrube* (Butter-pit)" of those Northern parts, as it is since called.[8] The Crown-Prince's own words on this matter we will give; they are in a Letter of his to Voltaire, perhaps already known to some readers; and we can observe he writes rather copiously from those localities at present, and in a cheerful humor with every body.

"*Insterburg*, 27*th July*, 1739 (Crown-Prince to Voltaire). * * * Prussian Lithuania is a Country a hundred and twenty miles long, by from sixty to forty broad;[9] it was ravaged by Pestilence at the beginning of this Century, and they say Three Hundred Thousand people died of disease and famine"—ravaged by Pestilence and the neglect of King Friedrich I., till my Father, once his hands were free, made personal survey of it, and took it up in earnest.

"Since that time," say twenty years ago, "there is no expense that the King has been afraid of in order to succeed in his salutary views. He made, in the first place, regulations full of wisdom; he rebuilt wherever the Pestilence had desolated: thousands of families, from the ends of Europe"—Seventeen Thousand Salzburgers for the last item—"were conducted hither; the Country repeopled itself; trade began to flourish again; and now, in these fertile regions, abundance reigns more than it ever did.

"There are above half a million of inhabitants in Lithuania; there are more towns than there ever were, more flocks than formerly, more wealth and more productiveness than in any other part of Germany. And all this that I tell you of is due to the King alone, who not only gave the orders, but superintended the execution of them; it was he that devised the plans, and himself got them carried to fulfillment; and spared neither care nor pains, nor immense expenditures, nor promises, nor recompenses, to secure happiness and life to this half million of thinking beings, who owe to him alone that they have possessions and felicity in the world.

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[8] Büsching: *Erdbeschreibung*, ii., 1049.

[9] "Miles *English*," we always mean, *unless* &c.

"I hope this detail does not weary you. I depend on your humanity extending itself to your Lithuanian brethren as well as to your French, English, German, or other; all the more, as, to my great astonishment, I passed through villages where you hear nothing spoken but French. I have found something so heroic in the generous and laborious way in which the King addressed himself to making this desert flourish with inhabitants and happy industries and fruits, that it seemed to me you would feel the same sentiments in learning the circumstances of such a re-establishment.

"I daily expect news of you from Enghien" (in those Dutch-Lawsuit Countries). * * "The divine Emilie; * * the Duke" (D'Aremberg, Austrian Soldier of convivial turn, remote Welsh Uncle to a certain little Prince de Ligne, now spinning tops in those parts,[10] not otherwise interesting), "whom Apollo contends for against Bacchus. * * Adieu. *Ne m'oubliez pas, mon cher ami.*"[11]

This is one pleasant scene to the Crown-Prince and us in those grassy localities. And now we have to mention that, about a fortnight later, at Königsberg one day, in reference to a certain Royal Stud or Horse-breeding Establishment in those same Lithuanian regions, there had a still livelier satisfaction happened him—satisfaction of a personal and filial nature. The name of this Royal Stud, inestimable on such ground, is Trakehnen—lies south of Tilsit, in an upper valley of the Pregel River —very extensive Horse Establishment, "with seven farms under it," say the Books, and all "in the most perfect order," they need hardly add, Friedrich Wilhelm being master of it. Well, the Royal Party was at Königsberg, so far on the road homeward again from those outlying parts, when Friedrich Wilhelm said one day to his Son, quite in a cursory manner, "I give thee that Stud of Trakehnen: thou must go back and look to it;" which struck Fritz quite dumb at the moment.

For it is worth near upon £2000 a year (12,000 thalers), a welcome new item in our impoverished budget; and it is an undeniable sign of Papa's good-humor with us, which is more precious still. Fritz made his acknowledgments, eloquent with looks, eloquent with voice, on coming to himself, and is, in fact, very proud of his gift, and celebrates it to his Wilhelmina, to

[10] Born 23d May, 1735, this latter little Prince; lasted till 13th Dec., 1814 ("*danse, mais il ne marche pas*"). [11] (*Œuvres*, xxi., 304, 305.

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Camas and others, who have a right to know such a thing, Grand useful gift, and handed over by Papa grandly in three business words, as if it had been a brace of game: "I give it thee, Fritz!"—a thing not to be forgotten. "At bottom Friedrich Wilhelm was not avaricious" (not a miser, only a man grandly abhorring waste, as the poor vulgar can not do); "not avaricious," says Pöllnitz once; "he made munificent gifts, and never thought of them more." This of Trakehnen—perhaps there might be a whiff of coming Fate concerned in it withal: "I shall soon be dead, not able to give thee any thing, poor Fritz!" To the Prince and us it is very beautiful; a fine effulgence of the inner man of Friedrich Wilhelm. The Prince returned to Trakehnen on this glad errand; settled the business details there, and, after a few days, went home by a route of his own, well satisfied with this Prussian Review journey, as we may imagine.

One sad thing there was, though Friedrich did not yet know how sad, in this Review journey—the new fit of illness that overtook his Majesty. From Pöllnitz, who was of the party, we have details on that head. In his Majesty's last bad illness, five years ago, when all seemed hopeless, it appears the surgeons had relieved him—in fact, recovered him, bringing off the bad humors in quantity—by an incision in the foot or leg. In the course of the present fatigues this old wound broke out again, which of course stood much in the way of his Majesty, and could not be neglected, as probably the causes of it were. A regimental surgeon, Pöllnitz says, was called in, who in two days healed the wound, and declared all to be right again, though, in fact, as we may judge, it was dangerously worse than before. "All well here," writes Friedrich; "the King has been out of order, but is now entirely recovered (*tout à fait remis*)."[12]

Much reviewing and heavy business followed at Königsberg, gift of Trakehnen and departure of the Crown-Prince for Trakehnen winding it up. Directly on the heel of which his Majesty turned homeward, the Crown-Prince not to meet him till once at Berlin again. Majesty's first stage was at Pillau, where we have

[12] "Königsberg, 30th July, 1739," to his Wife (*Œuvres*, xxvi., 6).

been. At Pillau, or next day at Dantzig, Pöllnitz observed a change in his Majesty's humor, which had been quite sunshiny all this journey hitherto. At Dantzig Pöllnitz first noticed it; but at every new stage it grew worse, evil accidents occurring to worsen it; and at Berlin it was worst of all; and, alas! his poor Majesty never recovered his sunshine in this world again! Here is Pöllnitz's account of the journey homeward:

"Till now," till Pillau and Dantzig, "his Majesty had been in especially good humor; but in Dantzig his cheerfulness forsook him, and it never came back. He arrived about ten at night in that City" (Wednesday, 12th August, or thereby); "slept there, and was off again next morning at five. He drove only fifty miles this day; stopped in Lupow" (coast-road through Pommern) "with Herr von Grumkow" (the late Grumkow's Brother), "Kammer President in this Pommern Province. From Lupow he went to a poor Village near Belgard, eighty miles farther"—last village on the great road, Belgard lying to left a little, on a side road—"and staid there overnight.

"At Belgard, next morning, he reviewed the Dragoon Regiment von Platen, and was very ill content with it; and nobody with the least understanding of that business but must own that never did Prussian Regiment manœuvre worse. Conscious themselves how bad it was, they lost head, and got into open confusion. The King did all that was possible to help them into order again. He withdrew thrice over, to give the Officers time to recover themselves; but it was all in vain. The King, contrary to wont, restrained himself amazingly, and would not show his displeasure in public. He got into his carriage, and drove away with the Fürst of Anhalt," Old Dessauer, "and Von Winterfeld," Captain in the Giant Regiment, "who is now Major General von Winterfeld,[13] not staying to dine with General von Platen, as was always his custom with Commandants whom he had reviewed. He bade Prince Wilhelm and the rest of us stay and dine; he himself drove away" toward the great road again, and some uncertain lodging there.

"We staid accordingly, and did full justice to the good cheer," though poor Platen would certainly look flustered, one may fancy. "But as the Prince was anxious to come up with his Majesty again, and knew not where he would meet him, we had to be very swift with the business.

"We found the King with Anhalt and Winterfeld by-and-by sitting in a village, in front of a barn, and eating a cold pie there, which the

[13] Major General since 1743, of high fame; fell in fight, 7th September, 1757.

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Fürst of Anhalt had chanced to have with him; his Majesty, owing to what he had seen on the parade-ground, was in the utmost ill-humor (*höchst übler Laune*). Next day, Saturday, he went a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles, and arrived in Berlin at ten at night—not expected there till the morrow, so that his rooms were locked, her Majesty being over in Monbijou, giving her children a Ball;"[14] and we can fancy what a frame of mind there was!

Nobody, not at first even the Doctors, much heeded this new fit of illness, which went and came; "changed temper," deeper or less deep gloom of "bad humor," being the main phenomenon to by-standers. But the sad truth was, his Majesty never did recover his sunshine; from Pillau onward he was slowly entering into the shadows of the total Last Eclipse, and his journeyings and reviewings in this world were all done. Ten months hence, Pöllnitz and others knew better what it had been!

CHAPTER VII.

LAST YEAR OF REINSBERG; TRANSIT OF BALTIMORE AND OTHER PERSONS AND THINGS.

FRIEDRICH had not been long home again from Trakehnen and Preussen when the routine of things at Reinsberg was illuminated by Visitors of brilliant and learned quality, some of whom, a certain Signor Algarotti for one, require passing mention here. Algarotti, who became a permanent friend or satellite, very luminous to the Prince, and was much about him in coming years, first shone out upon the scene at this time, coming unexpectedly, and from the Eastward as it chanced.

On his own score, Algarotti has become a wearisome literary man to modern readers; one of those half-remembered men whose Books seem to claim a reading, and do not repay it you when given—treatises of a serious nature, *On the Opera*, setting forth, in earnest, the potential "moral uses" of the Opera, and dedicated to Chatham; *Neutonianismo per le Donne* (Astronomy for Ladies): the mere Titles of such things are fatally sufficient to us; and we can not without effort nor with it, recall the brilliancy of Algarotti and them to his contemporary world.

[14] Pöllnitz, ii., 537.

Algarotti was a rich Venetian Merchant's Son, precisely about the Crown-Prince's age; shone greatly in his studies at Bologna and elsewhere; had written Poesies (*Rime*); written especially that *Newtonianism for the Dames* (equal to Fontenelle, said Fame, and orthodox Newtonian withal, not heterodox or Cartesian); and had shone, respected, at Paris, on the strength of it, for three or four years past: friend of Voltaire in consequence, of Voltaire and his Divine Emilie, and a welcome guest at Cirey; friend of the cultivated world generally, which was then laboring, Divine Emilie in the van of it, to understand Newton, and be orthodox in this department of things. Algarotti did fine Poesies, too, once and again; did Classical Scholarships, and much else: every where a clear-headed, methodically distinct, concise kind of man. A high style of breeding about him too; had powers of pleasing, and used them: a man beautifully lucent in society, gentle yet impregnable there, keeping himself unspotted from the world and its discrepancies, really with considerable prudence first and last.

He is somewhat of the Bielfeld type: a Merchant's Son, we observe, like Bielfeld, but a Venetian Merchant's, not a Hamburg's, and also of better natural stuff than Bielfeld; concentrated himself upon his task with more seriousness, and made a higher thing of it than Bielfeld, though, after all, it was the same task the two had. Alas! our "Swan of Padua" (so they sometimes called him) only sailed, paddling grandly, nowhither, as the Swan-Goose of the Elbe did, in a less stately manner. One can not well bear to read his Books; there is no light upon Friedrich to tempt us; better light than Bielfeld's there could have been, and much of it; but he prudently, as well as proudly, forbore such topics. He approaches very near fertility and geniality in his writings, but never reaches it. Dilettantism become serious and strenuous in those departments—Well, it was beautiful to young Friedrich and the world at that time, though it is not to us! Young Algarotti, Twenty-seven this year, has been touring about as a celebrity these four years past on the strength of his fine manners and *Newtonianism for the Dames*.

It was under escort of Baltimore, "an English Milord," recommended from Potsdam itself, that Algarotti came to Reins-

20th–25th Sept., 1739.

berg: the Signor had much to do with English people now and after. Where Baltimore first picked him up I know not; but they have been to Russia together; Baltimore by twelve years the elder of the two; and now, getting home toward England again, they call at Reinsberg in the fine Autumn weather, and considerably captivate the Crown-Prince, Baltimore playing chief in that as in other points. The visit lasted five days:[1] there was copious speech on many things; discussion about Printing of the *Anti-Machiavel;* Algarotti to get it printed in England, Algarotti to get Pine and his Engraved *Henriade* put under way, neither of which projects took effect: readers can conceive what a charming five days these were. Here, in the Crown-Prince's own words, are some brief glimmerings which will suffice us:

Reinsberg, 25*th Sept.*, 1739 (Crown-Prince to Papa). * * * "that nothing new has occurred in the Regiment, and we have few sick. Here has the English Milord, who was at Potsdam, passed through" (staid five days, though we call it passing, and suppress the Algarotti, Baltimore being indeed chief). "He is gone toward Hamburg, to take ship for England there. As I heard that my Most All-Gracious Father wished I should show him courtesy, I have done for him what I could. The Prince of Mirow has also been here"—our old Strelitz friend. Of Baltimore nothing more to Papa. But to another Correspondent, to the good Suhm (who is now at Petersburg, and much in our intimacy, ready to transact loans for us, translate Wolf, or do what is wanted), there is this passage next day:

Reinsberg, 26*th September*, 1739 (to Suhm). "We have had Milord Baltimore here, and the young Algarotti, both of them men who, by their accomplishments, can not but conciliate the esteem and consideration of all who see them. We talked much of you" (Suhm), "of Philosophy, of Science, Art—in short, of all that can be included in the taste of cultivated people (*honnêtes gens*)."[2] And again to another, about two weeks hence:

Reinsberg, 10*th October*, 1739 (to Voltaire). "We have had Milord Baltimore and Algarotti here, who are going back to England. This Milord is a very sensible man (*homme très-sensé*), who possesses a great deal of knowledge, and thinks, like us, that sciences can be no disparagement to nobility, nor degrade an illustrious rank. I admired the genius of this *Anglais* as one does a fine face through a crape veil.

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[1] 20-25th September, 1739 (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiv., p. xiv).

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi., 378.

He speaks French very ill, yet one likes to hear him speak it; and as for his English, he pronounces it so quick, there is no possibility of following him. He calls a Russian 'a mechanical animal.' He says, 'Petersburg is the eye of Russia, with which it keeps civilized countries in sight; if you took this eye from it, Russia would fall again into barbarism, out of which it is just struggling.'[3] * * Young Algarotti, whom you know, pleased me beyond measure. He promised that he—" But Baltimore, promise or not, is the chief figure at present.

Evidently an original kind of figure to us, *cet Anglais*. And, indeed, there is already finished a rhymed *Epistle* to Baltimore, *Epître sur la Liberté* (copy goes in that same *Letter*, for Voltaire's behoof), which dates itself likewise October 10th, beginning,

"*L'esprit libre, Milord, qui règne en Angleterre,*"

which, though it is full of fine, sincere sentiments about human dignity, papal superstition, Newton, Locke, and aspirations for progress of culture in Prussia, no reader could stand at this epoch.

What Baltimore said in answer to the *Epître* we do not know; probably not much; it does not appear he ever saw or spoke to Friedrich a second time. Three weeks after, Friedrich, writing to Algarotti, has these words: "I pray you make my friendships to Milord Baltimore, whose character and manner of thinking I truly esteem. I hope he has by this time got my *Epître* on the English Liberty of Thought."[4] And so Baltimore passes on, silent in History henceforth, though Friedrich seems to have remembered him to late times as a kind of type-figure when England came into his head. For the sake of this small transit over the sun's disk I have made some inquiry about Baltimore, but found very little, perhaps enough:

"He was Charles, Sixth Lord Baltimore, it appears—Sixth, and last but one. First of the Baltimores, we know, was Secretary Calvert (1618–1624), who colonized Maryland; last of them (1774) was the Son of this Charles—something of a fool, to judge by the face of him in Portraits, and by some of his doings in the world. He, that Seventh Baltimore, printed one or two little Volumes ('now of extreme rarity'—can not be too rare), and winded up by standing an ugly Trial at Kings-

[3] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, 326, 327.

[4] 29th October, 1739, to Algarotti in London (*Œuvres*, xviii., 5).

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ton Assizes (plaintiff an unfortunate female), after which he retired to Naples, and there ended, 1774, the last of these Milords.[5]

"He of the Kingston Assizes, we say, was not this Charles, but his Son, whom let the reader forget. Charles, age forty at this time, had traveled about the Continent a good deal: once, long ago, we imagined we had got a glimpse of him (but it was a guess merely) lounging about Lunéville and Lorraine along with Lyttelton in the Congress of Soissons time? Not long after that, it is certain enough he got appointed a Gentlemen of the Bedchamber to Prince Fred, who was a friend of speculative talkers and cultivated people, in which situation Charles, Sixth Baron Baltimore, continued all his days after, and might have risen by means of Fred, as he was anxious enough to do, had both of them lived; but they both died, Baltimore first, in 1751, a year before Fred. Bubb Doddington, diligent laborer in the same Fred vineyard, was much infested by this Baltimore, who, drunk or sober (for he occasionally gets into liquor), is always putting out Bubb, and stands too well with our Royal Master, one secretly fears! Baltimore's finances, I can guess, were not in too good order; mostly an Absentee; Irish Estates not managed in the first style while one is busy in the Fred vineyard! 'The best and honestest man in the world, with a good deal of jumbled knowledge,' Walpole calls him once, 'but not capable of conducting a party.'"[6] Oh no! and died, at any rate, Spring, 1751;[7] and we will not mention him farther.

Bielfeld, what he saw at Reinsberg and around.

Directly on the rear of these fine visitors came, by invitation, a pair of the Korn's Hotel people, Masonic friends, one of whom was Bielfeld, whose dainty Installation Speech and ways of procedure had been of promise to the Prince on that occasion. "Baron von Oberg" was the other—Hanoverian Baron; the same who went into the wars, and was a "General von Oberg" twenty years hence? The same or another, it does not much concern us. Nor does the visit much, or at all, except that Bielfeld, being of writing nature, professes to give ocular account of it. Honest transcript of what a human creature actually saw at Reinsberg, and in the Berlin environment at that date, would have had a value to

[5] Walpole (by Park): *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors* (London, 1806), v. 278.

[6] Walpole's *Letters to Mann* (London, 1843), ii., 175: 27th January, 1747. See ib., i., 82.

[7] *Peerage of Ireland* (London, 1768), ii., 172–174.

mankind; but Bielfeld has adopted the fictitious form, and pretty much ruined for us any transcript there is. Exaggeration, gesticulation, fantastic uncertainty afflict the reader, and prevent comfortable belief, except where there is other evidence than Bielfeld's.

At Berlin the beautiful straight streets, Linden Avenues (perhaps a better sample than those of our day), were notable to Bielfeld; bridges, statues very fine; grand esplanades, and such military drilling and parading as was never seen. He had dinner invitations, too, in quantity; likes this one and that (all in prudent asterisks)—likes Truchsess von Waldburg very much, and his strange mode of bachelor housekeeping, and the way he dines and talks among his fellow-creatures, or sits studious among his Military Books and Paper-litters. But all is loose, far-off sketching, in the style of *Anacharsis the Younger*, and makes no solid impression.

Getting to Reinsberg, to the Town, to the Schloss, he crosses the esplanade, the moat; sees what we know, beautiful square Mansion among its woods and waters, and almost nothing that we do not know, except the way the moat-bridge is lighted: "Bridge furnished," he says, "with seven Statues representing the seven Planets, each holding in her hand a glass lamp in the form of a globe," which is a pretty object in the night time. The House is now finished; Knobelsdorf rejoicing in his success; Pesne and others giving the last touch to some ceilings of a sublime nature. On the lintel of the gate is inscribed *Frederico Tranquillitatem Colenti* (To Frederick courting Tranquillity). The gardens, walks, hermitages, grottoes, are very spacious, fine; not yet completed—perhaps will never be. A Temple of Bacchus is just now on hand somewhere in those labyrinthic woods: "twelve gigantic Satyrs as caryatides, crowned by an inverted Punch-bowl for dome:" that is the ingenious Knobelsdorf's idea, pleasant to the mind. Knobelsdorf is of austere aspect; austere, yet benevolent and full of honest sagacity; the very picture of sound sense, thinks Bielfeld. M. Jordan is handsome, though of small stature; agreeable expression of face; eye extremely vivid; brown complexion; "bushy eyebrows, as well as beard, are black."[8]

[8] Bielfeld (abridged), i., 45.

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Or did the reader ever hear of "M. Fredersdorf," Head Valet at this time? Fredersdorf will become, as it were, Privy-Purse, House-Friend, and domestic Factotum, and play a great part in coming years: "a tall, handsome man;" much "silent sense, civility, dexterity;" something "magnificently clever in him," thinks Bielfeld (now, or else twenty years afterward), whom we can believe.[9] He was a gift from General Schwerin, this Fredersdorf; once a Private in Schwerin's regiment at Frankfurt on the Oder—excellent on the flute, for one quality. Schwerin, who had an eye for men, sent him to Friedrich in the Cüstrin time, hoping he might suit in fluting and otherwise, which he conspicuously did. Bielfeld's account, we must candidly say, appears to be an afterthought, but readers can make their profit of it, all the same.

As to the Crown-Prince and Princess, words fail to express their gracious perfections, their affabilities, polite ingenuities. Bielfeld's words do give us some pleasant shadowy conceivability of the Crown-Princess:

"Tall, and perfect in shape; bust such as a sculptor might copy; complexion of the finest; features ditto; nose, I confess, smallish and pointed, but excellent of that kind; hair of the supremest flaxen, 'shining' like a flood of sunbeams when the powder is off it: a humane, ingenuous Princess; little negligences in toilette or the like, if such occur, even these set her off, so ingenuous are they; speaks little, but always to the purpose, in a simple, cheerful, and wise way; dances beautifully; heart (her soubrette assures me) is heavenly; and 'perhaps no Princess living has a finer set of diamonds.'"

Of the Crown-Princess there is some pleasant shadow traced as on cobweb to this effect, but of the Crown-Prince there is no forming the least conception from what he says: this is mere cobweb, with Nothing elaborately painted on it. Nor do the portraits of the others attract by their verisimilitude. Here is Colonel Keyserling, for instance, the witty Courlander, famous enough in the Friedrich circle, who went on embassy to Cirey, and much else: he "whirls in with uproar (*fracos*) like Boreas in the Ballet;" fowling-piece on shoulder, and in his "dressing-gown" withal, which is still stranger; snatches off Bielfeld, unknown till that moment, to sit by him while dressing, and there, with much capering, pirouetting, and, indeed, almost ground and lofty tumbling for accompaniment, "talks of Horses, Mathematics, Painting, Ar-

[9] Bielfeld (abridged), i., p. 49.

chitecture, Literature, and the Art of War" while he dresses. This gentleman was once Colonel in Friedrich Wilhelm's Army; is now fairly turned of forty, and has been in troubles: we hope he is not *like* in the Bielfeld Portrait, otherwise how happy that we never had the honor of knowing him! Indeed, the Crown-Prince's Household generally, as Bielfeld paints it in flourishes of panegyric, is but unattractive; barren to the modern onlooker; partly the Painter's blame, we doubt not. He gives details about their mode of dining, taking coffee, doing concert, and describes once an incidental drinking-bout got up aforethought by the Prince, which is probably in good part fiction, though not ill done. The fantastic sketchings, rigorously winnowed into the credible and actual, leave no great residue in that kind, but what little they do leave is of favorable and pleasant nature.

Bielfeld made a visit privately to Potsdam too: saw the giants drill; made acquaintance with important Captains of theirs (all in *asterisks*) at Potsdam, with whom he dined, not in a too credible manner, and even danced. Among the asterisks we easily pick out Captain Wartensleben (of the Korn's Hotel operation), and Winterfeld, a still more important Captain, whom we saw dining on cold pie with his Majesty at a barn-door in Pommern not long since. Of the giants, or their life at Potsdam, Bielfeld's word is not worth hearing — worth suppressing rather—his knowledge being so small, and hung forth in so fantastic a way. This transient sight he had of his Majesty in person—this, which is worth something to us, fact being evidently lodged in it. "After church-parade," Autumn Sunday afternoon (day uncertain, Bielfeld's date being fictitious, and even impossible), Majesty drove out to Wusterhausen, "where the quantities of game surpass all belief;" and Bielfeld had one glimpse of him:

"I saw his Majesty only, as it were, in passing. If I may judge by his Portraits, he must have been of a perfect beauty in his young time; but it must be confessed there is nothing left of it now. His eyes truly are fine, but the glance of them is terrible; his complexion is composed of the strongest tints of red, blue, yellow, green"—not a lovely complexion at all; "big head; the thick neck sunk between the shoulders; figure short and heavy (*courte et ramassée*)."[10]

"Going out to Wusterhausen," then, that afternoon, "October, 1739." How his Majesty is crushed down—quite bulged out of shape in that sad way by the weight of Time and its pressures; his thoughts, too, most likely, of a heavy-laden and abstruse nature! The old Pfalz Controversy has misgone with him—Pfalz, and so much else in the world; the world in whole,

[10] Bielfeld, p. 35.

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probably enough, near ending to him; the final shadows, sombre, grand, and mournful, closing in upon him!

Turk War ends; Spanish War begins. A Wedding in Petersburg.

Last news come to Potsdam in these days is, The Kaiser has ended his disastrous Turk War; been obliged to end it; sudden downbreak, and, as it were, panic terror having at last come upon his unfortunate Generals in those parts. Duke Franz was passionate to be out of such a thing—Franz, General Neipperg, and others; and now, "2d September, 1739," like lodgers leaping from a burning house, they are out of it. The Turk gets Belgrad itself, not to mention wide territories farther east—Belgrad without shot fired; nay, the Turk was hardly to be kept from hanging the Imperial Messenger (a General Neipperg, Duke Franz's old Tutor and chief Confidant, whom we shall hear more of elsewhere), whose passport was not quite right on this occasion! Never was a more disgraceful Peace. But also never had been worse fighting; planless, changeful, powerless, melting into futility at every step; not to be mended by imprisonments in Grätz, and still harsher treatment of individuals. "Has all success forsaken me, then, since Eugene died?" said the Kaiser; and snatched at this Turk Peace, glad to have it by mediation of France, and on any terms.

Has not this Kaiser lost his outlying properties at a fearful rate? Naples is gone; Spanish Bourbon sits in our Naples; comparatively little left for us in Italy; and now the very Turk has beaten us small; insolently fillips the Imperial nose of us, threatening to hang our Neipperg, and the like. Were it not for Anne of Russia, whose big horsewhip falls heavy on this Turk, he might almost get to Vienna again, for any thing we could do! A Kaiser worthy to be pitied, whom Friedrich Wilhelm, we perceive, does honestly pity—a Kaiser much beggared, much disgraced in late years, who has played a huge life-game, so long, diplomatizing, warring, and, except the Shadow of Pragmatic Sanction, has nothing to retire upon.

The Russians protested, with astonishment, against such Turk Peace on the Kaiser's part; but there was no help for it. One

ally is gone, the Kaiser has let go this Western skirt of the Turk; and "Thamas Kouli Khan" (called also Nadir Shah, famed Oriental slasher and slayer of that time) no longer stands upon the Eastern skirt, but "has entered India," it appears; the Russians—their cash, too, running low—do themselves make peace "about a month after," restoring Azoph and nearly all their conquests, putting off the ruin of the Turk till a better time.

War is over in the East, then, but another in the West, England against Spain (Spain and France to help), is about beginning. Readers remember how Jenkins's Ear re-emerged, Spring gone a year, in a blazing condition? Here, through *Sylvanus Urban* himself, are two direct glimpses, a twelvemonth nearer hand, which show us how the matter has been proceeding since:

"*London*, 19*th February*, 1739. The City Authorities," laying or going to lay "the foundation of the Mansion-House" (Edifice now very black in our time), and doing other things of little moment to us, "had a Masquerade at the Guildhall this night. There was a very splendid appearance at the Masquerade; but among the many humorous and whimsical characters, what seemed most to engage attention was a Spaniard, who called himself 'Knight of the Ear;' as Badge of which Order he wore on his breast the form of a Star, with its points tinged in blood, and on the body of it an Ear painted, and in capital letters the word JENKINS encircling it. Across his shoulder there hung, instead of ribbon, a large Halter, which he held up to several persons dressed as English Sailors, who seemed in great terror of him, and, falling on their knees, suffered him to rummage their pockets, which done, he would insolently dismiss them with strokes of his halter. Several of the Sailors had a bloody Ear hanging down from their heads, and on their hats were these words, *Ear for Ear;* on others, *No Search or No Trade;* with the like sentences."[11] The conflagration evidently going on; not likely to be damped down again by ministerial art!

"*London*, 19*th March*, 1739." Grand Debate in Parliament on the late "Spanish Convention," pretended Bargain of redress lately got from Spain: Approve the Convention, or Not approve? "A hundred Members were in the House of Commons before seven this morning, and four hundred had taken their seats by ten, which is an unheard-of thing. Prince of Wales," Fred in person, "was in the gallery till twelve at night, and had his dinner sent to him. Sir Robert Walpole rose: 'Sir, the great pains that have been taken to influence all ranks

[11] *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1739, p. 103; our *dates*, as always, are N. S.

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and degrees of men in this Nation— * * But give me leave to' "—apply a wet cloth to Honorable Gentlemen: which he does, really with skill and sense. France and the others are so strong, he urges; England so unprepared; Kaiser at such a pass; 'War like to be about the Palatinate Dispute" (our friend Friedrich Wilhelm's): 'Where is England to get allies?' and hours long of the like sort. A judicious wet cloth, which proved unavailing.

For "William Pitts" (so they spell the great Chatham that is to be) was eloquent on the other side: "Despairing Merchants," "Voice of England," and so on. And the world was all in an inflamed state. And Mr. Pulteney exclaimed, Palatinate? Allies? "We need no allies; the case of Mr. Jenkins will raise us volunteers every where!" And, in short, after eight months more of haggling and applying wet cloths, Walpole, in the name of England, has to declare war against Spain,[12] the public humor proving unquenchable on that matter—War, and no Peace to be "till our undoubted right" to roadway on the oceans of this Planet become permanently manifest to the Spanish Majesty.

Such the effect of a small Ear, kept about one in cotton, from ursine piety or other feelings. Has not Jenkins's Ear re-emerged with a vengeance? It has kindled a War; dangerous for kindling other Wars, and setting the whole world on fire, as will be too evident in the sequel! The *Ear of Jenkins* is a singular thing; might have mounted to be a Constellation, like *Berenice's Hair*, and other small facts become mythical, had the English People been of a poetic turn! Enough of *it* for the time being.

This Summer, Anton Ulrich, at Petersburg, did wed his Serene Mecklenburg Princess, Heiress of all the Russias, "July 14th, 1739," three months before that Drive to Wusterhausen, which we saw lately. Little Anton Ulrich, Cadet of Brunswick, our Friedrich's Brother-in Law; a noticeably small man in comparison to such bulk of destiny, thinks Friedrich, though the case is not without example![13]

[12] "3d November (23d October), 1739."

[13] A Letter of his to Suhm, touching on Franz of Lorraine and this Anton Ulrich.

"Anton Ulrich is now five-and-twenty," says one of my Note-books; "a young gentleman with small stature, shining courage in battle, but somewhat shy and bashful; who has had his troubles in Petersburg society till the triumph came, and will have. Here are the stages of Anton Ulrich's felicity:

"*Winter*, 1732–3. He was sent for to Petersburg (his serene Aunt, the German Kaiserinn, and Kaiser Karl's diplomatists suggesting it there) with the view of his paying court to the young Mecklenburg Princess, Heiress of all the Russias, of whom we have often heard. February, 1733, he arrived on this errand; not approved of at all by the Mecklenburg Princess, by Czarina Anne, or any body there: what can be done with such an uncomfortable little creature? They gave him a Colonelcy of Cuirassiers: 'Drill there, and endure.'

"*Spring*, 1737. Much enduring, diligently drilling for four years past, he went this year to the Turk War under Münnich; much pleased Münnich at Oczakow and elsewhere, who reports in the War-Office high things of him; and, on the whole—the serene Vienna people now again bestirring themselves, with whom we are in copartnery in this Turk Business—little Anton Ulrich is encouraged to proceed. Proceeds; formally demands his Mecklenburg Princess; and,

"*July 14th*, 1739, weds her, the happiest little man in all the Russias, and with the biggest destiny, if it prosper. Next year, too, there came a son and heir, whom they called Iwan, in honor of his Russian Great-grandfather. Shall we add the subsequent felicities of Anton Ulrich here, or wait till another opportunity?"

Better wait. This is all, and more than all, his Prussian Majesty, rolling out of Wusterhausen that afternoon, ever knew of them, or needed to know!

CHAPTER VIII.

DEATH OF FRIEDRICH WILHELM.

AT Wusterhausen this Autumn there is game as usual, but little or no hunting for the King. He has to sit drearily within doors for most part, listening to the rustle of falling leaves, to dim Winter coming with its rains and winds. Field-sports are a rumor from without; for him now no joyous sow-baiting, deer-chasing; that, like other things, is past.

In the beginning of November he came to Berlin; was worse there, and again was better; strove to do the Carnival as had

been customary, but in a languid, lamed manner. One night he looked in upon an evening party which General Schulenburg was giving: he returned home chilled, shivering; could not, all night, be brought to heat again. It was the last evening party Friedrich Wilhelm ever went to.[1] Lieutenant General Schulenburg, the same who doomed young Friedrich to death as President of the Court-Martial, and then wrote the Three Letters about him which we once looked into, illuminates himself in this manner in Berlin society: Carnival Season, 1740, weather fiercely cold. Maypole Schulenburg, the lean Aunt, Ex-Mistress of George I., over in London—I think she must now be dead? Or if not dead, why not? Memory, for the tenth time, fails me of the humanly unmemorable, whom perhaps even flunkeys should forget, and I will try it no more. The stalwart Lieutenant General will reappear on us once, twice at the utmost, and never again. He gave the last evening party Friedrich Wilhelm ever went to.

Poor Friedrich Wilhelm is in truth very ill; tosses about all day, in and out of bed—bed and wheeled chair drearily alternating; suffers much; and again, in Diplomatic circles, the rumors are rife and sinister. Ever from this chill at Schulenburg's the medicines did him no good, says Pöllnitz: if he rallied, it was the effect of Nature, and only temporary. He does daily, with punctuality, his Official business, perhaps the best two hours he has of the four-and-twenty, for the time hangs heavy on him. His old Generals sit round his bed, talking, smoking, as it was five years ago; his Feekin and his children much about him,- out and in: the heavy-laden, weary hours roll round as they can. In general, there is a kind of constant Tabaks Collegium, old Flans, Camas, Hacke, Pöllnitz, Derschau, and the rest by turns always there; the royal Patient can not be left alone, without faces he likes: other Generals, estimable in their way, have a physiognomy displeasing to the sick man, and will smart for it if they enter: "At sight of him every pain grows painfuler!" the poor King being of poetic temperament, as we often say. Friends are encouraged to smoke, especially to keep up a stream of talk; if at any time he fall into a doze and they cease talking, the silence will awaken him.

[1] Pöllnitz (ii., 537), who gives no date.

He is worst off in the night; sleep very bad; and among his sore bodily pains, ennui falls very heavy to a mind so restless. He can paint, he can whittle, chisel: at last they even mount him a table in his bed, with joiners' tools, mallets, glue-pots, where he makes small carpentry—the talk to go on the while; often, at night, is the sound of his mallet audible in the Palace Esplanade, and Berlin townsfolk pause to listen, with many thoughts of a sympathetic or at least inarticulate character: "*Ihn, Weh, Ihro Majestät: ach Gott*, pale Death knocks with impartial foot at the huts of poor men and the Palaces of Kings!"[2] Reverend Hera Roloff, whom they call Provost (*Probst*, Chief Clergyman) Roloff, a pious honest man and preacher, he, I could guess, has already been giving spiritual counsel now and then; later interviews with Roloff are expressly on record; for it is the King's private thought, ever and anon borne in upon him, that death itself is in this business.

Queen and children, mostly hoping hitherto, though fearing too, live in much anxiety and agitation. The Crown-Prince is often over from Reinsberg; must not come too often, nor even inquire too much: his affectionate solicitude might be mistaken for solicitude of another kind! It is certain he is in no haste to be King; to quit the haunts of the Muses, and embark on Kingship. Certain, too, he loves his Father; shudders at the thought of losing *him*. And yet again there will gleams intrude of a contrary thought, which the filial heart disowns with a kind of horror: "Down, thou impious thought!" We perceive he manages in general to push the crisis away from him—to believe that real danger is still distant. His demeanor, so far as we can gather from his Letters or other evidence, is amiable, prudent, natural—altogether that of a human Son in those difficult circumstances. Poor Papa is heavy-laden; let us help to bear his burdens; let us hope the crisis is still far off!

Once, on a favorable evening, probably about the beginning of April, when he felt as if improving, Friedrich Wilhelm resolved to dress, and hold Tobacco Parliament again in a formal manner. Let us look in there through the eyes of Pöllnitz, who was of it, upon the last Tobacco Parliament:

[2] Pöllnitz, ii., 539.

27th April, 1740.

"A numerous party—Schwerin, Hacke, Derschau, all the chiefs and commandants of the Berlin Garrison are there; the old circle full; social human speech once more, and pipes alight; pleasant to the King. He does not himself smoke on this occasion, but he is unusually lively in talk; much enjoys the returning glimpse of old days; and the Tobacco circle was proceeding through its phases, successful beyond common. All at once the Crown-Prince steps in, direct from Reinsberg[3] —an unexpected pleasure; at sight of whom the Tobacco circle, taken on the sudden, simultaneously started up and made him a bow. Rule is, in Tobacco Parliament you do not rise for any body; and they have risen, which struck the sick heart in a strange, painful way. 'Hm, the Rising Sun?' thinks he; 'rules broken through for the Rising Sun. But I am not dead yet, as you shall know!' ringing for his servants in great wrath, and had himself rolled out, regardless of protestations and excuses. 'Hither, you Hacke!' said he.

"Hacke followed, but it was only to return on the instant with the King's order 'that you instantly quit the Palace, all of you, and don't come back!' Solemn respectful message to his Majesty was of no effect, or of less; they had to go on those terms; and Pöllnitz, making for his Majesty's apartment next morning as usual, was twitched by a Gensdarme, 'No admittance!' And it was days before the matter would come round again, under earnest protestations from the one side, and truculent rebukes from the other."[4] Figure the Crown-Prince, figure the poor sick Majesty, and what a time in those localities!

With the bright Spring weather he seemed to revive; toward the end of April he resolved for Potsdam, every body thinking him much better, and the outer Public reckoning the crisis of the illness over. He himself knew other. It was on the 27th of the month that he went; he said, "Fare thee well, then, Berlin; I am to die in Potsdam, then (*ich werde in Potsdam sterben*)!" The May flowers came late; the weather was changeful, ungenial for the sick man: this winter of 1740 had been the coldest on record; it extended itself into the very summer, and brought great distress of every kind, of which some oral rumor still survives in all countries. Friedrich Wilhelm heard complaints of scarcity among the people; admonitions to open his Corn-granaries (such as he always has in store against that kind

[3] 12th April, 1740? (*Œuvres*, xxvii., part 1st, p. 29); Pöllnitz is dateless.

[4] Pöllnitz (abridged), ii., 540.

of accident); but he still hesitated and refused, unable to look into it himself, and fearing deceptions.

For the rest, he is struggling between death and life, in general persuaded that the end is fast hastening on. He sends for Chief Preacher Roloff out to Potsdam; has some notable dialogues with Roloff, and with two other Potsdam Clergymen, of which there is record still left us. In these, as in all his demeanor at this supreme time, we see the big rugged block of manhood come out very vividly—strong in his simplicity, in his veracity. Friedrich Wilhelm's wish is to know from Roloff what the chances are for him in the other world, which is not less certain than Potsdam and the giant grenadiers to Friedrich Wilhelm, and where, he perceives, never half so clearly before, he shall actually peel off his Kinghood, and stand before God Almighty no better than a naked beggar. Roloff's prognostics are not so encouraging as the King had hoped. Surely this King "never took or coveted what was not his; kept true to his marriage vow in spite of horrible examples every where; believed the Bible, honored the Preachers, went diligently to Church, and tried to do what he understood God's commandments were?" To all which Roloff, a courageous pious man, answers with discreet words and shakings of the head, "Did I behave ill, then; did I ever do injustice?" Roloff mentions Baron Schlubhut, the defalcating Amtmann, hanged at Königsberg without even a trial. "He had no trial; but was there any doubt *he* had justice? A public thief, confessing he had stolen the taxes he was set to gather; insolently offering, as if that were all, to repay the money, and saying, It was not *Manier* (good manners) to hang a nobleman!" Roloff shakes his head, Too violent, your Majesty, and savoring of the tyrannous. The poor King must repent.

"Well, is there any thing more? Out with it, then; better now than too late!" Much oppression, forcing men to build in Berlin. "Oppression! was it not their benefit as well as Berlin's and the Country's? I had no interest in it other. Derschau, you who managed it?" and his Majesty turned to Derschau; for all the smoking generals and company are still here; nor will his Majesty consent to dismiss them from the presence,

and be alone with Roloff: "What is there to conceal? They are people of honor, and my friends." Derschau, whose feats in the building way are not unknown even to us, answers with a hard face, It was all right and orderly; nothing out of square in his building operations. To which Roloff shakes his head: "A thing of public notoriety, Herr General." "I will prove every thing before a Court," answers the Herr General, with still harder face, Roloff still austerely shaking his head. Hm! And then there is forgiveness of enemies; your Majesty is bound to forgive all men, or how can you ask to be forgiven? "Well, I will, I do; you, Feekin, write to your Brother (unforgivablest of beings), after I am dead, that I forgave him, died in peace with him." Better her Majesty should write at once, suggests Roloff. "No, after I am dead," persists the Son of Nature: that will be safer![5] An unwedgable and gnarled big block of manhood and simplicity and sincerity, such as we rarely get sight of among the modern sons of Adam, among the crowned sons nearly never. At parting he said to Roloff, "You (*Er*, He) do not spare me; it is right. You do your duty like an honest Christian man."[6]

Roloff, I perceive, had several Dialogues with the King, and staid in Potsdam some days for that object. The above bit of jotting is from the Seckendorf Papers (probably picked up by Seckendorf Junior), and is dated only "May." Of the two Potsdam Preachers, one of whom is "Oesfeld, Chaplain of the Giant Grenadiers," and the other is "Cochius, Calvinist Hofprediger," each published on his own score some Notes of dialogue and circumstance,[7] which are to the same effect so far as they concern

[5] Wrote accordingly, "not able to finish without many tears:" honest, sensible Letter (though indifferently spelled), "Berlin, 1st June, 1740;" lies now in State Paper Office: "*Royal Letters*, vol. xciv., Prussia, 1689–1777."

[6] *Notata ex ore Roloffi* ("found among the Seckendorf Papers," no date but "May, 1740"), in Förster, ii., 154, 155; in a fragmentary state; completed in Pöllnitz, ii., 545–549.

[7] Cochius the *Hofprediger's* (Calvinist Court-Chaplain's) *Account* of his Interviews (first of them "Friday, 27th May, 1740, about 9 P.M."), followed by ditto from Oesfeld (Chaplain of the Giants), who usually accompanied Cochius, are in Seyfart, *Geschichte Friedrich des Grossen* (Leipzig, 1783–1788), i. (Beylage), 24–40. Seyfart was "Regiments-Auditor" in Halle: his Work, solid though stupid, consists nearly altogether of multi-

us, and exhibit the same rugged Son of Nature looking with all his eyesight into the near Eternity, and sinking in a human and not inhuman manner amid the floods of Time. "Wa, Wa, what great God is this, that pulls down the strength of the strongest Kings!"

The poor King's state is very restless, fluctuates from day to day; he is impatient of bed; sleeps very ill; is up whenever possible; rolls about in his wheeled chair, and even gets into the air; at one time looking strong, as if there were still months in him, and anon sunk in fainting weakness, as if he had few minutes to live. Friedrich, at Reinsberg, corresponds very secretly with Dr. Eller; has other friends at Potsdam whose secret news he very anxiously reads. To the last he can not bring himself to think it serious.[8]

On Thursday, 26th of May, an express from Eller, or the Potsdam friends, arrives at Reinsberg: He is to come quickly if he would see his Father again alive! The step may have danger too: but Friedrich, a world of feelings urging him, is on the road next morning before the sun. His journey may be fancied: the like of it falls to all men. Arriving at last, turning hastily a corner of the Potsdam Schloss, Friedrich sees some gathering in the distance: it is his Father in his *rollwagen* (wheeled chair)—not dying, but out of doors, giving orders about founding a House, or seeing it done. House for one Philips, a crabbed Englishman he has, whose tongue is none of the best, not even to Majesty itself, but whose merits as a Groom of English and other Horses are without parallel in those parts—without parallel, and deserve a House before we die. Let us see it set agoing this blessed May day! Of Philips, who survived deep into Friedrich's time, and uttered rough sayings (in mixed intelligible dialect) when put upon in his grooming or otherwise disturbed, I could obtain no farther account: the man did not care to be put in History (a very small service to a man); cared to have a house with trim fittings, and to do his grooming well, the fortunate Philips.

farious *Beylage* (Appendices) and *Notes*, which are creditably accurate, and often curious, and, as usual, have no Index for an unfortunate reader.

[8] Letter to Eller, 25th May, 1740 (*Œuvres*, xvi., 184).

At sight of his Son Friedrich Wilhelm threw out his arms; the Son, kneeling, sank upon his breast, and they embraced with tears. My Father, my Father; My Son, my Son! It was a scene to make all by-standers and even Philips weep. Probably the emotion hurt the old King; he had to be taken in again straightway, his show of strength suddenly gone, and bed the only place for him. This same Friday he dictated to one of his Ministers (Boden, who was in close attendance) the Instruction for his Funeral, a rude characteristic Piece, which perhaps the English reader knows—too long and rude for reprinting here.[9]

He is to be buried in his uniform, the Potsdam Grenadiers his escort, with military decorum, three volleys fired (and take care they be well fired, "*nicht plackeren*"), so many cannon salvos, and no fuss or flaunting ceremony: simplicity and decency is what the tenant of that oak coffin wants, as he always did when owner of wider dominions. The coffin, which he has ready and beside him in the Palace this good while, is a stout piece of carpentry, with leather straps and other improvements: he views it from time to time; solaces his truculent imagination with the look of it: "I shall sleep right well *there*," he would say. The image he has of his Burial, we perceive, is of perfect visuality, equal to what a Defoe could do in imagining. All is seen, settled to the last minuteness: the coffin is to be borne out by so and so, at such and such a door; this detachment is to fall in here, that there, in the attitude of "cover arms" (musket inverted under left arm); and the band is to play, with all its blackamoors, *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden* (O Head, all bleeding, wounded), a Dirge his Majesty had liked, who knew music, and had a love for it, after his sort, Good Son of Nature; a dumb Poet, as I say always; most dumb, but real; the value of him great, and unknown in these babbling times. It was on this same Friday night that Cochius was first sent for; Cochius, and Oesfeld with him, "about nine o'clock."

For the next three days (Saturday to Monday), when his cough and many sufferings would permit him, Friedrich Wilhelm had long private dialogues with his Son, instructing him, as was

[9] Copy of it, in Seyfart (ubi suprà), i., 19–24. Translated in Mauvillon (ii., 432–437); in &c., &c.

evident, in the mysteries of State—in what knowledge, as to persons and to things, he reckoned might be usefulest to him. What the lessons were we know not; the way of taking them had given pleasure to the old man: he was heard to say, perhaps more than once, when the Generals were called in, and the dialogue interrupted for a while, "Am not I happy to have such a Son to leave behind me!" And the grimly sympathetic Generals testified assent; endeavored to talk a little; could at least smoke, and look friendly, till the King gathered strength for continuing his instructions to his successor. All else was as if settled with him; this had still remained to do. This once done (finished Monday night), why not abdicate altogether, and die disengaged, be it in a day or in a month, since that is now the one work left? Friedrich Wilhelm does so purpose.

His state, now as all along, was fluctuating, uncertain, restless. He was heard murmuring prayers; he would say sometimes, "Pray for me; *Betet, Betet.*" And more than once, in deep tone, "Lord, enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified!" The wild Son of Nature, looking into Life and Death, into Judgment and Eternity, finds that these things are very great. This, too, is a characteristic trait: in a certain German Hymn (*Why fret or murmur, then?* the title of it) which they often sang to him or along with him, as he much loved it, are these words: "Naked I came into the world, and naked shall I go." "No," said he, always, with vivacity, at this passage, "not quite naked; I shall have my uniform on." Let us be exact, since we are at it; after which the singing proceeded again. "The late Graf Alexander von Wartenberg"—Captain Wartenberg, whom we know, and whose opportunities—"was wont to relate this."[10]

Tuesday, 31st May, "about one in the morning," Cochius was again sent for. He found the King in very pious mood, but in great distress, and afraid he might yet have much pain to suffer. Cochius prayed with him; talked piously. "I can remember nothing," said the King; "I can not pray; I have forgotten all my prayers." "Prayer is not in words, but in the thought of the heart," said Cochius, and soothed the heavy-laden

[10] Büsching (in 1786): *Beyträge*, iv., 100.

31st May, 1740.

man as he could. "Fare you well," said Friedrich Wilhelm, at length; "most likely we shall not meet again in this world;" whereat Cochius burst into tears and withdrew. About four the King was again out of bed; wished to see his youngest Boy, who had been ill of measles, but was doing well: "Poor little Ferdinand, adieu then, my little child!" This is the Father of that fine Louis Ferdinand who was killed at Jena, concerning whom Berlin, in certain emancipated circles of it, still speaks with regret. He, the Louis Ferdinand, had fine qualities, but went far a roving into Radicalism, into romantic love, into Champagne, and was cut down on the threshold of Jena, desperately fighting—perhaps happily for him.

From little Ferdinand's room Friedrich Wilhelm has himself rolled into Queen Sophie's. "Feekin, oh my Feekin, thou must rise this day, and help me what thou canst. This day I am going to die; thou wilt be with me this day!" The good Wife rises: I know not that it was the first time she had been so called, but it did prove the last. Friedrich Wilhelm has decided, as the first thing he will do, to abdicate, and all the Official persons and companions of the sick-room, Pöllnitz among them, not long after sunrise, are called to see it done. Pöllnitz, huddling on his clothes, arrived about five: in a corridor he sees the wheeled chair and poor sick King; steps aside to let him pass: "'It is over (*Das ist vollbracht*),' said the King, looking up to me as he passed: he had on his night-cap, and a blue mantle thrown round him." He was wheeled into his anteroom; there let the company assemble: many of them are already there.

The royal stables are visible from this room: Friedrich Wilhelm orders the horses to be ridden out: you, old Fürst of Anhalt-Dessau, my oldest friend—you, Colonel Hacke, faithfulest of Adjutant Generals, take each of you a horse, the best you can pick out: it is my last gift to you. Dessau, in silence, with dumb show of thanks, points to a horse, any horse: "You have chosen the very worst," said Friedrich Wilhelm: "take that other; I will warrant him a good one!" The grim Old Dessauer thanks in silence; speechless grief is on that stern gunpowder face, and he seems even to be struggling with tears. "Nay,

nay, my friend," Friedrich Wilhelm said, "this is a debt we have all to pay."

The Official people, Queen, Friedrich, Minister Boden, Minister Podewils, and even Pöllnitz, being now all present, Friedrich Wilhelm makes his Declaration at considerable length, old General Bredow repeating it aloud,[11] sentence by sentence, the King's own voice being too weak, so that all may hear: "That he abdicates, gives up wholly, in favor of his good Son Friedrich; that foreign Embassadors are to be informed; that you are all to be true and loyal to my Son, as you were to me"—and what else is needful. To which the judicious Podewils makes answer, "That there must be a written Deed of this high Transaction executed, which shall be straightway set about; the Deed once executed, signed, and sealed, the high Royal will, in all points, takes effect." Alas! before Podewils has done speaking, the King is like falling into a faint; does faint, and is carried to bed: too unlikely any Deed of Abdication will be needed.

Ups and downs there still were—sore fluctuating labor, as the poor King struggles to his final rest this morning. He was at the window again when the *Wachtparade* (Grenadiers on Guard) turned out; he saw them make their evolutions for the last time.[12] After which, new relapse, new fluctuation. It was about eleven o'clock when Cochius was again sent for. The King lay speechless, seemingly still conscious, in bed; Cochius prays with fervor, in a loud tone, that the dying King may hear and join. "Not so loud!" says the King, rallying a little. He had remembered that it was the season when his servants got their new liveries; they had been ordered to appear this day in full new costume: "O vanity! O vanity!" said Friedrich Wilhelm, at sight of the ornamented plush. "Pray for me, pray for me, my trust is in the Savior!" he often said. His pains, his weakness are great, the cordage of a most tough heart rending itself piece by piece. At one time he called for a mirror: that is certain; rugged wild man, son of Nature to the last. The mirror was brought; what he said at sight of his face is variously reported: "Not so worn out as I thought," is Pöllnitz's account, and the likeliest, though perhaps he said sev-

[11] Pöllnitz, ii., 561.

[12] Pauli, viii., 280.

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eral things: "ugly face," "as good as dead already," and continued the inspection for some moments.[13] A grim, strange thing.

"Feel my pulse, Pitsch," said he, noticing the Surgeon of his Giants: "tell me how long this will last." "Alas! not long," answered Pitsch. "Say not alas; but how do you (He) know?" "The pulse is gone!" "Impossible," said he, lifting his arm: "how could I move my fingers so if the pulse were gone?" Pitsch looked mournfully steadfast. "Herr Jesu, to thee I live; Herr Jesu, to thee I die; in life and in death thou art my gain (*Du bist mein Gewinn*)." These were the last words Friedrich Wilhelm spoke in this world. He again fell into a faint. Eller gave a signal to the Crown-Prince to take the Queen away. Scarcely were they out of the room when the faint had deepened into death, and Friedrich Wilhelm, at rest from all his labors, slept with the primeval sons of Thor.

No Baresark of them, nor Odin's self, I think, was a bit of truer human stuff; I confess his value to me, in these sad times, is rare and great. Considering the usual Histrionic, Papin's-Digester, Trueulent-Charlatan, and other species of "Kings," alone attainable for the sunk flunkey populations of an Era given up to Mammon and the worship of its own belly, what would not such a population give for a Friedrich Wilhelm, to guide it on the road *back* from Orcus a little? "Would give," I have written; but alas! it ought to have been "*should* give." What *they* "would" give is too mournfully plain to me, in spite of ballot-boxes: a steady and tremendous truth from the days of Barabbas downward and upward! Tuesday, 31st May, 1740, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, Friedrich Wilhelm died, age fifty-two coming 15th August next. Same day, Friedrich his Son was proclaimed at Berlin; quilted heralds, with sound of trumpet and the like, doing what is customary on such occasions.

On Saturday, 4th June, the King's body is laid out in state; all Potsdam at liberty to come and see. He lies there, in his regimentals, in his oaken coffin, on a raised place in the middle

[13] Pöllnitz, ii., 564; Wilhelmina, ii., 321.

of the room; decent mortuary draperies, lamps, garlands, banderols furnishing the room and him; at his feet, on a black velvet *tabouret* (stool), are the chivalry emblems, helmet, gauntlets, spurs; and on similar stools, at the right hand and the left, lie his military insignia, hat and sash, sword, guidon, and what else is fit. Around, in silence, sit nine veteran military dignitaries: Buddenbrock, Waldau, Derschau, Einsiedel, and five others whom we omit to name. Silent they sit, a grim earnest sight in the shine of the lamplight, as you pass out of the June sun. Many went, all day; looked once again on that face that was to vanish. Precisely at ten at night the coffin-lid is screwed down; Twelve Potsdam Captains take the coffin on their shoulders; Four-and-twenty Corporals with wax torches, Four-and-twenty Sergeants with inverted halberds lowered: certain Generals on order, and very many following as volunteers—these perform the actual burial; carry the body to the Garrison Church, where are clergy waiting, which is but a small step off; see it lodged, oak coffin and all, in a marble coffin in the side vault there, which is known to Tourists.[14] It is the end of the week, and the actual burial is done, hastened forward for reasons we can guess.

Filial piety by no means intends to defraud a loved Father of the Spartan ceremonial contemplated as obsequies by him; very far from it. Filial piety will conform to that with rigor, only adding what musical and other splendors are possible, to testify his love still more. And so, almost three weeks hence, on the 23d of the month, with the aid of Dresden Artists, of Latin Cantatas and other pomps (not inexcusable, though somewhat out of keeping), the due Funeral is done, no Corpse but a Wax Effigy present in it; and in all points, that of the Potsdam Grenadiers not forgotten, there was rigorous conformity to the Instruction left—in all points, even to the expensive funeral dinner, and drinking of the three appointed casks of wine, "the best wine in my cellar." Adieu, O King!

The Potsdam Grenadiers fired their three volleys (not "*plackering*," as I have reason to believe, but well); got their allowance, dinner liquor and appointed coin of money: it was the

[14] Pauli, viii., 281.

last service required of them in this world. That same night they were dissolved, the whole Four Thousand of them, at a stroke, and ceased to exist as Potsdam Grenadiers. Colonels, Captains, all the Officers known to be of merit, were advanced, at least transferred. Of the common men, a minority, if not in human height and of worth otherwise, were formed into a new Regiment on the common terms: the stupid splay-footed eight-feet mass were allowed to stalk off whither they pleased, or vegetate on frugal pensions; Irish Kirkman, and a few others, neither knock-kneed nor without head, were appointed *heyducs*, that is, porters to the King's or other Palaces, and did that duty in what was considered an ornamental manner.

Here are still two things capable of being fished up from the sea of nugatory matter, and meditated on by readers till the following Books open.

The last breath of Friedrich Wilhelm having fled, Friedrich hurried to a private room; sat there all in tears, looking back through the gulfs of the past upon such a Father, now rapt away forever. Sad all, and soft in the moonlight of memory, the lost Loved One all in the right as we now see, we all in the wrong! This, it appears, was the Son's fixed opinion. Seven years hence, here is how Friedrich concludes the *History* of his Father, written with loyal admiration throughout: "We have left under silence the domestic chagrins of this great Prince: readers must have some indulgence for the faults of the Children, in consideration of the virtues of such a Father."[15] All in tears he sits at present, meditating these sad things.

In a little while the Old Dessauer, about to leave for Dessau, ventures in to the Crown-Prince, Crown-Prince no longer; "embraces his knees;" offers, weeping, his condolence, his congratulation; hopes withal that his sons and he will be continued in their old posts, and that he, the Old Dessauer, "will have the same authority as in the late reign." Friedrich's eyes, at this last clause, flash out tearless, strangely Olympian. "In your posts I have no thought of making change; in your posts, yes; and as to authority, I know of none there can be but what re-

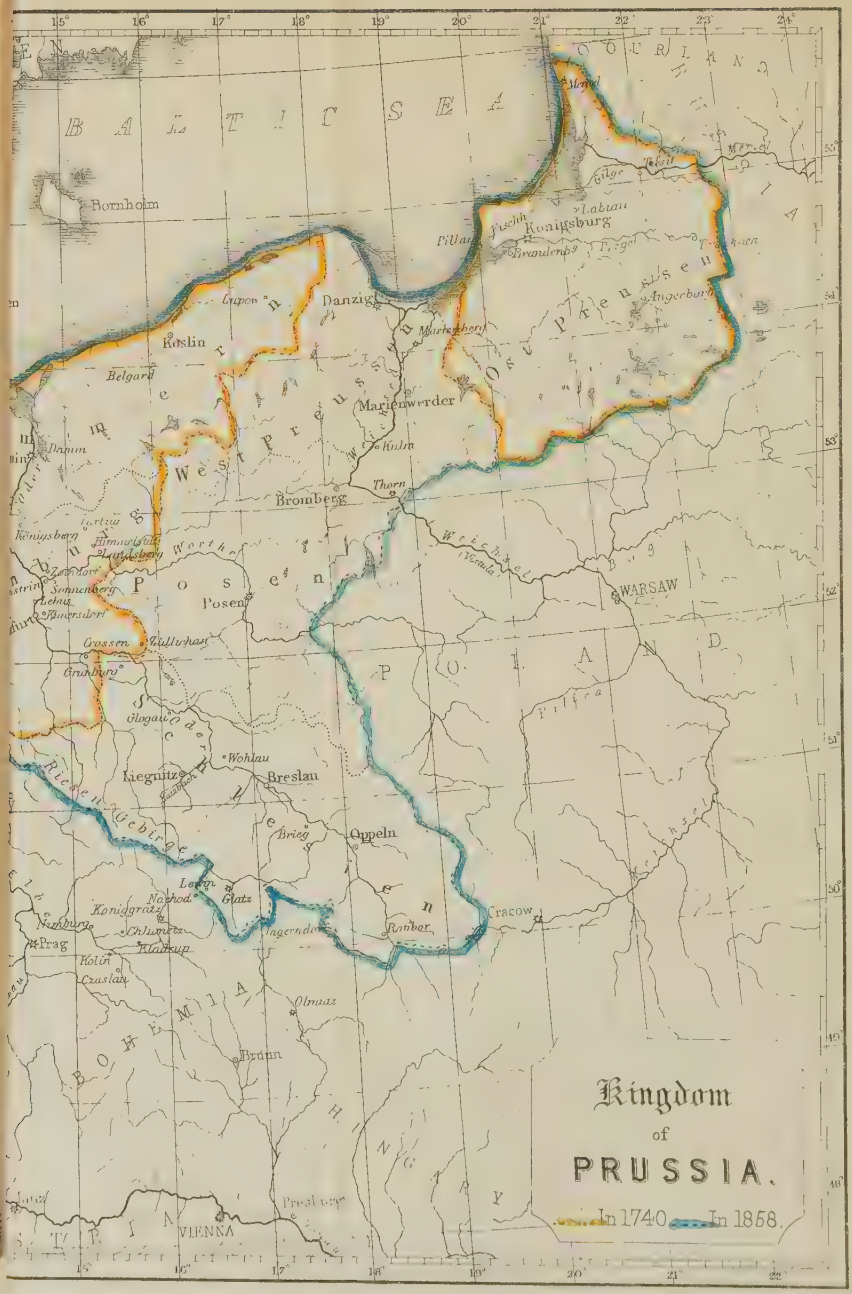
[15] *Œuvres*, i., 175 (*Mém. de Brandebourg*; finished about 1747).

sides in the King that is sovereign!" which, as it were, struck the breath out of the Old Dessauer, and sent him home with a painful miscellany of feelings, astonishment not wanting among them.

At an after-hour the same night Friedrich went to Berlin—met by acclamation enough. He slept there, not without tumult of dreams, one may fancy; and on awakening next morning, the first sound he heard was that of the Regiment Glasenap under his windows, swearing fealty to the new King. He sprang out of bed in a tempest of emotion; bustled distractedly to and fro, wildly weeping: Pöllnitz, who came into the anteroom, found him in this state, "half-dressed, with disheveled hair, in tears, and as if beside himself." "These huzzahings only tell me what I have lost!" said the new King. "*He* was in great suffering," suggested Pöllnitz; "he is now at rest." "True, he suffered; but he was here with us, and now—"[16]

[16] Ranke (ii., 46, 47), from certain Fragments, still in manuscript, of Pöllnitz's *Memoiren*.

East from Greenwich.


Kingdom
of
PRUSSIA.
In 1740
In 1858.
BALTIC SEA
POLAND
BOHEMIA
Bornholm
Danzig
Koslin
Belgard
Marienwerder
Thorn
Bromberg
Posen
Grossen
Gnesen
Glogau
Liegnitz
Breslau
Wohlau
Brieg
Oppeln
Cracow
WARSAW
Königsberg
Memel
Labiau
Pillau
Fischhausen
Tilsit
Insterburg
Marienburg
Culm
Neumarck
Schneidemühl
Driesen
Meseritz
Fraustadt
Lissa
Rawicz
Kalisch
Pilica
Vistula
Oder
Warthe
Netze
Weichsel
Riesen Gebirge
Glatz
Neisse
Ratibor
Troppau
Olmutz
Brünn
Prag
Königgrätz
Pressburg
VIENNA

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